MARCH 1965

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-NINE, NUMBER THREE

IS THE AMERICAN RIGHT FINISHED?

Two Views

DAVID DANZIG

RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE LAST RETURN: Elie Wiesel

ON TEILHARD DE CHARDIN: Stephen Toulmin

OTHER CHANUKAHS—A Story: Leo Skir

CHINA, RUSSIA & THE EXPERTS: George Lichtheim

ACADEMIC WOMEN: Mary Ellmann

NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM: Gloria Goldreich

THE POLISH SCENE: A. Alvarez

BERKELEY: Philip Selznick / Nathan Glazer

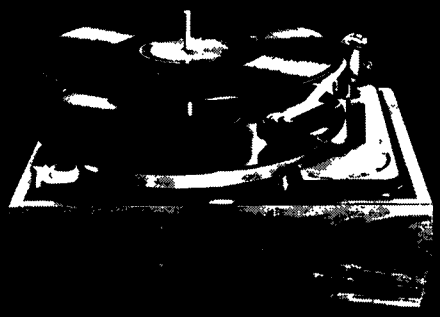
BOOKS IN REVIEW

Peter Marris — Cynthia Ozick

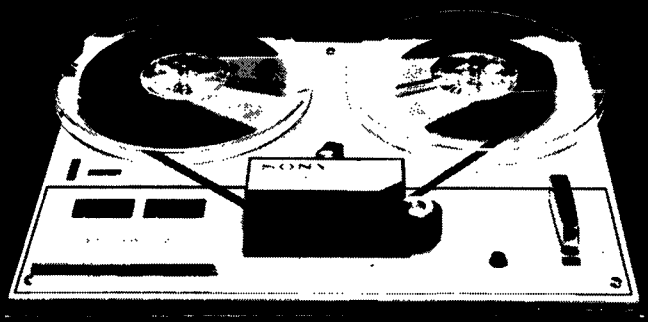
Ronald Steel — J. G. Weightman

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE 75 CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Perfect Playmates



Sony adds an exciting new dimension to home entertainment for less than $139.50

Now, from World-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center and create your own tapes from records, AM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—6¼ hours of listening pleasure on *one* tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony. *All the best from Sony for less than* $139.50.

AVAILABLE SOON: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer. (Sorry—only available to Sony owners.)

For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Dept. 72, Sun Valley, California.

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want to stick to the same scotch you've been drinking, that's your business.
If you'd like your next taste of scotch to be something extraordinary, that's our business.

Imported by Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc. Beverly Hills, Calif., Sole Distributor for U.S.A. Blended Scotch Whiskey 86.8 Proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put your money where the growth is

4.85%

CURRENT ANNUAL RATE
COMPOUNDED DAILY,
MAINTAINED FOR A FULL
YEAR EARNS 4.97%
EACH YEAR—PAID QUARTERLY

Get *all* the extras from the oldest savings-and-loan association in Los Angeles—where an interest payment has never been missed in over 77 years of growth!

Mail your check with this coupon. Funds postmarked by the 10th earn from the 1st.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Dept. C 3-65 9250 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Main Office: 5th and Olive, Los Angeles

Safe since 1887

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, *the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture.*

The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY'S *contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of* COMMENTARY *by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.*

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
MORRIS B. ABRAM, *President*

THE COMMENTARY PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

RALPH E. SAMUEL, *Chairman*

ELI M. BLACK
CHARLES D. BREITEL
HARRY ELSON
RICHARD C. ERNST
MAURICE GLINERT
SYDNEY M. KAYE
LEWIS J. LAVENTHOL
HAROLD MANHEIM
ARTHUR L. MAYER
DAVID SHER
ROGER SONNABEND
HARRY STEINER
ALAN M. STROOCK
LAURENCE A. TISCH
BEN TOUSTER

MADE FROM
100% Golden Corn Oil

Both certified Kosher . . . Lightly Salted and Unsalted.

Lowest in Saturated Fat
of the nation's leading margarines

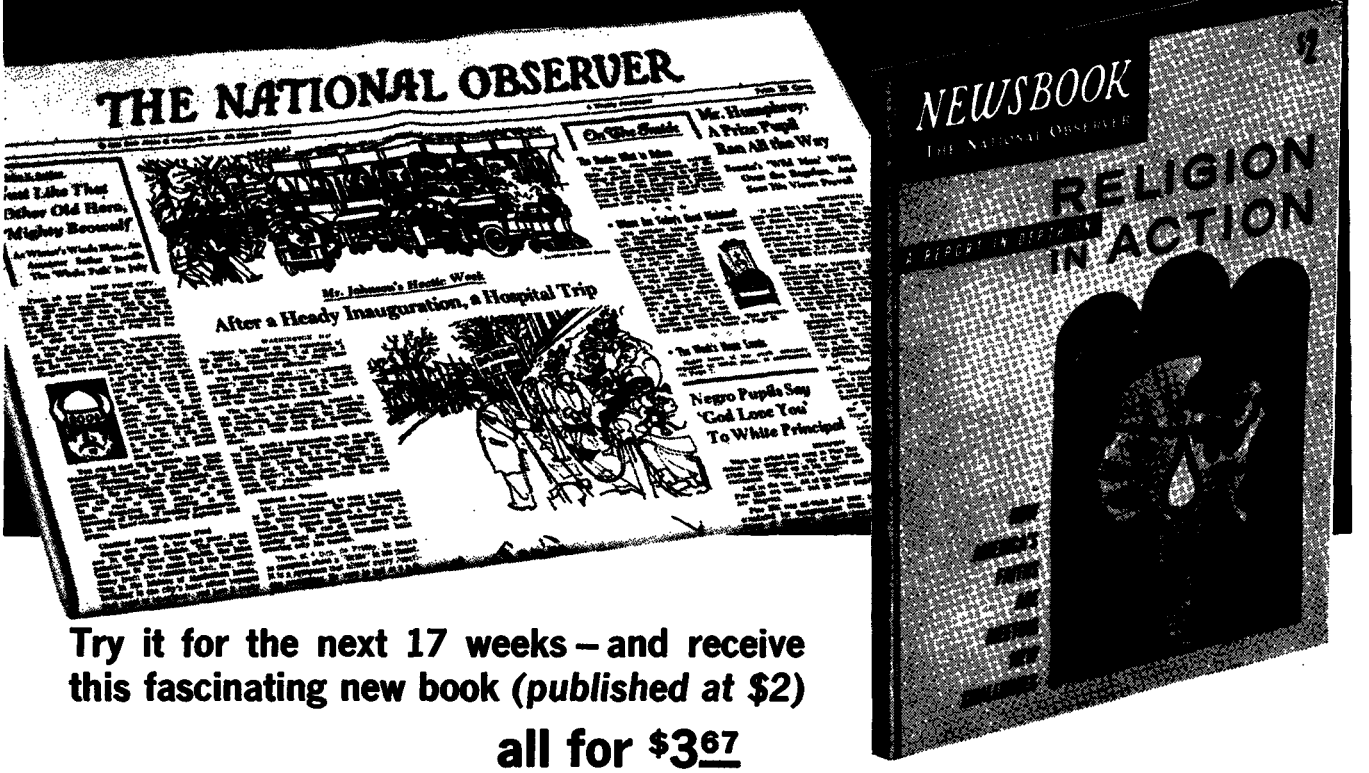
FLEISCHMANN'S BELONGS IN EVERY JEWISH HOME... because it's certified Kosher, is made from 100% corn oil and has "taam." Medical studies now show that pure liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's can help reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. That's why either Lightly Salted or Unsalted (Sweet) Fleischmann's *is ideal for low saturated fat* diets. And Unsalted is also good for *low-sodium* diets. Look for Lightly Salted Fleischmann's in your grocer's refrigerated section and Unsalted (Sweet) in the frozen foods section. *Both available on the West Coast in the familiar cube form.*

Fleischmann's

CERTIFIED KOSHER
by Rabbis Charlop and Reichman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last—a wholesome, cultural national weekly newspaper


THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
Mr. Johnson's Hectic Week
After a Heady Inauguration, a Hospital Trip
Negro Pupils Say 'God Love You' To White Principal
NEWSBOOK
RELIGION IN ACTION

Try it for the next 17 weeks – and receive this fascinating new book *(published at $2)*

all for $3.67

IF YOU have ever felt there is too much sex and scandal in the news these days, you will welcome The National Observer with open arms.

For here is a new kind of *national weekly* newspaper that is entertaining and informative, yet free of the sensationalism so common today.

Recently The Observer won the 1964 Religious Newswriters Association Award for "excellence in reporting the news of religion in the secular press." This honor was bestowed for the continuing series of articles by staff reporter Lee E. Dirks (who is also the author of the fascinating new National Observer NEWSBOOK, "Religion in Action," shown above.)

Here are just a few of the exclusive religious news stories The National Observer has recently carried:

How a vigorous new breed of American missionary is carrying the Gospel to the beaches where teen-agers indulge in drink and orgies; casinos and "joints" in Las Vegas and similar communities; slums where poverty and prejudice breed race hatred and riots;

How Roman Catholics are reacting to the reading of the Mass in English;

Why leading Jewish spokesmen fear traditional American freedom of worship may actually contribute to a decline in the practice of Judaism.

Searching stories like these on the truly significant stories of our time are the rule in The National Observer – not only in the field of religion, but in politics, science, medicine, space, education, foreign affairs, government, business, books, and the arts as well. In a single recent issue, for instance, you'd have learned:

Why Hubert H. Humphrey was able to win the Democratic nomination for vice president even though he refuses to be a party "regular";

How Martin Luther King plans to bring the new Civil Rights Law to bear on the remaining bulwarks of segregation;

Why New York World's Fair officials may be whistling in the dark when they predict the second season will draw bigger crowds than the first;

Why the U.S. has played down evidence of a Soviet nuclear test blast carried out in Siberia in apparent violation of the Test Ban Treaty.

The foregoing is just a sample of the varied reporting you can expect as a subscriber to The National Observer. You and your family will also enjoy such regular features as *The Week in Washington, A Chat With the Doctor, How's Business?, Current Events Classroom.* You'll chuckle at *Grass Roots Philosophy.* You'll look forward to the weekly reviews of music, books, TV, movies . . . to the poetry, puzzles and delightfully sharp photographs.

And you get this interestingly written, concisely reported news weekly in the most convenient of all ways – direct to your home by *mail.*

As a special inducement to you to sample the pleasures of The National Observer right now, we're pleased to offer – for a limited time only – a copy of the newly published National Observer NEWSBOOK, "Religion in Action" with every new 17-week subscription.

A timely, objective, accurate picture of organized religion in America today . . . where it stands, where it's going, and *why* . . . "Religion in Action" totals 212 oversize pages (nearly 9 x 12 inches each) and features more than 200 striking photographs and illustrations. The sturdy paperback binding is printed in four colors and the volume sells in bookstores everywhere for $2.

But if you accept the no-risk introductory offer of 17 weekly issues of The National Observer, the book is yours – along with your 17-week subscription. And for the pair, we bill you only $3.67. But this offer is limited – act today. Send no money now; just the coupon.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER AM-213
1015 14th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Please send me The National Observer for the next 17 weeks and my copy of "Religion in Action." Bill me at the special introductory rate of $3.67 for the subscription and book combination. *(This offer for new subscribers only.)*

Name.....
(Please print)

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip Code.....

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED: If not completely satisfied, you may cancel your subscription at any time and the unused portion will be refunded. The book is yours to keep in any case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

MARCH 1965
NUMBER 3
VOLUME 39

Conservatism After Goldwater	31	David Danzig
The Conservative Mindlessness	38	Richard H. Rovere
The Last Return	43	Elie Wiesel
On Teilhard de Chardin	50	Stephen Toulmin
A Story Other Chanukahs	56	Leo Skir
Public Affairs		
China, Russia & the Experts	62	George Lichtheim
Observations		
Academic Women	67	Mary Ellmann
Next Year in Jerúsalem	70	Gloria Goldreich
The Polish Scene	75	A. Alvarez
Controversy		
Berkeley	80	Philip Selznick Nathan Glazer
Letters from Readers	10	
Books in Review		
The Invisible Government, by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross	87	Ronald Steel
Other People's Houses, by Lore Segal	89	Cynthia Ozick
Man's Struggle for Shelter in an Urbanizing World, by Charles Abrams	92	Peter Marris
Communism and the French Intellectuals, 1914-1960, by David Caute	96	J. G. Weightman

Editor: NORMAN PODHORETZ

Associate Editor
THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

Business Manager
MARTIN EDELSTON

Circulation Manager
SYLVIA ROSEMAN

Assistant Editors
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER
MARION MAGID

Contributing Editors
MILTON HIMMELFARB
GEORGE LICHTHEIM

Editorial Assistant
RHOMA PAUL

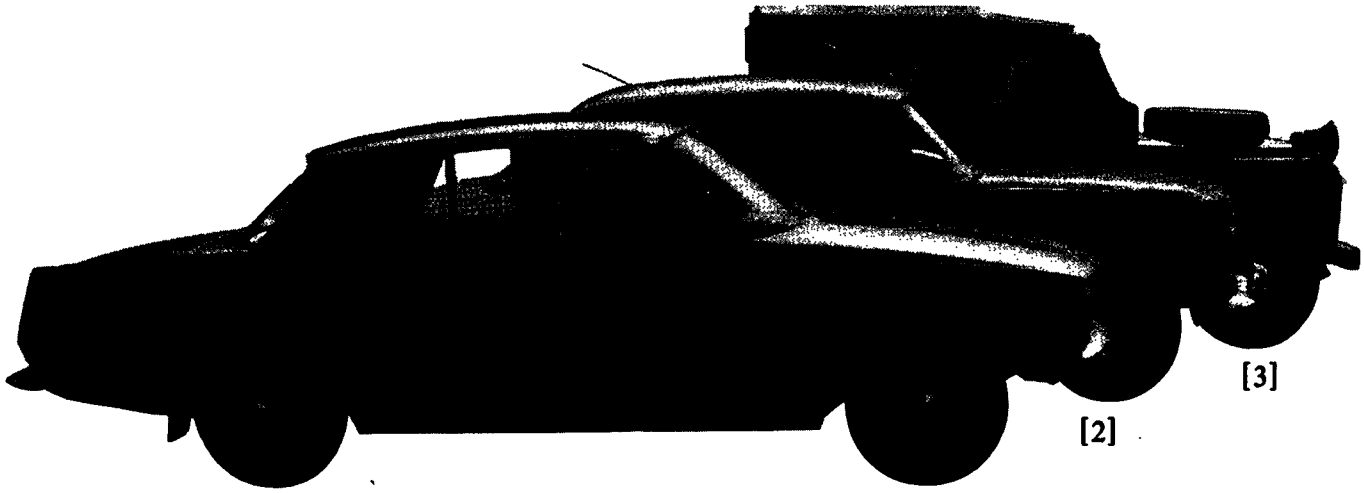
COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee • Single copy 75¢; $7 a year; 2 years $12; 3 years $17 • No extra Canadian or foreign postage charge • Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

© Copyright 1965 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions

• Indexed in Readers' Guide & Public Affairs Information Service • Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage.
EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York 10022
ADVERTISING:
Main Office: 165 E. 56th Street, New York 10022. Martin Edelston, PLaza 1-4000.
Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 314, Chicago 60601. Jerry Taylor, 332-7683.
Los Angeles: 434 So. San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 90048. Robert J. Friedman, Olympia 2-2100.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BE A ROVER OVERSEAS



ONCE you arrive in Europe, or wherever, why stay tied to plane and train routes and timetables?

Through the Rover Overseas Delivery Plan you can choose to be:

[1] A Rover with *esprit*, in the 2000 Sports Sedan: a 4-seater blending elegance and excitement, starting at $2986.

[2] A Rover in the Lap of Luxury, with the Mark II 3-litre Sedan, starting at $3730. There is no finer car in the world.

[3] A Rover in the Teeth of Adversity. The 4-wheel drive Land-Rover, starting at $2040, doesn't even require roads. All it asks is angles of 45° or less, and steady nerves.

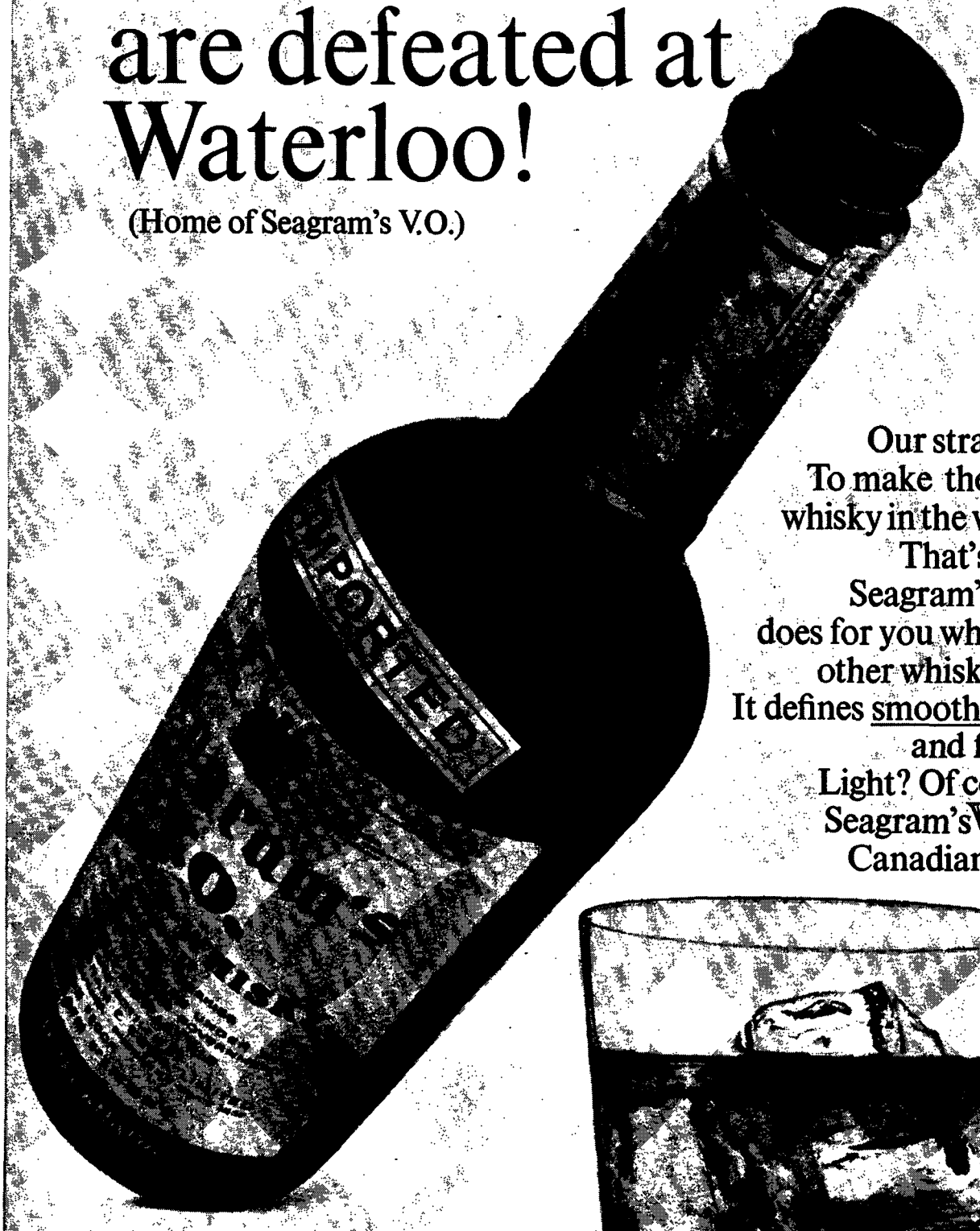
You can pick up one of these either at the factory in England or in 160-odd other countries. (And take it home afterwards, as a souvenir of your trip.) For further information about the cars or the Rover Overseas Delivery Plan, please write to us at the address of your choice.

©1964, The Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd., 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York; 373 Shaw Road, South San Francisco, California; 10889 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 24, California; 1040 Bayview Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. In Canada: Mobile Drive, Toronto 16, or 156 West 2nd Avenue, Vancouver 10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All other Canadian whiskies are defeated at Waterloo!

(Home of Seagram's V.O.)



Our strategy:
To make the best whisky in the world.
That's why Seagram's V.O. does for you what no other whisky can.
It defines smooth once and for all.
Light? Of course.
Seagram's VO Canadian

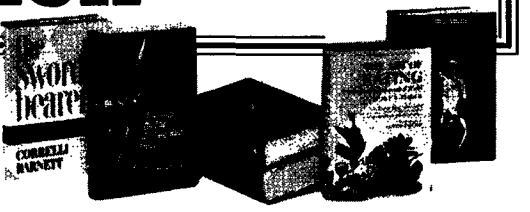
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER FROM THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY

TAKE ANY 3 SELECTIONS

ONLY $1 EACH



132. Dictionary of Slang & Unconventional English by Eric Partridge. The new revised and enlarged 5th edition—1,376 pp., 50,000 definitions totaling 1,400,000 words. 9½x7x2½ inches. Retail $16.00

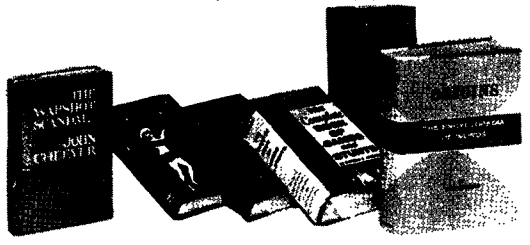
299. The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald edited by Andrew Turnbull. This wide selection of letters by the celebrated author of *The Great Gatsby* is one of the most interesting, candid, and appealing collections in American literary history. Many photographs, 615 pages. Retail $10.00

98. Parade's End by Ford Madox Ford. The four novels (in one binding) that have been compared to *Remembrance of Things Past*. "There are not many English novels which deserve to be called great: *Parade's End* is one of them"—W. H. Auden. Retail $7.50

53. The Encyclopedia of Words (Origins) by Eric Partridge. An etymological dictionary of modern English which is one of the very few reference works which belongs in the home of every educated family. There are years of reading in it. 970 pages. Retail $16.00

282. The Hundred Days by Antony Brett-James. A masterly account from previously untranslated sources of the hundred days between Napoleon's return from Elba and his defeat at Waterloo. Retail $6.50

279. The Complete Book of Games by Darwin A. Hindman. An encyclopedia of play (2 books in one volume) giving complete rules and diagrams for over 2,000 indoor and outdoor games. Illustrated, 768 pages. Retail $6.95



288. An American Dream by Norman Mailer. The first full-scale work of fiction in nearly ten years by one of the most adventurous of our literary figures. Its hero journeys through every imaginable evil and some all but unimaginable pleasure—an existential pilgrimage of great peril, of profound suspense. Retail $4.95

287. LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug edited by David Solomon. With an Introduction by Timothy Leary, and a host of distinguished contributors, this absorbing collection of essays and reports deals with the controversy regarding LSD and all the other related consciousness-expanding drugs. Retail $5.95

500. An Unofficial Rose by Iris Murdoch. A magnificent rendering of the quiet desperation of many kinds of love. Retail $4.95

253. The Demons by Heimito von Doderer. A monumental work of contemporary European fiction, it has established its author as the most formidable German-speaking novelist now living. 2 volumes, 1,334 pages. Retail $13.50

261. A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue edited by Eric Partridge. The earliest dictionary (1785) of English slang, written in a racy and entertaining manner by a highly unconventional lexicographer and boon companion to the celebrated Scotch poet Robert Burns. Retail $7.95

291. A New Dictionary of Music by Arthur Jacobs. A compact, comprehensive and up-to-date reference work for all those interested in serious music. Alphabetized, 416 pages. Retail $6.75

274. The Deputy by Rolf Hochhuth. With a Foreword by Albert Schweitzer, this is the complete text of the most controversial play of our time. Retail $5.95

289. Contemporary Quotations compiled by James B. Simpson. This first compendium of notable contemporary quotations contains nearly 3,000 in all by 1,300 well-known world figures of the last ten years. 31 subdivisions, with source and subject index. Retail $6.95

503. Baudelaire by Enid Starkie. A biography of the legendary Baudelaire whose life and work depict the struggle between man's aspiration toward virtue and his proclivity for vice. 622 pages. Retail $10.00

504. Johnson's Dictionary: A Modern Selection by E. L. McAdam, Jr. and George Milne. This modern edition of the most famous dictionary of all time has intact all the charm of the original. It informs as well as entertains. 500 pages. Retail $6.50

276. Mussolini: A Study in Power by Ivone Kirkpatrick. This incisive and objective biography is the definitive life of Mussolini in English. 726 pages, charts, maps and 32 pages of seldom-seen photographs. Retail $10.00

283. The Macmillan Medical Cyclopedia edited by William A. R. Thomson, M.D. A comprehensive, up-to-date and practical guide for family medical needs. Its readable text is abundantly supported by numerous diagrams, charts and illustrations. 1,013 pages. Retail $7.95

277. The Art of Eating by M. F. K. Fisher. This gastronomical classic (5 complete books in one volume) contains the recipes and reminiscences of a discriminating gourmet and life-observer. Retail $7.50

246. Encyclopedia of the Great Quotations compiled by George Seldes with an Introduction by J. Donald Adams. A unique dictionary of quotations concerned primarily with the play of ideas and the reflections of some of the most seminal minds of our civilization. Comprehensively indexed, contains 10,500 author and subject listings. 893 pages. Retail $15.00

280. The Swordbearers: Supreme Command in the First World War by Correlli Barnett. In this brilliantly written and original military history of four supreme commanders of World War I, the whole panorama of the great war unrolls before our eyes. Photographs, maps and index. Retail $7.50

254. Sunset and Twilight from the Diaries of Bernard Berenson. A deeply-moving and memorably-personal journal kept by the world-renowned art historian and humanist between his 82nd and 93rd year. Unique for its candor and amazing vitality. 29 photographs, 547 pages. Retail $8.75

262. The Wapshot "Saga" (The Wapshot Scandal and The Wapshot Chronicle) by John Cheever. This new best-seller and its prize-winning predecessor add up to the zaniest American epic ever written—a modern classic. Combined retail $9.90

247. On Her Majesty's Secret Service by Ian Fleming and **Room 3603** by H. Montgomery Hyde. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* is one of the latest in the best-selling series of novels dealing with the invincible James Bond, the world's most famous secret agent. *Room 3603* tells the absorbing story of the British spy center in New York during World War II. Combined retail $9.00

285. Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. Latest edition of the most famous and treasured reference book of all time. 113,000 entries, arranged chronologically by author. 1,614 pages. Retail $10

149. A World on the Wane (Tristes Tropiques) by Claude Lévi-Strauss. Worthy to stand by Margaret Mead's unforgettable studies of primitive peoples, this beautifully written and perceptive work has already become a classic of contemporary anthropology. 63 fascinating photographs and 48 line drawings. Retail $12.50

281. The Face on the Cutting Room Floor by Murray Schumach. This detailed and vivid account of movie and television censorship takes us behind the scenes of censorship control from early days to contemporary blacklisting tactics. Retail $6.95

269. The Complete Tales of Henry James: 1888-92 edited by Pulitzer Prize-Winner Leon Edel. The first complete edition of the short fiction of a writer whom most critics regard as this country's foremost novelist. Many of the tales have never before been printed in book form. 2 volumes, 966 pages. Combined retail $11.90

284. Incognito by Petru Dumitriu. A sweeping, powerful and savagely realistic narrative of the oppressive corruption and brutality of postwar Communist bureaucracy in Eastern Europe by a writer who until his recent defection to the West was a leading literary talent in Rumania. In the tradition of Orwell's *1984* and Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. 471 pages. Retail $5.95

292. Under the Volcano by Malcolm Lowry. This critically acclaimed novel has earned stature as one of the few fictional masterpieces of the age. Details the last day in the life of a drunken, disgraced British consul staggering through the streets of a Mexican town. Retail $5.95

285. The Abominable Airlines by George Johnson. Facts, figures and fallacies about commercial aviation in America. Of interest to every American who boards (or refuses to board, as a majority still do) a commercial airliner. Retail $5.95

267. Bosie: Lord Alfred Douglas, His Friends and Enemies by Rupert Croft-Cooke. A highly readable, brilliantly told, and scrupulously honest biography of the petulant, vicious and beautiful young man who was both Oscar Wilde's beloved friend and his final destroyer. Retail $7.50

502. Rimbaud by Enid Starkie. A biographical masterpiece about the precocious Rimbaud, who used drugs and alcohol to deliberately derange his senses in order to achieve supernatural powers as a poet. Retail $10.00

294. A Book of Happenings edited by Michael Kirby. The first book about the exciting new theatre-art form; a novel and bizarre theatrical experience. Contains working scripts of 14 significant Happenings, 79 remarkable photographs, and a comprehensive explanatory introduction. Retail $6.95

Now is the most opportune time to join America's most provocative book club. As dramatized on this page, The Mid-Century Book Society offers you the widest, most unusual selection of titles at the greatest possible savings. You need only agree to purchase two additional books during your first year of membership, at outright discounts which average 20% below retail prices.

During your membership, you will receive with every book you buy, a Bonus-Book Voucher. Each Voucher, when sent in with a nominal sum, usually $1, may be redeemed for any of the scores of Bonus Books listed in our special Catalog. The average saving by use of each Bonus-Book Voucher is over $4. There is no waiting period; you will receive a Voucher with your first purchase.

Try membership now since many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply. Please, therefore, enter your three choices by number on the Enrollment Form, and mail without delay.

ENROLLMENT FORM

C-22

The Mid-Century Book Society, Inc.
115 East 31st Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of The Mid-Century Book Society and send me the three books whose numbers I have entered in the boxes below, billing me $1 for each. I agree to buy two future selections during my first year of membership and may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing these two selections. I am to receive a Bonus-Book Voucher for each such selection I buy. (A modest charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and handling expense.)

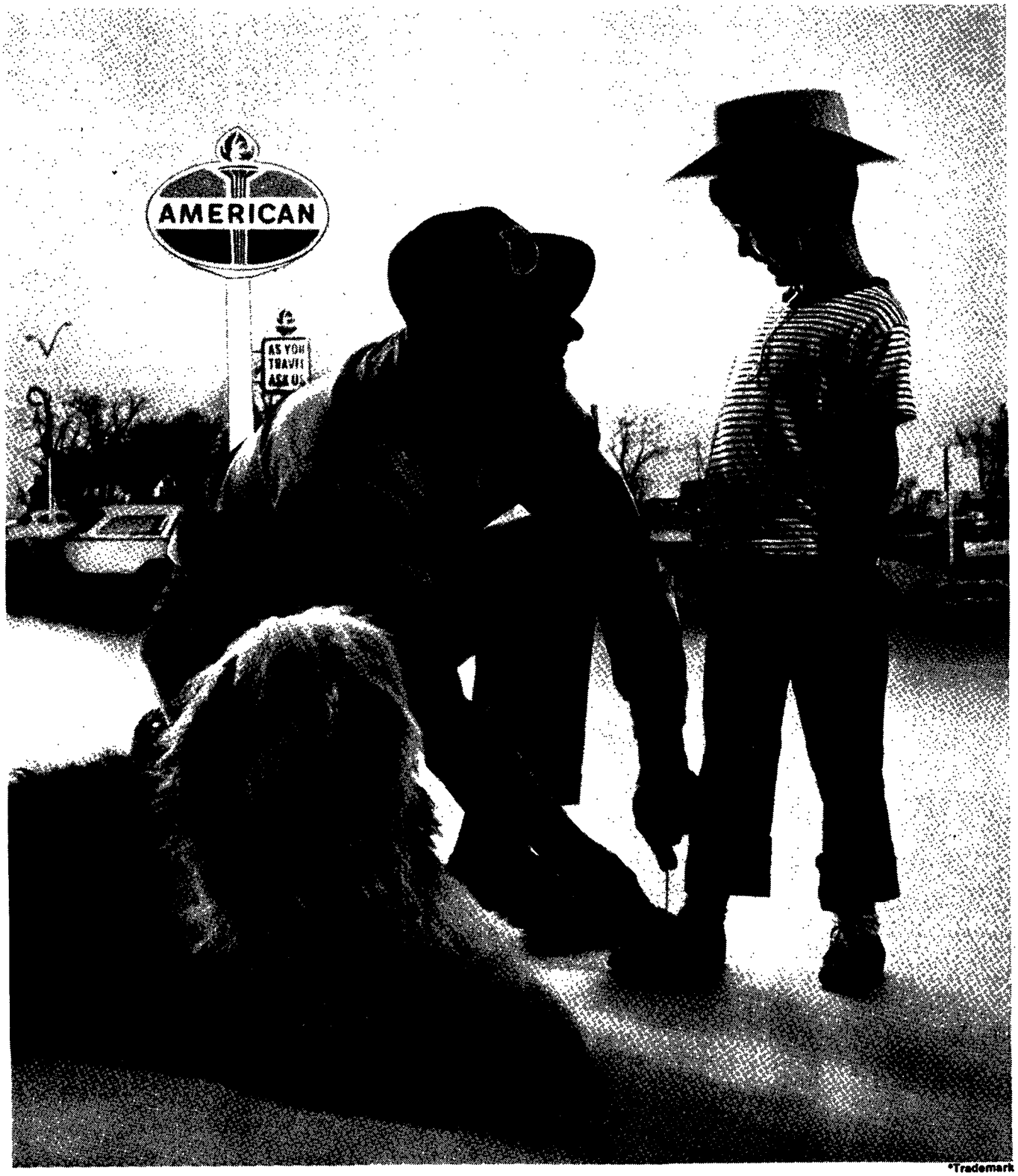
ENTER IN THE BOXES THE NUMBERS OF THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Offer not good outside continental U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Trademark

You expect more from American and you get it!*

AMERICAN

AMERICAN OIL COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1965 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY TO ALL

and flavorful smoking with WINSTON!

Because it's what's up front that counts! And up front, in the tobacco end, Winston packs FILTER-BLEND...bright, golden tobaccos specially selected and processed for the best taste in filter smoking. Enjoy America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette, by far! Change to Winston!

Also in crush-proof box.

WINSTON TASTES GOOD...

LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

THE PHILIP W. LOWN CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY JEWISH STUDIES, 1965-66

MASTER OF ARTS PROGRAM

This program may be completed in one year, and is designed primarily for students interested in careers directed to Jewish communal service.

Areas of study include American Jewish History, Modern Jewish Intellectual History, Modern Jewish Literature, History of the Modern Near East and Israel, Sociology of the Contemporary Jewish Community, Theory of Jewish Education.

JOINT PRE-DOCTORAL PROGRAM WITH FLORENCE HELLER SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WELFARE

A two-year doctoral program (either Ph.D. or D.S.W.) combining courses in contemporary Jewish studies with required courses in social welfare, is also available for those who seek advanced training in Jewish communal work. Candidates with Master's degrees in social work, education, guidance, psychology or related disciplines will be considered.

SCHOLARSHIPS & FELLOWSHIPS

Grants up to $5,000 are available, depending upon applicant's academic record and financial need. In a few limited instances, applicants with senior executive experience in communal work may be considered for grants up to $7,500.

For information concerning program and financial aid write to:

Dean, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts 02154

The Trial of Jesus

To the Editor of Commentary:

The appearance of Paul Winter's article "The Trial of Jesus" [September 1964] is, for obvious reasons, as timely as it is important. I am, of course, familiar with the more analytical and detailed study of this problem in Dr. Winter's book, *On The Trial of Jesus,* but . . . the arguments advanced in the book are even more clearly presented in this condensed form.

So far as I am aware, this is the first occasion on which Paul Winter's thesis has received serious notice in a Jewish periodical. His contributions to New Testament scholarship have so far appeared almost exclusively, and perhaps understandably, in non-Jewish periodicals, but the manifest importance of this whole subject for Jewish as well as Christian readers encourages the hope that the lead you have given may be followed by other Jewish publications.

(Rev.) William W. Simpson
The Council of Christians and Jews
London, England

To the Editor of Commentary

In his article, . . . Dr. Winter rightly insists on the juridical competence of the Sanhedrin to deal with capital cases during the procuratorial period—citing supporting evidence from the Acts of the Apostles and from patristic literature. I should like to point out further that support may also be found in non-Christian sources, as for example, the Mishnah, San. 7:2; Philo, *Legatio ad Gaium,* 39; and the inscription, discovered in 1871 by Clermont-Ganneau, which shows that the Jewish authorities were formally entitled by the imperial government to put any Gentile to death if he ventured beyond the second enclosure of the Temple, an ordinance referred to by Josephus (*Ant.* 15:11:5; *Bell.* 5:5:2; 6:2:4), by Philo (*Leg.* 31), and perhaps by the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians, 2:14. . . .

Commentary is to be congratulated on publishing the article.

T. A. Burkill
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

To the Editor of Commentary:

Speaking as a Christian New Testament scholar, . . . I wish to commend you for publishing Mr. Winter's article which reveals that the author has made a careful study of the subject.

I agree with all of his main conclusions: that Jesus existed; that we do not know the exact year of his death (but Mr. Winter's dating must be very close) nor the exact day of the week; that he was arrested by Roman soldiers who were accompanied by Jewish policemen who probably served as guides; that he was arrested as a rebel; that it is doubtful that there was any Jewish trial or at least a Sanhedrin trial; that Jesus was arrested, accused, tried, sentenced, and executed on a charge of insurrection against Roman rule; that the Sanhedrin had the power to carry out capital sentences and did so; . . . that Stephen's speech is not genuine; that if Jesus's offense were only religious, the Jews could have eliminated him without accusing him of sedition, for Roman law provided the death sentence for religious offenses; that the title "Christ" and his followers' expectation of Israel's triumph over Rome are evidence he was viewed as a rebel.

Minor points in the article which I question are as follows: that Josephus mentions Jesus (some Christian scholars regard it as a Christian interpolation); that we know the place where Jesus was arrested; that the Gospel of Mark was written in Rome (this is the prevailing Christian view, but I think Bartlett is right in saying Antioch is more probable); and the author's concluding statement (that we do not know what Jesus thought, etc.), though largely true, may eliminate a conclusion or two justified by deduction. It is largely true that we do not know what Jesus thought, because the bulk of the Gospel traditions are not authentic sayings of Jesus, but originated later in the Church in efforts to solve various problems. Yet Mark 1:15, I believe, is historical and reflects his views. I think Jesus must actually have been the leader of a revolt and that his thoughts were sympa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you spending an extra dollar on these three words?

Not if you're buying Canadian Lord Calvert. You won't find the words "Bottled in Canada" on any of our bottles.

We're bringing our great Canadian whisky across the border in barrels and bottling it in the U.S.A.

This way, we save enough in taxes and freight to shave about a dollar off the price of every fifth.

(Good Canadian whisky will never be cheap. But at least we've found a way to make it reasonable.)

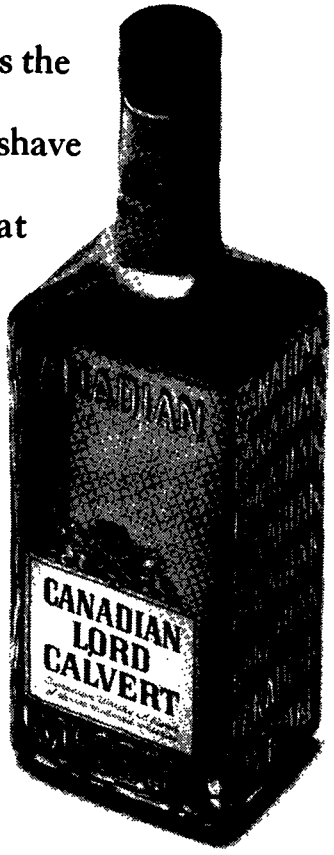
Canadian Lord Calvert is smooth, of course.

But this one has a richness that's even got the Canadians impressed. We can't give the credit to just one distillery. We own five in Canada and all of them contributed to this rare blend.

Try it. Just look for the important new Canadian.

In the handsome square bottle.

Without those three little words.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the ecumenical road toward religious unity, one of the most significant landmarks is surely the publication of

THE ANCHOR BIBLE

An invitation to become a Charter Subscriber to the only translation of the Bible conceived in an ecumenical spirit.

In a world increasingly aware of the importance of true interfaith dialogue, the publication of The Anchor Bible — prepared and published on the premise that scholarly integrity transcends religious differences — is indeed an occasion to be welcomed.

For The Anchor Bible, newly translated from the most reliable texts, and verified by the most recent archaeological and linguistic research, not only represents the best in modern biblical scholarship; it is an ecumenical event of the first importance.

It is particularly timely, then, that The Anchor Bible has received unprecedented interfaith acceptance . . . and that readers of virtually every religious persuasion are taking advantage of a limited Charter Subscription program.

An extraordinary publishing project

The Anchor Bible will be published in 38 volumes on a regular basis of six volumes a year. It is scheduled for completion in 1970. Each large, handsomely-bound volume contains new, modern English translations of one or more books of the Bible, supported by notes and comment, and, in addition, by a fascinating introduction which describes the historical, archaeological, and literary background of the books translated.

When the distinguished general editors, William Foxwell Albright and David Noel Freedman, chose contributors to The Anchor Bible, their sole aim was to select the man best qualified to translate and introduce each book. Thus, scholars from many countries and faiths — each a specialist on the books he has been assigned — are participating in the achievement of The Anchor Bible. "This is the first translation in history" (as *Time Magazine* reported) "to combine the labors of Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish scholars."

Behind The Anchor Bible achievement

Until recently — because we have learned more about the Bible in this century than in all the preceding centuries — a translation as accurate as The Anchor Bible was scarcely possible.

All of this new knowledge, and all of the revolutionary discoveries of the past fifty years, are reflected in The Anchor Bible. For the first time, it is possible for the modern reader to fully understand the background out of which the Bible emerged, to appreciate the remarkably varied beauty of biblical language, and to sense what its impact was on those who first felt its message.

Of course, complete certainty about every word and phrase is hardly possible. But when you read The Anchor Bible, you come as close as any reader can today to the actual meaning of the Old and New Testaments. For, unlike any other Bible, The Anchor Bible carefully notes every doubtful passage . . . cites previous translations . . . presents supporting evidence for the Anchor translation.

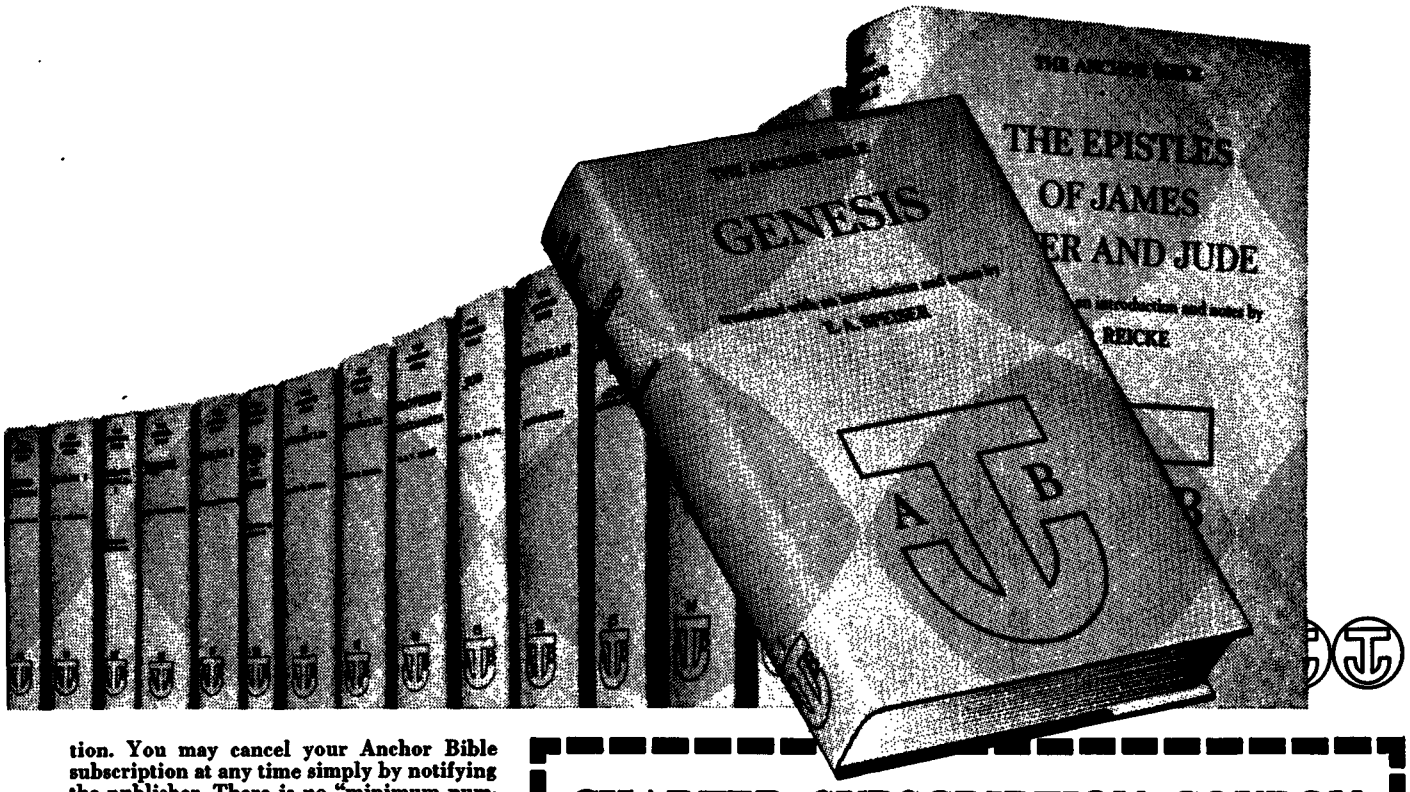
Special Charter Subscription plan

The response to the first volumes of The Anchor Bible has been immediate and unprecedented. Religious leaders of all faiths have joined scholars and reviewers in acclaiming this new Bible. The short sampling of opinion included on these pages shows why The Anchor Bible will be an invaluable source for everyone genuinely concerned with his spiritual, intellectual, and cultural heritage. In view of renewed interest in Bible study at home, The Anchor Bible is a particularly timely family investment.

For a limited time, you may still acquire the Anchor Bible through a special Charter Subscription plan which provides many significant benefits. If you subscribe now, the first volume you will receive will be *Genesis*, the much-acclaimed new translation by E. A. Speiser. As with all succeeding volumes, you will have two weeks to examine *Genesis*, and to return it if you wish without obliga-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An ecumenical milestone."—Time Magazine *"Triumphs of biblical scholarship."*—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK *"A remarkable series."*—The New York Times *"A series much to be welcomed...an admirably high level of scholarship."*—R. A. F. MACKENZIE, S.J., Rector of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, Rome *"An indispensable tool."*—NAHUM M. SARNA, Jewish Theological Seminary of America *"The major event of the year's biblical publishing."*—America Magazine *"An outstanding contribution to Bible study..."*—Christian Science Monitor *"Acclaimed by scholars throughout the world"*—Presbyterian Life *"The best English Bible yet...unhesitatingly and enthusiastically recommended..."*—Baltimore Sun



tion. You may cancel your Anchor Bible subscription at any time simply by notifying the publisher. There is no "minimum number of books" which you must take — and as long as you remain a Charter Subscriber, you will receive the same discounts and benefits on all The Anchor Bible volumes you keep.

With the Charter Subscription plan, in short, you have nothing to lose. On the other hand, if you subscribe now, you have a good deal to gain. Only Charter Subscribers are guaranteed a $1.00 discount on every volume they buy — a saving of $38.00 by 1970, if you purchase the complete Anchor Bible.

Why not examine The Anchor Bible for yourself, without cost or risk, while the excellent Charter Subscription terms are still available?

These volumes of The Anchor Bible will have been published by mid-1965:

GENESIS, *E. A. Speiser, U. of Pennsylvania.* THE EPISTLES OF JAMES, PETER, AND JUDE, *Bo Reicke, University of Basel, Switzerland.* JEREMIAH, *John Bright, Union Theological Seminary, Virginia.* JOB, *Marvin H. Pope, Yale University.* PROVERBS AND ECCLESIASTES, *R. B. Y. Scott, Princeton University.* I & II CHRONICLES, *J. M. Myers, Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.*

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Mail to your bookseller, or to

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC. Garden City, L. I., N. Y. 11531

I want to participate as a Charter Subscriber in one of the important achievements of this Ecumenical Century. Please enroll me as a Charter Subscriber to The Anchor Bible, and send me immediately my copy of *Genesis*. I understand that with *Genesis*, as with all succeeding volumes, I may return the book within two weeks without cost or obligation. Otherwise you will bill me for *Genesis* at the special Charter Subscriber's price of $5.00 plus postage and handling ($1.00 less than the regular $6.00 price.) I am assured that I may return any subsequent book without obligation; that I will be billed individually for all volumes I accept, at a discount of $1.00 per volume; that The Anchor Bible will therefore cost me $4.00, $5.00, or $6.00 per volume, depending on size; and that I may cancel this subscription at any time without penalty.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....

STATE.....

If you wish to receive only the 25 Old Testament volumes or the 13 New Testament volumes, indicate your preference here:

5-CY-3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thetic to Jewish nationalism and revolt. In spite of these minor criticisms, I commend Mr. Winter for his excellent work.

HOWARD M. TEEPLE
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Winter has made a good case for his thesis that Jesus was executed by Pilate as a political criminal because the Sanhedrin had the power to have him executed, but did not do so. But Winter rather cavalierly ignores the contrary evidence—especially that standby of Jewish apologetics, the Talmudic tradition that the Sanhedrin lost (or gave up) capital jurisdiction forty years before the destruction of the Temple.

Winter's book has been hailed as the first non-apologetic work, Jewish or Christian, on the subject. Yet COMMENTARY undoubtedly presented his views with an apologetic aim in mind. I wonder whether the time has not come, instead of finding new apologetic positions, to give the whole business up as a bad job. No one can be really certain about an event which took place two millennia ago without leaving any contemporary account; nor are we likely to convince believing Christians that their sacred books contain politically inspired falsehoods. We might do better by stressing that, except for the Roman governor and his soldiery, everyone on both sides was a Jew—from the high priest to Simon of Arimethea. It makes as much sense to say that "the Jews" killed Jesus as to say that "the Greeks" killed Socrates or "the Americans" killed Sacco and Vanzetti. . . .

ALFRED A. GREENBAUM
Detroit, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Paul Winter's article gives a somewhat different impression than did his book *On The Trial of Jesus*, published three years earlier. Has the author altered his views about Jesus? The article is wholly devoted to showing that Jesus was somehow involved in seditious activities and was crucified on this account. . . . In the book, however, Winter does not emphasize the rebellious nature of Jesus. He writes that "Jesus of Nazareth . . . was no revolutionary, prompted by political ambitions . . . he was a teacher"; and the adventure in the temple courtyard is dismissed as "a brawl in an Eastern bazaar". . . .

S. LEVIN
Johannesburg, South Africa

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations upon your publication of Dr. Paul Winter's article. The essay is a fine example of the results obtainable from "form-criticism" of the Gospels when this technique is properly used by one who combines scholarship with good judgment.

Your readers may be interested in a small, but significant, indication of the impact of Mr. Winter's book upon circles devoted to New Testament scholarship and the serious study of religion. In two successive issues (April and July, 1964), one of America's foremost

Zim vacations you to Israel.

This is Israel?

Of course not. It's Barcelona.
The point is simple. We think one of the nicest things you can do on a vacation is see lots of off-beat places. So when you sail to Israel on a Zim liner we throw in some of Europe's most exciting ports. Like Barcelona. And Malaga, Marseilles, Naples and Piraeus. What's more, you don't just *glimpse* them from your porthole—you get time to really see each one.
But that's only the beginning of what we give you. There are luxurious staterooms. Nightclubs. Swimming pools. Great food. Old-fashioned service and courtesy.

And here's the kicker. You don't have to go all the way to Haifa to enjoy Zim's hospitality. We'll be glad to have you along only as far as Spain, France, Italy or Greece.

The s.s. Shalom, Zim's luxurious flagship, sails from New York for Haifa with stops at Malaga, Marseilles and Naples on April 1, May 28, July 2. The s.s. Zion and s.s. Israel sail from New York for Haifa with stops at the Azores, Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Piraeus, port of Athens on March 12, April 25, May 7, June 4 and June 18. See your travel agent or call Zim.

BEARQUEST-GO
ZIM LINES
OWNER'S REPRESENTATIVE: AMERICAN ISRAELI SHIPPING COMPANY, INC., 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
MIDTOWN OFFICE: 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. DI 4-7600.
OTHER OFFICES: BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, MIAMI, MONTREAL, TORONTO.

SHOULD YOU BE ADVERTISING IN Commentary TOO?

For market information:

Main Office: 165 E. 56th Street, New York 10022. Martin Edelston, PLaza 1-4000.

Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 314, Chicago 60601. Jerry Taylor, 332-7683.

Los Angeles: 434 So. San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 90048. Robert J. Friedman, Olympia 2-2100.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS MAGNIFICENT COLLECTOR'S VOLUME AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLISH IS YOURS **FREE!**

with your first selection from the HUDSON BOOK CLUB

- *Published at $20.00* • *10 years in preparation!*
- *1214 illustrations!* • *Giant-sized (8½" x 11")!*

Here is an unprecedented opportunity for you to own *free* one of the most beautiful and comprehensive books ever published on the art of the Renaissance. Available for the first time in English, the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Renaissance and Baroque Art* begins when the great Gothic cathedrals were still being built. It traces the development of art in the Western world during the age of the greatest geniuses of painting—the calm contemplation of Duccio, Cimabue and Giotto; the delicate grace of Botticelli; the seductive frivolities of Fragonard and Boucher; the grandeur of da Vinci, Michelangelo and Rembrandt. Their works, and the paintings, sculpture, architecture and similar artistic forms of other masters of the time, are *all* included in this incomparable volume. The text is lucid and authoritative. There are 1214 illustrations superbly reproduced in full color and monochrome. In itself, the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Renaissance and Baroque Art* is a work of art—and it can be yours free with your first selection from the Hudson Book Club.

NO OBLIGATION OFFER. *The Larousse Encyclopedia of Renaissance and Baroque Art* is typical of the values offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club. If you would like to have this extraordinary book free, simply choose your first selection from the list of books below. If not delighted by both books, return them within two weeks. Your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The club takes all the risk.

ONLY THREE MORE SELECTIONS WITHIN A YEAR. The Hudson Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning members who share your tastes. By means of low members' prices and free bonus books, you save *an average of 50%* on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.

ACT NOW

Don't wait! Mail the coupon below today while free copies of the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Renaissance and Baroque Art* are still available.

THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Strange hymn to inverted passions. "I do not fear to call this book the most beautiful Genet has written"—Jean-Paul Sartre's Fwd. List, $6.00. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE DEPUTY. By Rolf Hochhuth. Magnificent drama in this urgent dialogue between *Nazism and Rome over the Jewish Final Solution.* List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**

IN THE BEGINNINGS. By H. R. Hays. Monumental study of our early ancestors and the gods they fashioned out of their darkest urges. 565 pp., 116 illus. List, $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

THE DANGEROUS SEX. By H. R. Hays. The story through the ages of man's great hostility toward woman, and the sexual persecutions, myths and literature behind it. List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

O STRANGE NEW WORLD. By Howard Mumford Jones. An imaginative study of the formative years in American Culture and the European influence upon it. 464 pp. List $8.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

FAMILY AND SEXUAL REVOLUTION. Ed. by Edwin Schur. The gravity of the sexual revolution in family life by Sorokin, Mead, Myrdal, et al. List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

THE LIFE OF LENIN. By Louis Fischer. "Never has the image of Lenin, as a person, been more clearly drawn..."—George Kennan. List, $10.00. **Members' Price $7.50**

DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN USAGE. All the whimseys of our native tongue in this lively guide to American English. List $6.95. **Members' Price $5.25**

TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. By Barbara Mertz. 5000 years of Egyptian archaeological history, focussing on Queen Hatshepsut, Thutmose III, Akhenaton, etc. 25 photos, 46 line drawings. List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL ART. Ed. by Rene Huyghe. The art of 1000 years in a highly prolific age. 416 pp., over 1000 illus., 36 in full color. List, $17.95. **Members' Price $9.95**

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE. By Lincoln Barnett. A fascinating account of the English *language and its universal importance today.* List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Ed. by Thomas Craven. The most highly praised art book of our time in a magnificent new edition. 650 reproductions (161 in full color) of the world's greatest paintings. List $8.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

EROS DENIED. By Wayland Young. A history of sexual behavior. "A remarkable, brilliant and revolutionary book."—J. Donald Adams. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.45**

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. By Richard von Krafft-Ebing. The first all-English edition of a classic work on sexual deviation; over 200 case studies. 512 pp. List $7.95. **Members Price $5.95**

THE GREEKS and THE ROMANS. By H. D. F. Kitto (Greeks) and R. H. Barrow (Romans). Over 2000 years of history—insights into *Greek free thought and Roman conquest.* 2 vols.; 577 pp., 75 photos. List, $12.00. **Members' Price $7.95**

THE WORLDS OF EXISTENTIALISM. Ed. by Maurice Friedman. "In my opinion this is an excellent anthology, the best to appear so far on existentialism."—James Gordon Clapp. List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. Life in the time of Abraham, Troy, Stonehenge, Knossos, and the glory of Egypt. List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. A forceful novel of modern urban degradation—"a vision of hell so stern that it cannot be chuckled or raged aside."—N.Y. Times. List $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition, edited & abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. List, $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval life, 1100-1350, recreating courtly love, art, science, and ideals. 100 illus. List. $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHAEOLOGY. Ed. by Leonard Cottrell. An impressive account tracing the movement of whole peoples; ancient Peruvians, Indian Mauryans, Mayas, etc. 184 illus., 16 in full color; 512 pp. List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club and send me free: LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE ART. As my first selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____
(ENTER YOUR FIRST SELECTION HERE)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership *will be cancelled without cost or obligation.*

If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 more books at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privileges. CO-101

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE overnight PARKING IN DOWNTOWN DETROIT

special FAMILY RATES
No Charge for Children 12 and Under

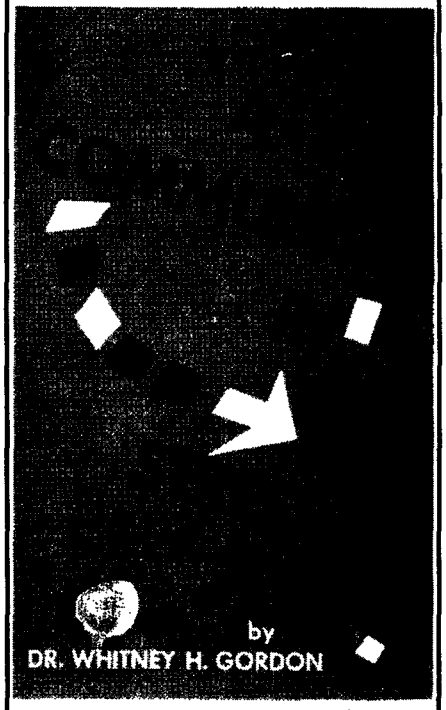
In the center of all downtown activities. Newly decorated. Ultra modern, comfortable guest rooms. Excellent food at moderate prices in our modern coffee shop and cafeteria.

Radio, Television Room Available
Air Conditioned rooms in season.

800 ROOMS WITH BATH from $4

Hotel TULLER
FACING GRAND CIRCUS PARK

How Gray Flannel is Religion Today?
the bold facts about the growing threat to American Judaism are fearlessly presented in



LIVING BOOKS
207 East 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016
Don't Wait! Wire or rush your orders in today $4.00

theological quarterlies, *Journal of Religion,* published a review of the book and a review-article about it, the latter by the well-known Professor F. C. Grant (Union Theological Seminary) who was the delegate-observer for the Anglican Communion at Vatican II. . . .

ISAAC RABINOWITZ
Professor, Biblical and Hebrew Studies
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Nothing but good can come of such sympathetic, critical, and painstaking examination of the facts surrrounding the origins of the Christian faith in the heart of Judaism, even if it arouses the fury of tender religious spirits, Jewish or Christian.

Many Christian scholars would go along with Winter in much of his reconstruction of events. In particular, the evidence that Jesus was executed by the Romans for a crime against Rome is very strong. A feature deserving more attention than Winter gives, however, is the motive the Jews might have had for encouraging the persecution of the Church and perhaps of Jesus himself. This was, of course, the use of seditious terms like "Kingdom of God" and "Messiah" by the early Christians. Jews would naturally wish to dissociate themselves from a group which appeared to set up another King than Caesar, and how better than by denouncing those who used such language?

To the Christian, on the other hand, such charges would appear wilfully misleading. Contrary to what Winter writes, the cumulative evidence of the New Testament suggests to most of us that the early Church *repudiated* nationalism of every kind; it claimed that the ancient promises of God to Israel (including the Messianic universal King) were fulfilled in one who opened the doors to sinners and Gentiles; that Israel's faith, rightly understood, found all men equally under the judgment and love of God. (I would add, with most British scholars, that this message can be traced back in its fundamentals to the teaching of Jesus himself.) But, though the message was universalist, it used words of highly nationalist flavor. The Church's enemies (and Jesus's enemies) could easily misuse them in evidence. Hence, perhaps, the tendency of Christian writers, in their turn, to regard the crucifixion of Jesus and the persecution of the Church as the result of Jewish intrigue and slander.

In fairness to the Gospel writers it should be added that they find the Roman authorities and the Christians themselves (represented by the disciples) equally culpable with the Jewish rulers and people. The Church has never acted less Christianly than when it forgot its own part in the crucifixion.

(REV.) STUART G. HALL
Department of Christian Theology
University of Nottingham
Nottingham, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

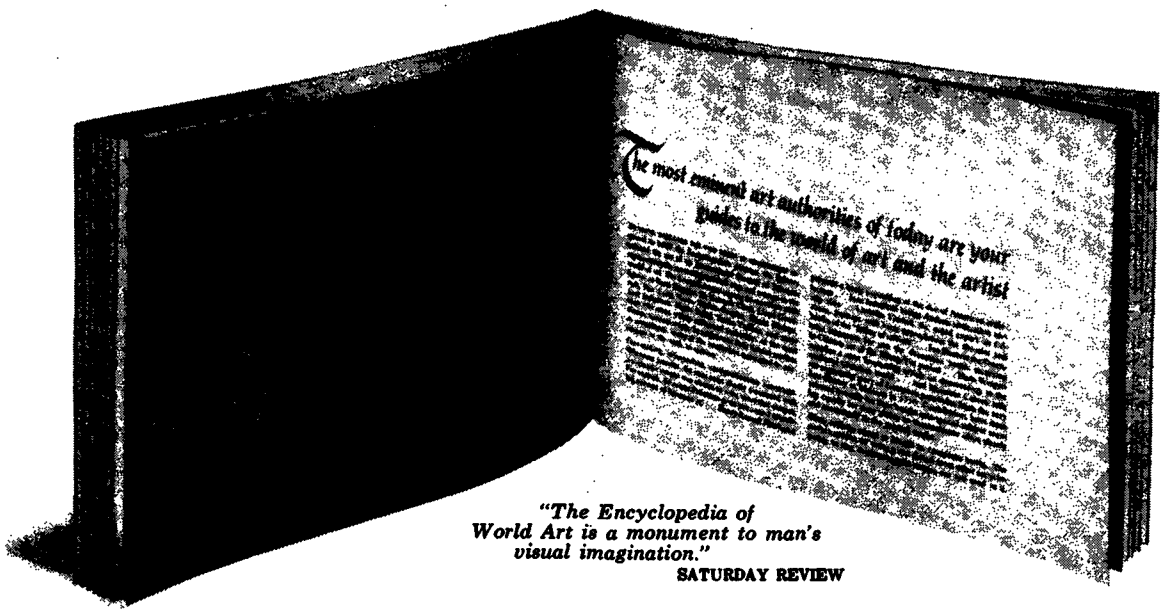
Although, in my opinion, Paul Winter's "The Trial of Jesus" is an excellent analysis of the event, I feel that a number of points remain to be clarified. . . .

Firstly, during the period in question, the Sanhedrin was controlled by a strong majority of Sadducees . . . who as the property-owning citizens and large businessmen were the most assimilated party, and closely aligned with the Roman government. They feared that any "Messiah"—political or spiritual—would be considered by the Romans an enemy of the Caesar and thus a revolutionary. . . . Hence they arrested Jesus in order to prove to Rome that he did not betoken an uprising on the part of all Israel. This is the real reason behind the arrest of Jesus, so that the accusation of blasphemy brought against him is, in my opinion, what Christian scholars have called a "trumped-up charge," invented by the Jews. . . . There were hundreds of others besides Jesus professing similar beliefs, which were basically merely Pharisaic in nature.

Jesus was arrested as a . . . religious heretic, because the Sanhedrin had power to arrest only in religious matters and, even then, a death verdict had to be approved and carried out by the Roman governor. Therefore the Sanhedrin was not so much a court as a grand jury of preliminary investigation which turned over "convictions" to the governor for actual trial, and conviction or sentencing. This view of the power of the Sanhedrin is supported by a Talmudic Baraitha (Babylonian Talmud, Sabbath 15a) which reads—"Forty years before the destruction of the Temple, the right [of the Sanhedrin] to judge and carry out death penalties was taken away from Israel [by the Roman government]." This date would coincide with the rule of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Encyclopedia of World Art is printed in limited quantity for a relatively few persons who share a deep interest in the visual arts If you count yourself within this select group, send for a complimentary copy of our new 20-page Prospectus.



"The Encyclopedia of World Art is a monument to man's visual imagination."
SATURDAY REVIEW

The Encyclopedia of World Art embraces, in 15 volumes of surpassing beauty, all of man's greatest achievements in the visual arts through the centuries. It has fully 7,000 full-page plates, and hundreds of illuminating essays by the foremost art authorities of our time. The prospectus above gives you full details of this incomparable art library and the special budget plan available to Subscribers. For your copy, simply mail the attached card.

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, 331 WEST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTHUR SUSSMAN

"In search of the Bible"

PAINTINGS

FIRST NEW YORK SHOWING

Feb. 23-March 13

BERNARD BLACK GALLERY

1062 MADISON AVE. (80th) NEW YORK 28

We promised we wouldn't tell anybody about the thirty-dollar 3-day, 2-night package plan at the Stardust Hotel* in Las Vegas if you didn't. But you had to brag...

*where your "resort dollar" buys more.

Pilate and the period of the trial of Jesus, as already stated by Klausner in *Jesus of Nazareth*.

The argument offered by Winter that the Sanhedrin did have the power to carry out the death penalty is weakened by the fact that all his sources are in the New Testament. Certainly, the New Testament would maintain that the Jewish court had the power to decide upon the death sentence, since the evangelists tried to place the blame for the death of Jesus upon the Jews.

By contrast, the Talmudic Baraitha deserves greater credence since it does not concern itself with any inter-religious argument, but is rather presented as a historical note....

JOSEF STERN
Chicago Jewish Academy
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I do not know the qualification of Mr. Paul Winter as a Biblical scholar and authority in New Testament studies and Christian origins. However, after a careful reading of his article, . . . I wonder how deeply read he is in a field wherein he seems ready to dogmatize rather freely. One is forewarned quickly enough when we read that "we also know for a fact . . . where Jesus was arrested." Indeed, we apparently know quite a good deal from the Gospels which, however, we are told confidently, "are unsuitable as documents that would allow access to the mind of Jesus." We are not told, however, why they are unsuitable. The possibility that there may be a positive relation between "their nature and origin" and "the mind of Jesus" is not even to be considered! May I suggest that Mr. Winter's opinion, for all its ex-cathedra tone . . . is almost a mirror-image of a *simplistic* Fundamentalism; he assumes without substantial argument the rather tentative conclusions of one school of thought in contemporary New Testament criticism. No other voices are to be heard—except, presumably, to be refuted or dismissed. In this respect, I note that nowhere in the article is there a single mention or even footnote citation of any New Testament scholar—unless one accepts the condescending reference to the "faulty" argument of "the great majority perhaps" of "Christian scholars," who have evidently either never read Mr. Winter or are blinded by apologetic zeal from seeing the "facts"!

The same arrogant dogmatism is manifest in Mr. Winter's easy summary of the history and formation of the Gospel tradition and the growth of Christology amidst the diversities of New Testament religion. As usual, the desire "to simplify a complex process" has led to considerable over-simplification and distortion....

(REV.) CHARLES H. WHITTIER
Peirce Memorial Church
Unitarian-Universalist
Dover, New Hampshire

MR. WINTER *writes:*

The views expressed by these correspondents display the diversity of positions from which people approach an examination of the trial of Jesus and, by implication, the complexity of the problem.

Professor Burkill is right in citing additional evidence for the Sanhedrin's exercise of jurisdiction in capital cases. The instances he quotes are mentioned in my book *On the Trial of Jesus* (1961). Of great importance is the reference to the archaeological discovery of part of an inscription on the enclosure separating the Court of the Gentiles from the Inner Courts on the Temple Mount. For our literary evidence is not univocal. Unsubjected to the vagaries of literary transmission, the slab of limestone bearing this inscription has survived from before the year 70 C.E. In conjunction with such literary evidence as we possess, it sheds light on the extent of the Sanhedrin's competence. Josephus (*Jewish War* II 117, *Antiquities* XX 200-203) is less explicit than modern historians would wish him to be. The evidence of the New Testament writers is contradictory (John against Acts), and no less so is the evidence to be gleaned from the Talmud (Shabb. 15a, Ab. Zarah 8b, Sanh. 12a, 41a, Rosh Hash. 31a etc.; against Sotah 8b, Keth. 30a, Sanh. 37b etc.). In this situation, the discovery of the inscription, made by Clermont-Ganneau in 1871, can assist in finding the correct answer.

The inscription prohibits non-Jews from passing beyond the Court of the Gentiles, and contains the warning that anyone who acts contrary to this prohibition "will himself be responsible for his death which will follow." How a trespasser's death is to "follow" is not explicit. There are three interpretations: (1) The inscription is not of a legal character, but of a kind known from antiquity, warning visitors to sacred shrines of the danger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy Purim

from
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Makers of
VICEROY Cigarettes

not too strong...not too light...
VICEROY'S got the filter for
the taste that's right!

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

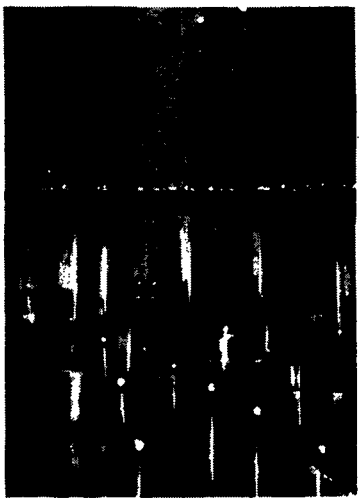
The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of incurring the deity's wrath should they, unpurified or uninitiated, approach a sacred shrine; divine punishment will overtake offenders who neglect the warning. (2) The inscription is legal in character, and authorizes the Temple Police (or the assembled Jewish worshippers) to put offenders to death on the spot, without recourse to a law court. (3) The inscription is meant as a warning of regular prosecution in a Jewish court of law, with obligatory death penalty.

THE FIRST of the three possibilities is excluded when we have regard to Titus's speech (Josephus, *J.W.* VI 126), a speech explicitly referring to the prohibition of passing the barrier on the Temple Mount. Titus says: "Did we not concede you the right to put to death anyone who passed it, even if he were a Roman?" Thus the inscription contains a warning of death by human action, not by divine retribution. The second possibility is incompatible with the account of the only case we know of in which actual proceedings for suspected trespass were instituted. Paul the Apostle was suspected of having "brought Greeks into the Temple and defiled the holy place" (Acts 21:28,29). When, in the ensuing tumult, he might have been killed by the enraged crowd, the commander of the Roman garrison stationed in the adjacent Antonia swiftly intervened and took Paul into protective custody (21:33,34). After perfunctory inquiries, the Roman commander brought Paul before the Sanhedrin (22:30). The Acts' account of Roman intervention in this case makes it impossible to interpret the inscription as an authorization for dealing summarily with offenders without recourse to judicial procedure. On general grounds it is, of course, quite improbable that the Romans who supervised the public order in the province would in advance have sanctioned acts of lynch justice, especially as the victim of the lynching might have been a Roman.

WE ARE left with the last of the three above-mentioned possibilities: that the words "his death will follow" refer to the imposed penalty of a court of law; the fact that this is not explicitly stated in the warning being of little importance, since it was general knowledge. The permission granted to the Jewish law court was, to be sure, a "special concession" made by the Romans,



"*Bridge*" by Richard Florsheim
$10 matted 14" x 18" (plus $1 shipping)

COLLECT
Signed ORIGINAL
ETCHINGS
AND LITHOGRAPHS
BY AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
ARTISTS

For more than thirty years ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS has given art lovers the rare pleasure and fascinating experience of owning and collecting original works of art for as little as $10. Many of our earlier offerings are now being sold for more than twenty times their original price. Our current catalog offers works by America's most prominent artists including Altman, Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Gross, Hirsch, Landau, Kleinholz, Doris Lee, Margulies, Silverman, Schreiber and R. Soyer.

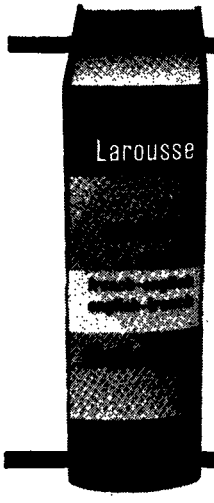
For free catalog containing 47 different illustrations, send 25 cents for handling.

Associated American Artists
605 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, Studio 123

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____



Best value?
OUI!
Most useful?
CERTAINEMENT!

LAROUSSE
MODERN
FRENCH-ENGLISH,
ENGLISH-FRENCH
DICTIONARY

Illustrated
1552 pages
Now only $7.50

McGraw-Hill

We invite you to share the joys of Passover.

Composer-Conductor Sholom Secunda Cantor Jacob Barkin

Cantor Jacob Barkin assisted by Sholom Secunda and the magnificent Concord Choir will conduct services and Sedarim for the Passover holidays.

A **second** *prominent Cantor and Choir will* **co-officiate** *at the Sedarim.*

A superlative program of holiday entertainment starring

Harry Golden
Jackie Mason

DIETARY SUPERVISION BY RABBI JOSEPH WEINTROBE

THE *world's foremost resort* HOTEL
Concord
Kiamesha Lake, New York
Ray Parker, General Manager
HOTEL TEL.: MONTICELLO, N.Y. 1040
or Call Your Travel Agent

Proudly we offer
CANTOR
ROBERT R. FINGEROTH
Assisted by the
Morris Paritz Choir

Will conduct the
SERVICES
and SEDERS
for the
PASSOVER
HOLIDAYS

NEVELE
Ellenville, New York
NEW YORK Tel: WI 7-9745
Hotel Tel. Ellenville 2100

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THINK...

big ideas small cost

Has the thought of astronomical costs kept you from investigating the speed and economy of Electronic Data Processing in any of these seven areas—

- general ledgers
- inventory records
- accounts receivable
- accounts payable
- sales analysis
- billing
- multi-corporation consolidation

Many of our clients, in no way specially equipped to work with our IBM equipment, are already congratulating themselves on the savings they have made by coming to us for efficient service at remarkably low cost.

Have your accountant or treasurer enquire about our services. Write, phone or mail this coupon.

accounting data services

Accounting Data Services
18 Beaver Street
Newark, New Jersey 07102
Phone: 201-623-5333

Please get in touch with me at the address below. I should like to know more about the services you offer.

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

Title _____ Phone number _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Down-to-earth flying

Our special service people really specialize in the down to earth stuff of flying like locating bi-lingual secretaries abroad, finding accredited baby sitters for passengers on their way through New York, locating international pharmacies, and even combing New York to find Hebrew speaking beauticians.

They're not bad at the more exotic situations either. Like what to do when you want to take your favorite cat to Israel.

They have more answers than you have questions.

When it's the other way around, they never fly off the handle.

Still dreaming about flying off somewhere?

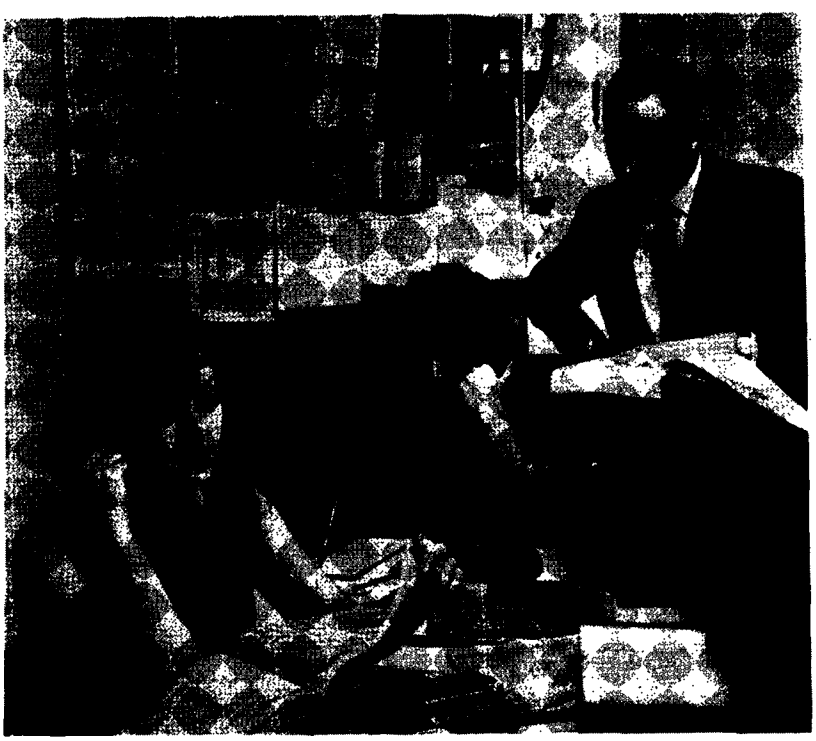
Your travel agent has some down-to-earth ideas about making your travel dreams turn true.

So do we. Try us.

EL AL

ISRAEL AIRLINES

New York • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland
Detroit • San Francisco • Washington, D. C.
Los Angeles • Miami Beach • Philadelphia



but "special" only insofar as they allowed the Jews in a certain case capital jurisdiction over non-Jews. It is not very likely that the Romans would have conceded to a Jewish law court the right to administer in certain cases the death penalty upon Romans, while also denying them generally the same right over Jews.

Professor Burkill was right to have drawn your readers' attention to Clermont-Ganneau's discovery (the inscription is now kept in a museum in Istanbul; see *On the Trial of Jesus*, p. 156, note 37).

I AGREE with Dr. Teeple that Mark 1:15 reflects, in nucleus, Jesus's message: "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand—repent and believe in the gospel!" Yet even in such simple, unadorned expression, an element of "editorial accretion" has crept in; the closing words "and believe in the gospel," could scarcely have been Jesus's own utterance. They would reflect the evangelist's understanding of the event of Jesus's call.

MR. GREENBAUM mistakenly assumes that I ignored the Talmudic tradition on the question of the Sanhedrin's judicial competence. This tradition is ambivalent. There are passages in the Talmud from which one may infer that the Sanhedrin retained its jurisdiction in capital cases until the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70, and there are passages implying that its jurisdiction ceased earlier. Both views are quoted in *On the Trial of Jesus*. The execution of Socrates, or Sacco and Vanzetti, will not do as parallels to the crucifixion of Jesus. Whatever one's view of Mr. Greenbaum's comparison, it is a fact that Greeks or Americans are not blamed for Socrates's or Sacco's and Vanzetti's deaths—while Jews have for centuries collectively been blamed, and are being blamed, for the death of Jesus. I accept Mr. Greenbaum's compliment that my book "has been hailed as the first non-apologetic work on its subject," but I must add that I do not myself consider "apologetics" a dirty word.

IT IS Mr. Levin's impression that I altered my views since the publication of my book. Not substantially so. I would, if I wrote that book today, probably have more to say on the subject. I concede to Mr. Levin that I might have underesti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACHIEVER

If you called this General Motors development engineer "moon-struck," he'd probably agree with you. For he's a member of the team whose objective is to put a man on the moon by 1970.

Together with several hundred other engineers, scientists and technicians, he is contributing to the development, fabrication, assembly, integration and testing of the guidance and navigation system for the Apollo spacecraft. His mind is literally on the moon—and how to get three men there and back safely.

Educationally, he is highly qualified, but fast-changing technology requires his constant study. If he does not have two degrees already, chances are that he is working on a second right now under GM's tuition refund plan.

Throughout General Motors there are hundreds of professionals like him working on projects relating to our nation's space and defense programs. Like their counterparts who are developing commercial products, they are dedicated General Motors people.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing Value

1965 STOCK

- *1100 Individual Stocks*
- *60 Key Industries*
- *50 Special Situations*

Now in this one Summary, you can check Value Line's appraisals of the 1965 prospects of any leading stocks of special interest or concern to you.

For *each* of the 1100 stocks (listed below), in 60 major industry groups, and 50 Special Situations, Value Line's new SUMMARY OF ADVICES gives *specific* measurements of its *rationally* estimated

(1) *Price Performance in the Next 12 Months* — showing unequivocally which individual stocks Value Line

Abbott Laboratories
ABC Vending
Abitibi Power & Paper
ACF Industries
Acme Markets
Acme Steel Company
Adams Express
Addressograph-Mult.
Admiral Corp.
Aerojet-General
Aetna Life Insurance
Air Products, Inc.
Air Reduction
Alco Products
Alden's, Inc.
Algoma Steel
Allegheny Corp.
Allegheny Ludlum Steel
Allegheny Power System
Allied Chemical
Allied Mills
Allied Stores
Allied Supermarkets
Allis-Chalmers
Alpha-Portland Cement
Aluminium, Ltd.
Aluminum Co. of Amer.
Amalgamated Sugar Co.
Amerace Corp.
American Petroleum
American Airlines
American Bakeries
American Bank Note
American Beech Arms
American Brake Shoe
American Broadcasting-Par.
American Can
American Cement Corp. •
American Chain & Cable
American Comm'l Barge Line
American Crystal Sugar
American Cyanamid
American Distilling
American Electric Power
American Enka Corp.
American Export Lines
American Express Co.
American Greetings
American Hardware
American Home Products
American Hospital Supply
American Invest. (Ill.)
American Mach. & Fdry.
American Metal Climax
American Metal Products
American Meter Co.
American Motors
American Natural Gas
American News
American Optical
American Photocopy Equip.
American Potash & Chem.
American Seating
American Smelting
American Snuff
American So. Afr. Investment
American-Standard
American Sugar
American Tel. & Tel.
American Tobacco
American Water Works
American Zinc
AMETEK, Inc.
AMF, Incorporated
Ampex Corp.
Amphenol-Borg
AMSTED Industries
Anaconda
Anchor Hocking Glass
Anderson, Clayton & Co.
Anheuser-Busch
Archer-Daniels-Midland
Ardeo Farms Co.
Argus Corp. Ltd.
Arizona Public Service
Arkansas Louisiana Gas
Armco Steel
Armour
Armstrong Cork
Armstrong Rubber Co.
Arvin Industries
Ashland Oil & Refining
Associated Dry Goods
Associates Investment
Atchison, Topeka & S.F.
Atlanta Gas Light
Atlantic City Electric
Atlantic Coast Line
Atlantic Refining
Atlas Chemical Ind.
Atlas Corp.
Automatic Canteen Co.
Avco Corp.
Avon Products, Inc.
Babcock & Wilcox
Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton
Baltimore Gas & Electric
Baltimore & Ohio
Bank of America (Calif.)
Bank of Montreal
Bank of New York
Bank of Nova Scotia
Bankers Trust
Bath Iron Works
Bausch & Lomb
Baxter Laboratories
Bayuk Cigars
Beatrice Foods
Beaunit Corp., Inc.
Bechman Instruments, Inc.
Beech Aircraft Corp.
Beech-Nut Life Savers
Bell & Howell
Bell Telephone of Canada
Bendix Corp.
Beneficial Finance
Beryllium Corp.
Best & Company
Bestwall Gypsum Co.
Bethlehem Steel
Bigelow-Sanford
Black & Decker
Black, Sivalls & Bryson
Blaw-Knox
Bliss (E. W.)
Bliss & Laughlin
Bobbie Brooks, Inc.
Boeing
Bond Stores
Borden Company
Borg-Warner
Boston Edison
Boston Insurance
Botany Industries, Inc.
Braniff Airways
Briggs & Stratton
Bristol-Myers
British American Oil
Brooklyn Union Gas
Brown Co.
Brown-Forman Distillers
Brown & Sharpe Mfg.
Brown Shoe
Brunswick Corp.
Brush Beryllium
Buckeye Pipe Line
Bucyrus-Erie
Budd
Bullard
Bullocks, Inc.
Bulova Watch Co.
Bunker Hill Co.
Burlington Industries
Burroughs
California Packing
Calumet & Hecla
Campbell Soup
Canada Cement
Canada Dry
Canada Iron Foundries
Canadian Breweries
Canadian Imperial Bank
Canadian Industries, Ltd.
Canadian Pacific Railway
Cannon Mills
Carborundum
Carey (Philip) Mfg.
Carnation
Carolina Power & Light
Carpenter Steel Co.
Carrier Corp.
Carter Products, Inc.
Case (J. I.)
Castle & Cooke
Catalin Corp. of America
Caterpillar Tractor
Celanese Corp.
Celotex
Central Aguirre Sugar
Central Hudson G. & E.
Central Illinois Light
Central Illinois Pub. Serv.
Central Maine Power
Central & South West
Central Soya Co.
Cerro Corp.
Certain-Teed Products
Cessna Aircraft Co.
Chain Belt
Champion Papers
Champion Spark Plug
Champlin Oil & Refining
Chase Manhattan Bank
Chemetron Corp.
Chem. Bank N. Y. Trust
Chesapeake & Ohio
Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.
Chicago Great West. Rwy.
Chi., Mil., St. Paul & Pac.
Chicago, North West Rwy.
Chicago Pneumatic
Chi., Rock Is. & Pacific
Chris-Craft Industries
Chrysler
Cincinnati Gas & Elec.
Cincinnati Milling Mach.
C. I. T. Financial
Cities Service
Citizens & S'th'n Nat'l Bank
City Stores
Clark Equipment
Cleveland-Cliffs Iron
Cleveland Electric
Cleveland Trust
Clevite
Clorox
Cluett, Peabody
Coca-Cola
Colgate-Palmolive
Collins & Aikman
Collins Radio
Colonial Stores, Inc.
Colorado Fuel & Iron
Colorado Interstate Gas
Columbia Broadcasting
Columbia Gas
Columbia Pictures
Columbus & S. Ohio Elec.
Combustion Engineering
Commercial Credit
Commercial Solvents
Commonwealth Edison
Community Public Service
Conde Nast
Cone Mills Corp.
Congoleum-Nairn
Conn. General Life Ins.
Connecticut L. & P.
Consolidated Cigar
Consolidated Edison
Consolidated Foods
Consolidated Freightways
Consolidated Min. & Smelt.
Consolidated Natural Gas
Consolidated Paper
Consolidation Coal
Consumers Power
Container Corp.
Continental Air Lines
Continental Assurance
Continental Baking
Continental Can
Continental Casualty
Cont. Copper & Steel
Continental Ill. Nat'l Bank
Continental Ins. (N. Y.)
Continental Motors
Continental Oil
Continental Steel
Control Data Corp.
Cooper-Bessemer
Copper Range Co.
Copperweld Steel Co.
Corn Products
Corning Glass Works
Coty, Inc.
Cowles Publications
Crane
Creole Petroleum
Crocker-Anglo Natl. Bank
Crowell-Collier
Crown Cork & Seal
Crown Zellerbach
Crucible Steel
CTS Corp.
Cudahy Packing
Curtis Publishing
Curtiss-Wright
Cutler-Hammer, Inc.
Dan River Mills, Inc.
Dana Corp.
Dayco
Dayton Power & Light
Deere & Co.
Delaware & Hudson
Delaware Power & Light
Delhi-Taylor Oil Corp.
Dennison Manufacturing
Denver & Rio Grande
Desilu Productions
Detroit Edison
Detroit Steel Corp.
Diamond Alkali
Diamond National
Disney (Walt) Prod.
Distillers Corp.
Divco-Wayne
Dr. Pepper
Dome Mines, Ltd.
Dominion Bridge Co.
Dominion F'd'ries & Steel
Dominion Steel & Coal
Dominion Stores, Ltd.
Dominion Tar & Chem.
Dominion Textile Co.
Donnelley (R.R.) & Sons
Douglas Aircraft
Dow Chemical
Drachett
Draper Corp.
Dresser Industries
Drewry's Ltd. U.S.A.
Dubois Chemical
Duffy-Mott
Duke Power
Dun & Bradstreet
Du Pont
Du Pont of Canada, Ltd.
Duquesne Light
Dynamics Corp. of Amer.
Eagle-Picher
Eastern Air Lines
Eastern Gas & Fuel
Eastern Stainless Steel
Eastern Utilities Assoc.
Eastman Kodak
Eaton Manufacturing
Edison Bros. Stores
Elco Products
El Paso Natural Gas
Electric Bond & Share
Electric Storage Battery
Eltra Corp.
Emerson Electric Mfg.
Emerson Radio
Emhart Manufacturing
Empire District Electric
Endicott Johnson
Equitable Gas
Equity Corp.(The)
Erie-Lackawanna R.R.
Evans Products Co.
Ex-Cell-O
Factor (Max) & Co.
Fafnir Bearing
Fairbanks Whitney
Fairchild Camera
Fairchild Stratos
Fairmont Foods Co.
Falconbridge Nickel
Falstaff Brewing
Family Finance
Fansteel Metallurgical
Fedders Corp.
Fed.-Mogul-Bower
Federal Paper Board
Federated Dept. Stores
Ferro Corp.
Fibreboard Paper Products
Financial Federation
Financial General Corp.
Fireman's Fund Insurance
Firestone Tire & Rubber
First Bank Stock Corp.
First Charter Financial
First Nat. Bank (Boston)
First Nat. Bank (Chicago)
First Nat. Bank (St. L.)
First Nat. City Bank
First National Stores
First Penn. Banking & Tr.
Firth Sterling, Inc.
Flintkote Company
Florida Power Corp.
Florida Power & Light
Fluor
FMC Corp.
Food Fair Stores, Inc.
Food Giant Markets
Food Mart, Inc.
Foote Mineral Co.
Ford Motor Co.
Ford Motor Co. of Canada
Foremost Dairies
Foster Wheeler
Foxboro
Franklin Life Insurance
Franklin Natl. Bank, L. I.
Fraser Cos., Ltd.
Freeport Sulphur
Frito-Lay, Inc.
Fruehauf Corp.
Gar Wood Industries, Inc.
Gardner-Denver
Garrett Corp.
Gas Service
General Acceptance Corp.
General Amer. Investors
General Amer. Trans.
General Baking
General Cable
General Cigar
General Dynamics
General Electric
General Foods
General Instrument Corp.
General Mills
General Motors
General Portland Cement
General Precision Equip.
General Public Service
General Public Utilities
General Refractories
General Signal
General Steel Industries
General Tel. & Electron.
General Time Corp.
General Tire & Rubber
Genesco, Inc.
Georgia-Pacific Corp.
Gerber Products
Getty Oil
Giant Portland Cement
Gillette
Gimbel Brothers
Girard Trust
Glens Falls Insurance
Glidden
Goodrich (B. F.)
Goodyear Tire & Rubber
Gould-National Batteries
Gov't Employees Insurance
Grace (W. R.)
Grand Union
Granite City Steel
Grant (W. T.)
Great American Insurance
Great Atlantic & Pacific
Great Northern Iron Ore
Great Northern Paper
Great Northern Railway
Great Western Financial
Great Western Sugar
Green Shoe
Greyhound
Grinnell Corp.
Grumman Aircraft Eng.
Gulf, Mobile & Ohio
Gulf Oil
Gulf States Utilities
Hall (W. F.) Printing
Halliburton Oil
Hammermill Paper
Hammond Organ
Hanna (M. A.) Co.
Harbison-Walker Refrac.
Harcourt, Brace & World
Harris-Intertype
Harsco Corp.
Harshaw Chemical
Hartford Electric Light
Hartford Fire Insurance
Hart Schaffner & Marx
Harvey Aluminum
Hazeltine Corp.
Heinz (H. J.)
Helene Curtis
Heller (Walter E.) & Co.
Helme (Geo. W.) Co.
Hercules Powder
Hershey Chocolate
Hertz Corp.
Heublein, Inc.
Hewitt-Robins
Hewlett-Packard
Hilton Hotels Corp.
Hoffman Electronics
Holland Furnace
Hollinger Cons. Gold
Holly Sugar
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Home Insurance
Homestake Mining
Hooker Chemical
Horn & Hardart
Houdaille Industries
Household Finance
Houston Lighting & P'w'r
Houston Natural Gas
Howard Johnson
Howe Sound
Hudson Bay Mining
Hunt Foods & Industries
Idaho Power
Ideal Cement Co.
Illinois Central Railroad
Illinois Power
Imperial Oil, Ltd.
Imperial Tobacco of Can.
Indianapolis P. & L.
Industrial Acceptance
Ingersoll-Rand
Inland Steel
Inspiration Cons. Copper
Insurance Co. of No. Am.
Interchemical
Interlake Iron
International Breweries
International Bus. Mach.
International Harvester Co.
International Minerals
International Nickel
International Paper
Int'l Pipe & Ceramics
International Resistance
International Salt
International Shoe
International Silver
International Tel. & Tel.
International Utilities
Interprovincial Pipe Line
Interstate Dept. Stores
Interstate Motor Freight
Interstate Power
Investors Diversified Serv.
Investors Syndicate of Can.
Iowa Elec. Light & Power
Iowa-Illinois Gas & Elec.
Iowa Power & Light
Iowa Public Service Co.
Irving Trust (New York)
Island Creek Coal
Jefferson Standard Life
Jewel Tea
Johns-Manville
Johnson & Johnson
Jonathan Logan
Jones & Laughlin Steel
Joy Manufacturing
Kaiser Aluminum
Kaiser Industries Corp.
Kaiser Steel Corp.
Kansas City P. & L.
Kansas City Southern Ry.
Kansas Gas & Electric
Kansas-Nebraska Natural Gas
Kansas Power & Light
Kayser-Roth
Kearney & Trecker
Kellogg Co.
Kelsey-Hayes
Kendall
Kennecott Copper
Kentucky Utilities Co.
Kern County Land Co.
Kerr-Addison Gold
Kerr-McGee
Keystone Steel & Wire
Kimberly-Clark
King-Seeley
Klein (S.) Dept. Stores
KLM Royal Dutch Air L.
Koehring Co.
Koppers
Korvette (E. J.)
Kresge (S. S.)
Kress (S. H.)
Kroger (The) Co.
KVP Sutherland Paper
Labatt (John), Ltd.
Laclede Gas
Lane Bryant, Inc.
Leer-Siegler
Lee Rubber & Tire
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lehman Corp.
Lehn & Fink Products
Libby-Owens-Ford Glass
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Liggett & Myers Tobacco
Lilly (Eli) & Co.
Lily-Tulip Cup
Lincoln National Life Ins.
Ling-Temco-Vought
Link-Belt
Lithium Corp. of Amer.
Litton Industries, Inc.
Lob'aw Cos.
Lockheed Aircraft
Loew's Theatres
Lone Star Cement
Lone Star Gas
Lone Star Steel
Long Island Lighting
Lorillard (P.)
Louisiana Land & Explor.
Louisville Gas & Electric
Louisville & Nashville R.R.
Lowenstein (M.) & Sons
Lucky Stores, Inc.
Lukens Steel Co.
Lykes Bros. S.S.
Mack Trucks
MacMillan, Bloedel
Macy (R. H.)
Madison Fund, Inc.
Magma Copper
Magnavox
Mallory (P. R.)
Manhattan Shirt
Manufacturers Hanover
Marathon Oil
Marine Midland
Marlin-Rockwell
Marquette Cement
Marshall Field
Martin-Marietta
Maryland Casualty
Masonite
Massey-Ferguson
May Dept. Stores
Maytag
M-C-A Inc.
McCall
McCord
McCrory Corp.
McDonnell Aircraft
McGraw-Edison
McGraw-Hill Publishing
McIntyre Porcupine Mines
McKesson & Robbins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Line's Complete New FORECASTS

expects to give the *best* price performance in the stock market during the 12 months immediately ahead . . . and which individual stocks are expected to give the *worst* price performance.

2) *Estimated Yield in the Next 12 Months* — the percentage return each stock is expected to yield in the year ahead, based on cash dividends estimated by Value Line in the coming 12 months, relative to its recent market price.

(3) *Appreciation Potentiality in the Next 3 to 5 Years* — clearly indicating which individual stocks are found to offer the biggest potential for capital growth (and which are *least* promising) — a measurement of the gap between the recent market price of each stock and a careful projection of its potential market value 3 to 5 years from now.

(4) *Quality Grade*—a specific measurement of investment *safety*, based on the *persistence* of each stock's earnings growth and its *demonstrated* ability to resist price erosion in the market.

Here in one convenient SUMMARY you will have all the current research conclusions reached in the full 1500-page Value Line Investment Survey. With these ADVICES you can now identify the stocks that are strongest on the basis of disciplined and up-to-date measurements of value.

McLean Industries, Inc.
McLouth Steel Co.
McNeil Mach. Co.
McQuay-Norris Mfg.
Mead Corp.
Mead Johnson
Meadow Brook Nat'l Bank
Mellon National Bank
Melville Shoe
Mercantile Stores
Merck
Meredith Publishing Co.
Merritt-Chapman & Scott
M-G-M
Middle South Utilities
Midland-Ross
Miles Laboratories
Minneapolis-Honeywell
Minnesota Mining & Mfg.
Minnesota & Ont.-Paper
Minnesota Power & Light
Mission Corp.
Mission Development
Mississippi River Fuel
Mississippi Valley Barge
Missouri Pacific Railroad
Mohasco Industries
Molybdenum Corp.
Monarch Machine Tool
Monsanto Chemical
Montana-Dakota Utilities
Montana Power
Montgomery Ward
Moore Corp.
Moore-McCormack Lines
Morgan Guaranty Trust
Morrell (John)
Motor Wheel
Motorola
Mountain Fuel Supply
Mueller Brass
Munsingwear
Murphy (G. C.)
Murray Corp. of America
National Acme
National Airlines
National Aviation Corp.
National Bank of Detroit
National Dellas Hess
National Biscuit
National Can
National Cash Register
National Castings
National City Lines, Inc.
National Dairy Products
National Distillers
National Fire Ins. (Hart.)
National Fuel Gas
National General Corp.
National Gypsum
National Homes
National Lead
National Starch & Chemical
National Steel
National Sugar Refining
National Tea
Neisner Brothers
Nevada Power
Newberry (J. J.)
New England Electric
New England G. & E.
New England Tel. & Tel.
New Jersey Zinc
Newmont Mining
Newport News Ship.
N. Y. Air Brake
N. Y. Central R.R.
N. Y., Chi. & St. L. R.R.
N. Y. State Elec. & Gas
Niagara Mohawk Power
Nicholson File Co.
Nopco Chemical
Noranda Mines
Norfolk & Western Ry.
North American Aviation
North American Coal Corp.
North American Sugar
Northeast Airlines, Inc.
Northern Illinois Gas
North. Indiana Pub. Ser.
Northern Natural Gas
Northern Pacific Railway
Northern States Power
Northrop Corp.
Northwest Airlines
Northwest Bancorp.
Norwich Pharmacal
Ogden Corp.
Ohio Edison
Oklahoma Gas & Electric
Oklahoma Natural Gas
Olin Mathieson Chem.
Orange & Rockland Util.
Otis Elevator
Otter Tail Power
Outboard Marine Corp.
Owens-Corning Fiberglas
Owens-Illinois Glass
Oxford Paper Co.
Pabst Brewing
Pacific Gas & Electric
Pac. Intermountain Express
Pacific Lighting
Pacific Power & Light
Pacific Tel. & Tel.
Packaging Corp.
Packard-Bell Electronics
Page-Hersey Tubes, Ltd.
Pan Amer. World Airways
Panhandle East. Pipe Line
Paramount Pictures
Parke, Davis
Peabody Coal
Penick & Ford, Ltd.
Penn-Dixie Cement
Penn Fruit Co.
Penney (J. C.)
Pennsalt Chemicals
Penn. Power & Light
Pennsylvania Railroad
Penzoil
Peoples Drug Stores
Peoples Gas, Light & Coke
Pepperell Manufacturing
Pepsi-Cola
Perkin-Elmer
Permanente Cement Co.
Pet Milk
Pfaudler-Permutit
Pfizer (Charles)
Phelps Dodge
Philadelphia Electric
Philadelphia Nat'l Bank
Philip Morris, Inc.
Phillips Petroleum
Phoenix Insurance (Hart.)
Phoenix Steel Corp.
Pillsbury Co.
Pioneer Natural Gas
Piper Aircraft Corp.
Pitney-Bowes
Pittsburgh Coke & Chemical
Pittsburgh Forgings
Pittsburgh Plate Glass
Pittsburgh Steel Co.
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R.R.
Pittsburgh & W. Va. Rwy.
Pittston
Plough, Inc.
Pocket Books, Inc.
Polaroid Corp.
Poor & Co.
Potomac Electric
Prentice-Hall, Inc.
Price Bros. & Co.
Procter & Gamble
Public Service of Colo.
Pub. Serv. Elec. & Gas
Public Service of Indiana
Public Service of N. H.
Pub. Service of New Mexico
Publicker Industries
Puget Sound P. & L.
Pullman
Pure Oil
Purex Corp.
Quaker Oats
Radio Corp. of America
Ralston Purina
Raybestos-Manhattan
Raymond International
Rayonier
Raytheon Mfg.
Reading
Red Owl Stores
Reed Roller Bit
Reichhold Chemicals
Reliance Electric & Eng.
Reliance Insurance
Remington Arms Co.
Republic Aviation
Republic Corp.
Republic Nat'l Bk., Dallas
Republic Nat'l Life Ins.
Republic Steel
Revere Copper & Brass
Revlon, Inc.
Rexall Drug
Reynolds Metals
Reynolds (R. J.) Tobacco
Rheem Manufacturing
Rhodesian Selection Trust
Richardson-Merrell
Richfield Oil
Riegel Paper
Ritter Co.
Robertshaw Controls
Rochester Gas & Electric
Rochester Telephone
Rockwell Mfg.
Rockwell-Standard
Rohm & Haas
Rohr Corp.
Ronson Corp.
Royal Bank of Canada
Royal Crown Cola
Royal Dutch Petroleum
Royal McBee Corp.
Ruberoid
Ryder System
Safeway Stores
St. Joseph Lead
St. Louis-San Fran. Rwy.
St. Paul Fire & Marine Ins.
St. Regis Paper
Salada Foods
San Diego Gas & Electric
San Diego Imperial
Sangamo Electric
Schenley Industries
Schering
Schick, Inc.
Schlitz (Jos.) Brewing
Schlumberger, Ltd.
SCM Corp.
Scott Paper
Scovill Mfg.
Screw & Bolt Corp.
Seaboard Air Line R.R.
Seaboard Finance
Seaboard World Air Lines
Sealright-Oswego Falls
Searle (G. D.) & Co.
Sears, Roebuck
Seattle-First Nat'l Bank
Security-First Nat'l (L.A.)
SFC Financial
Shamrock Oil & Gas
Sharon Steel
Shattuck (Frank G.)
Shawinigan Water & Pr.
Shell Oil
Shell Transport & Tr.
Shelter Mfg.
Sheraton Corp. of Amer.
Sherwin-Williams
Signal Oil & Gas
Simmons Co.
Simonds Saw & Steel
Sinclair Oil
Singer Co.
Skelly Oil
Smith (A. O.)
Smith, Kline & French
Socony Mobil Oil
Soo Line Railroad
South Carolina El. & Gas
South Puerto Rico Sugar
Southern California Ed.
Southern Co.
Southern Natural Gas
Southern New Eng. Tel.
Southern Pacific
Southern Railway
Southern Union Gas Co.
Southwestern Public Serv.
Spector Freight
Spencer Chemical Co.
Sperry Rand
Spiegel
Sprague Electric
Springfield Ins.
Square D
Staley (A. E.) Mfg.
Standard Brands
Standard Kollsman
Standard Oil of Cal.
Standard Oil of Indiana
Standard Oil of N. J.
Standard Oil of Ohio
Standard Packaging
Stanley Warner
Stanley Works (The)
Stanray Corp.
Starrett (L. S.)
Stauffer Chemical
Steel Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Steinberg's Ltd.
Sterling Drug
Stevens (J. P.)
Stewart-Warner
Stokely-Van Camp
Stone Container
Stone & Webster
Storer Broadcasting
Studebaker Corp.
Suburban Propane Gas
Sucrest Corp.
Sunbeam
Sundstrand Corp.
Sunray DX Oil
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift
Symington Wayne Corp.
Talcott (James), Inc.
Tampa Electric
Tampax, Inc.
Technicolor
Teleregister
Tenn. Gas Transmission
Texaco
Texaco Canada, Ltd.
Texas Eastern Transmission
Texas Gas Transmission
Texas Gulf Producing
Texas Gulf Sulphur
Texas Instruments, Inc.
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil
Texas Utilities
Textron, Inc.
Thatcher Glass Mfg.
Thiokol Chemical Corp.
Thompson Ramo
Tidewater Oil
Time, Inc.
Timken Roller Bearing
Toledo Edison
Toronto-Dominion Bank
Torrington
Trane Co.
Transamerica
Transcontinental Gas Pipe
Trans World Airlines
Travelers Insurance
Tri-Continental
Tung-Sol Electric, Inc.
Twentieth Century-Fox
Udylite Corp.
Union Bag-Camp Paper
Union Bank (Los Angeles)
Union Carbide
Union Electric
Union Oil of California
Union Pacific Railroad
Union Tank Car
Union Twist Drill Co.
United Air Lines
United Aircraft
United Biscuit of America
United Corp.
United Electric Coal
United Engineering
United Fruit
United Gas
United Gas Improvement
United-Greenfield Corp.
United Illuminating
United Merchants & Mfrs.
United Shoe Machinery
U. S. Borax & Chemical
U. S. Fidelity & G'ty
U. S. Fire Insurance
U. S. & Fgn. Securities
U. S. Freight
U. S. Gypsum
U. S. Industries
U. S. Life Insurance Co.
U. S. Lines
U. S. Pipe & Foundry
U. S. Playing Card
U. S. Plywood
U. S. Rubber
U. S. Shoe
U. S. Smelting
Sun Chemical
Sun Oil
U. S. Steel
U. S. Tobacco
U. S. Vitamin
United Whelan Corp.
Universal American Corp.
Universal-Cyclops Steel
Universal Leaf Tobacco
Universal Match
Universal Oil Products
Upjohn Co. (The)
Utah Power & Light
Valley Nat'l Bk. of Ariz.
Van Raalte
Vanadium Corp. of Amer.
Varian Associates
Vendo
Virginia-Carolina Chem.
Virginia Electric & Power
Von's Grocery
Wachovia Bank & Trust
Wagner Electric Corp.
Walgreen
Walker (Hiram)-G. & W.
Wallace & Tiernan
Walter (Jim) Corp.
Walworth
Ward Baking Co.
Warner Bros. Pictures
Warner-Lambert
Warner & Swasey
Warren Bros. Co.
Washington Gas Light
Washington Water Power
Webb & Knapp, Inc.
Wells Fargo Amer. Trust
Wesco Financial
West Kentucky Coal
West Point Mfg.
West. Va. Pulp & Paper
Western Air Lines
Western Bancorporation
Western Maryland Rwy.
Western Pacific Railroad
Western Power & Gas
Western Publishing
Western Union Tel.
Westinghouse Air Brake
Westinghouse Electric
Weyerhaeuser Timber
Wheeling Steel
Whirlpool Corp.
White (S. S.) Dental
White Motor
Wilson & Co.
Winn-Dixie Stores
Wisconsin Electric Power
Wisconsin Power & Light
Wisconsin Public Service
Witco Chemical
Woodward Iron Co.
Woolworth (F. W.)
Worthington
Wrigley (Wm.), Jr.
Xerox Corp.
Youngstown S. & T.
Youngstown Steel Door
Zenith Radio

GUEST COPY AVAILABLE

To help you invest for greater profits and security in 1965, we will send you not only this new SUMMARY OF ADVICES, but also two other *special bonuses*—all in conjunction with the Guest Subscription offered below:

(1) SUMMARY OF ADVICES — on 1100 Stocks, 60 Industries and 50 Special Situations (as above)

(2) Including COMPANION LIST of 159 low-priced stocks ($1 to $20) ranked for relative future price performance.

(3) BEST STOCKS TO BUY AND HOLD NOW — 4 specially compiled lists of selected stocks for specific investment goals.

Under this offer, you will also receive—for only $5, with *full* money-back guarantee—(a) the next *4 Weekly Editions* of the Value Line Survey with *full page* reports on *each of 340 stocks in key industries*, (b) *a New Special Situation Recommendation*, (c) *Four Reports on Especially Recommended Stocks*, (d) *Business and Stock Market Prospects* (weekly), (e) *The Value Line Business Forecaster* (weekly), (f) *"What the Mutual Funds Are Buying and Selling,"* (g) *"What Company Insiders Are Doing in Their Own Stocks"* (weekly), (h) *Weekly Supplements*, and (i) *Four Weekly Summary Indexes* including all changes in rankings to date of publication.

To take advantage of this Special Offer, fill out and mail coupon below

Name .....

Address .....

City .....*Zone*.....

State .....

Send $5 to Dept. CO 12L

THE VALUE LINE
INVESTMENT SURVEY

Published by
ARNOLD BERNHARD & CO., Inc.
The Value Line Survey Building
5 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mated the significance of the incident in the outer fore-court of the Temple (the so-called "Cleansing") when calling it a mere brawl. I did point out (p. 124; p. 209, note 30) that there were "traditional links" between the account of this incident and the narrative of Jesus's trial. Perhaps I should not have left it at that, but pursued the matter further. It is possible that in Mark 11:15-18, 27, 28 the immediate reason for the authorities' action against Jesus is indicated. But my conviction that Jesus was no political revolutionary, that he never made a claim to messiahship and never incited the Jewish masses to overthrow by force the authority of the state—though he expected this to happen by an act of God—is as firm as ever.

BRIEFLY to Mr. Stern: His remarks are less than clear. In one sentence he characterizes Jesus's beliefs as "basically Pharisaic in nature," while in the next he speaks of Jesus as a "religious heretic." True, the Sanhedrin in Jesus's days was composed mostly of Sadducees who had many arguments on halakhic matters with the Pharisees. But, whatever the differences, the Sadducean office-holders did not arrest Pharisees on account of religious disputes and extradite them to the Romans as heretics. Mr. Stern cannot have read the New Testament if he writes that it "would maintain that the Jewish court had the power to pass and give death sentence, since the evangelists tried to place the blame . . . upon the Jews." The New Testament maintains nothing of the sort; different writers maintain different things. So did the rabbis, whose opinions are referred to in the Talmud (where Shabb. 15a contrasts with Sotah 8b, Keth. 30a, Sanh. 37b, etc.).

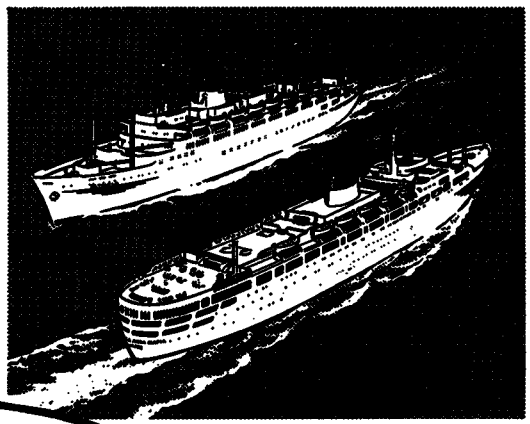
No doubt, there were differences between Jesus and the heads of certain Pharisaic guilds. But these differences were scarcely greater than those which exist today between the members of the Jewish Academy in Chicago and those of a Jewish Academy in some other North American city. Mr. Stern's argument of Jesus's heresy is one that does not recommend itself to my way of thinking. As Mr. Stern surely knows, Maimonides in his time was branded a heretic by Jewish opponents; so was the Baal-Shem-Tov, and so were many others. We should be a poor lot, indeed, if we had no "heretics" in our Jewish history.

"I LIVE IN BROOKLYN BUT I BANK IN MANHATTAN"

"I do all my banking — both my checking and savings accounts — between my living room and mail box. It's economical too, the Israel Discount Bank pays the postage both ways. My checking account costs less to maintain than the usual 10 cents a check plan and my savings account earns the maximum interest. My neighbor, Mrs. Murphy does her banking there too."

IDB ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK LTD.
511 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
AT 43rd STREET
100 Branches in Israel
International Network of Affiliated Banks

THE "GOLDEN ROUTE" TO HAIFA
VIA LISBON · NAPLES
PALERMO · MESSINA
PIRAEUS · CYPRUS



The Magnificent
TSS OLYMPIA
23,000 Tons
Greek Line's New Flagship
TSS QUEEN ANNA MARIA
26,000 Tons

Stabilized
Fully Air Conditioned
Deluxe Staterooms

FORTNIGHTLY SERVICE FROM NEW YORK

- Largest and fastest liners in regular service from New York to Haifa.
- Mashgiach supervised Kosher Kitchen available.
- Greek Line arrivals at Haifa tie-up with major Jewish Holidays.
- Wide variety of organized tours for Israel and other countries bordering the Mediterranean.
- Rabbi and Synagogue on board.
- The "Golden Route" offers you seasonal discounts up to 25%.

For more information on the "Golden Route", contact your TRAVEL AGENT.

GREEK LINE
10 Bridge Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

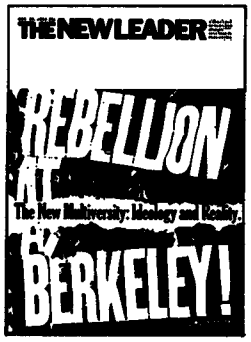
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're willing to support a magazine that often bites the hand that feeds it, we invite you to clip this coupon.

And get the iodine ready.

The New Leader 7 East 15th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

You can't scare me. Please start sending me The New Leader at the special one-year subscription rate of $4.50 (for new subscribers only)—less than half of the newsstand price. If it bites too hard, I will plainly tell you so after the fourth issue and get my money back for the remainder of this subscription.



☐ Check enclosed *(I understand by saving you billing cost I will receive The New Leader for an extra month free.)*

☐ Please bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zip_____ State_____

j

The coupon above will bring you an ungrateful little biweekly magazine called The New Leader.

It doesn't pay its contributors for their articles. (Yet it often has the gall to argue with them publicly in its editorial columns.) It also regularly infuriates its readers and financial supporters.

Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-telle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

THIS AD HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY FRIENDS OF THE NEW LEADER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get CHOOSEY about brandy and you end up with...

84 & 80 Proof.
Also available. V.S.O.P. Reserve. *Grande Fine Champagne.* 80 Proof. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONSERVATISM AFTER GOLDWATER

DAVID DANZIG

NOW THAT the Republican party has been overwhelmingly repudiated for its secession from contemporary American society, and the efforts of reconstructing it have begun, there has developed a tendency to view the Goldwater candidacy as a temporary aberration that was decisively corrected at the polls by the American consensus. Indeed, those who originally underestimated Goldwater's strength now find in President Johnson's victory a belated confirmation of their original judgment. However nervous one may have been made by those four days last July at the Cow Palace in San Francisco, the strength of hard-line nativist conservatism is now seen, in perspective, to have been more apparent than real. The Goldwater forces reduced President Eisenhower to political impotence, humiliated Governor Rockefeller, beat down one effort after another to broaden the political base of the platform, and ended on a rousing note of affirmation for extremism in the defense of freedom. But this show of power has generally come to be regarded as the result of a successful infiltration of the Republican organization by the wily and determined faction of the Right, a coup that was greatly abetted by the complacency and disunity of the moderate leaders. Similarly, the 27 million votes that Senator Goldwater received are taken to be largely an expression of last-ditch Republican party loyalty and Dixiecrat resistance to civil rights. A recent poll in the New York *Times*, according to which only 5.4 million "who voted the Republican ticket may still be devotees of Mr. Goldwater," lends support to this interpretation of the election campaign.

Yet just as it was incorrect to regard the Goldwater candidacy as merely a conspiratorial coup, so it is misleading to take the bare statistics of Goldwater support as a true index of rightist strength in the United States. For the rightist cause in this country has traditionally been regional and ethnic both in character and appeal, and its failure in a *national* election involving a broad spectrum of issues and interests does not mean that it has failed altogether. Just before the election, for example, when the Johnson tide of moderate progressivism was running at its full, a national poll of voters taken by Louis Harris found that 88 per cent agreed with Senator Goldwater that prayer should be restored in the public schools; 94 per cent believed that the government had been lax in security matters; 60 per cent that the federal government should be trimmed, that some of its welfare and relief programs had a demoralizing effect on their beneficiaries, and that a federal right-to-work law should be enacted. To the extent that these findings are at all representative, the election did not test the strength of the conservative appeal; far from engaging the above issues, it failed even to sort them out.

What does this mean? It means, I would suggest, that the 1964 campaign tells us less about the potency of the political Right than it does about the character that Presidential contests have come to acquire in America. The evidence is now as overwhelming as President Johnson's majority that contemporary American politics is so much based upon the pragmatic self-interest of many different contending groups and blocs that the victory will go to the man who can achieve the broadest consensus among them. Thus, until San Francisco, the nominating convention had become the place where the deep divisions within each party were either reconciled or, more usually, papered over, and a candidate chosen who was less an initiator than a mediator, one who could impart some degree of unity and conviction to a campaign without undue doctrine or commitment. This explains in good part why a politician like Robert Taft—who most adequately embodied the core ideology of his party and remained first in the hearts of his fellow Republicans—was never chosen to lead it, and why the vague, middle-ground consensus politics of its Presidential candidates from Willkie to Eisenhower indeed gave voters an echo rather than a choice. Meanwhile, however, hard-core conservatism, whether Democratic or Republican, continued to lead a thriving existence and to exercise its power in local and state governments, as well, of course, as in the halls of Congress. A vivid example of this phenomenon was portrayed last November in these pages by

DAVID DANZIG is associate director of the American Jewish Committee and a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Willie Morris, whose article "Legislating in Texas" shows how painfully little relation there is between the moderately progressive programs of President Johnson and the reactionary politics of his home state, where the liberals still comprise a small and virtually powerless faction.

Viewed in this perspective, Goldwater's candidacy and campaign appear as the first serious effort to translate the conservative individualism of the hinterlands into the terms of national policy and to recapture the Republican party from the lures and snares of the consensus politics of the past two decades. This is why, from his acceptance speech forward, Goldwater conducted a type of campaign which had not previously been seen in America during the 20th century—an ideological crusade that seemed designed to cast out heretics and schismatics and unite the true believers in a fundamentalist drive for "freedom." If the New Deal is to be taken as our "bloodless revolution," Goldwater is best understood as the leader of a delayed counter-revolution.

It was Goldwater's crusading zeal, rather than his ineptness, as many observers would have us believe, that was mainly responsible for his having alienated large blocs of voters. By no means an inexperienced politician, Goldwater insisted upon the unpopular and even somewhat ominous William Miller as a running mate in order to confirm that he was campaigning on ultra-conservative principles and these alone. His speeches were informed by statements that expressed the "conscience" rather than the programs of a conservative, as though the main issue were personal integrity rather than the relevance or attractiveness of a political program. "Do you think I don't know what labor wants to hear . . . what housewives and diplomats and white-collar workers want to hear?" he repeatedly asked. "Do you honestly think, after all these years in politics, that I don't know the easy way to get votes?" What Goldwater realized, however, was that the strength of his political appeal and the glue that would continue to hold the conservative movement together, even after he lost, was doctrinal purity. And it was doctrinal purity that led him into adopting certain positions—or better, impassioned attitudes—which enjoy an almost religious status in the minds of his followers: no corrupting compromises with liberals, no tolerance of "collectivism," the soft line on "extremism," the "better dead than red" approach to international affairs, the resistance to revisions of the immigration quotas, concern about the low state of public morality, and so forth. One has only to enumerate the groups that Goldwater thus went out of his way to alienate—farmers, trade unionists, Negroes, ethnic minorities, advocates of public power, the aged, the unemployed, as well as those who have lost the courage to die in a nuclear holocaust—in order to perceive the narrowness of his appeal. Conversely, the fact that so negative an approach to bi-partisan American policies could still gain more than 27 million votes must surely be attributed to more than party loyalty, for the Republicans who voted for Goldwater were either affirming or, at the very least, acquiescing in this approach. In other words, while the rejection of consensus politics brought disaster to the Republican party, it may well have accomplished precisely what the conservatives in the GOP and the Dixiecrats in the Democratic party have been seeking since the late 1940's—the marshaling of a formidable potential of popular opposition to the moderate liberalism and internationalism we inherited from the New Deal.

THE POLITICAL WRITERS who have appraised this development most accurately are those with a right-wing orientation. Shortly before the election, John Dos Passos explained that "what is going on is not the death struggle of the G.O.P. but the birth of a coherent, effective, conservative opposition. . . . If it does nothing else, Barry Goldwater's capture of the . . . nomination has proved that dissent exists on a large enough scale to be politically effective." And the "victory" of a new grass-roots movement was spelled out in a post-election piece in the *National Review*:

> Is it seriously believed that the 25 million votes* cast for Goldwater were cast by a sort of catatonic Republican who supported his party out of habit, and in reckless ignorance of the charges that had been made against the ticket? The opposite is more likely; that a substantial majority of those 25,000,000 Goldwater voters knew precisely for whom and for what they were voting, and would have stuck their hands into a barrel of rattlesnakes to pull the Goldwater lever.

Or again, just before the election a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* asked a number of Goldwater voters: "Does a continuing conservative crusade carry much weight if its hero Mr. Goldwater is crushed next Tuesday?" The overwhelming majority replied that they would find another hero, preferably one who could represent their opposition to the growth of federal power more articulately and prudently.

Writing in the same publication after the election, William Henry Chamberlain raised the question of what would have been the results of the campaign if Goldwater had been denied the nomination, and went on to argue that they would not have been very different due to "a massive secession" of rightist voters. Chamberlain's conclusion was that in the forseeable future "there is no winning prospect, on a national scale, for a Republican party which alienates or proscribes either its conservative or its liberal wing." A Republican leader in California, who

* The final figure was, of course, 27 million.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helped elect George Murphy, summed up the new situation in similar terms: "The Republican party just can't tell the Goldwater people to go to hell; there are too many of them. We can't let them have the leadership, but we do have to integrate them into the party."

This idea that serious account must now be taken of the extreme conservatives—that they have become for the first time an identifiable bloc with demands to make on the *national* scene and with the power and organizational skill to press those demands—constitutes a recognition of a truly important change in American politics. During the Roosevelt administrations the right-wing movement confined itself, for the most part, to scattered sniping at the New Deal, at "one world" Republicans such as Wendell Willkie, and at the personalities and hegemony of the Roosevelts. In 1948, the conservative group which tried to block the nomination of Governor Dewey was easily brushed aside, and even in 1952, when the Eisenhower-Taft contest seemed to offer an opportunity for more successful opposition, the conservatives still found that once in the arena of the national convention, they lacked sufficient strength to force the moderates to negotiate with them. By 1960, however, the remarkable demonstration for Senator Goldwater indicated that a new man-of-the-hour had emerged from the Right, and though the Senator immediately and effectively threw his support to Richard Nixon, it was with the calm confidence of a politician who felt certain that a genuine new movement had formed behind him and that its strength would soon have to be reckoned with. From having been local and sporadic, this movement was becoming organized and self-conscious; from having been composed of people who saw themselves as an intolerably encroached-upon and outmaneuvered majority, it was acquiring the character and psychology of a new minority bloc determined to win its rights by borrowing the tactics of the older minorities who had usurped the national power.

The difference between Taft and Goldwater Republicanism is not only that Goldwater is well to the right of Taft (who, after all, strongly supported federal aid to education, pushed through the public housing bill that bears his name, and was instrumental, along with Senator Vandenberg, in forging the bi-partisan foreign policy that President Eisenhower was to inherit). There is also the difference that Taft's power derived from his position on the national political scene. As "Mr. Republican" in the Senate, he articulated and effectively implemented an economic philosophy that legitimized conservatism as a reasoned and coherent, if not overly popular, alternative to the increasing centralization of power in modern society. Taft conservatism was responsible politics, capable of accommodation and adjustment, rather than a holy cause; its programs were worked out to compete with moderate progressivism as national policy rather than to whip up evangelical fervor. It is worth noting in this connection that Taft remained aloof for the most part from his party's fateful romance with Senator McCarthy, and though he died before the final rupture, the motion to censure McCarthy was carried through the Senate by exemplars of "Taft Republicanism" such as Arthur Watkins and Ralph Flanders. Goldwater, on the other hand, was one of few men in the Senate who remained with McCarthy to the bitter end and who identified his brand of conservatism with McCarthyism. Nor did his strength in the succeeding years grow, like Taft's, from his performance in the Senate, which was curiously hollow and perfunctory; it grew, rather, from his efforts to carry the Republican message to the people during campaigns, to keep the right-wing effectively in the party, and to increase its influence at the local and state levels.

CLOSELY RELATED to the rise of Goldwater was the spread of discontent in many quarters over the direction that American society was taking. This reaction has been highlighted by the appearance of the far-out "radical right," but it in fact expresses a political fundamentalism whose religious and cultural roots run deep and wide. Fundamentalism itself is not a sect or a denomination or a specific church; it is a rigidly orthodox point of view which dominates some Protestant denominations and has adherents in others. However, it does provide a core ideology through which the stress upon purity and literalness of doctrine in religious matters carries over into an intransigent opposition to liberalizing the "Protestant ethic" in political, economic, social, and moral matters. Its other salient features are an anti-historical perspective which readily supports the conspiracy theory of social change, and an apocalyptic conception of the world as strictly divided into the saved and the damned. Thus the conflict with Communism is not one of power blocs but of faith, part of the unending struggle between God and the devil, and the danger of Communism comes, therefore, from within—from the corrosion of faith by insidious doctrines. It comes, that is to say, from the fostering by federal power of "collectivism"—the modern fundamentalist's secular counterpart of atheism.

Present-day fundamentalism provides a religio-ethnic matrix that naturally joins the segregationist in Mississippi to the nativist farmer and small business man in the Corn Belt, to the super-patriot in Colorado, to the leader of Spiritual Mobilizers in Los Angeles who says, "We are not going to give the city away to the Jews, Negroes, and Mexicans." Moreover, this movement serves as a rallying ground for other conservative groups, like the right-wing Catholics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who supported McCarthyism a decade ago. But whereas McCarthyism lacked stable bases of local, popular support, the new reaction derives from the growing power of an important religious and nationalist group which has long felt denied its rightful share in shaping the policies of the nation and feels increasingly threatened by the modern pluralist society.*

Some spokesmen of this ethos such as Bruce Alger of Texas were defeated in the Johnson landslide, but it should be noted that (like Alger himself) they usually polled many more votes in their districts than did Goldwater, which indicates that they were hurt rather than helped by the national ticket. Other local California rightists like George Murphy and James B. Utt were sent to Congress from California and a declared member of the John Birch Society became a state senator. In general, indeed, hard-core conservative candidates did not fare so badly in the election. Of the 193 Congressmen who were rated 50 to 100 per cent "Conservative" by the "Americans for Constitutional Action"—a leading radical-right group—148 were returned to Washington, and of the 32 rated "Elite" conservatives, 23 were re-elected.

The fact that the new "extremism" can continue to thrive on local issues while being roundly defeated on national ones was graphically brought home by the overwhelming vote in California—almost 2 to 1—for repeal of the state fair housing law. According to one report, during pre-election canvassing in Long Beach and Lakewood, precincts which were 70 per cent Democratic, sentiment was 2½ to 1 against fair housing and 2½ to 1 for Johnson. Similarly, in Akron, Ohio, a fair housing ordinance was repealed that had been enacted only a few months before. Other instances suggest that the potential for a reactionary conservative bloc was not magically dissolved by Johnson's victory, that such issues as civil rights, "right to work" laws, prayers in schools, social welfare, "Communist" infiltration, and "statism" still attract powerful support when raised in the context of *local* decisions and laws. Accordingly, the organizational strength of the right-wing bloc has been concentrated in community, state, and regional networks which, if anything, were strengthened and not weakened by the opportunities provided during the campaign. For example, some 17 million copies of the Goldwater camp's rabble-rousing literature—notably *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* and *None Dare Call It Treason*—were distributed during the campaign, a feat that would hardly have been possible without an elaborate and efficient organization staffed by dedicated volunteers. Perhaps even more significant, the number of small campaign contributions was the largest ever received by the Republican party.

Nor is there any sign that the new hard-core conservative minority has lost heart from the election or is prepared to relinquish its initiative and dismantle its structure. The John Birch Society has doubled its field coordinators in the past two years (they now number some 60) and is in the process of opening regional offices in Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Washington, and New York. Other extremists in the defense of freedom like the Americans for Constitutional Action, The Liberty Lobby, We the People, the Christian Crusade, along with their proliferating media like the *Manion Forum of Public Opinion*, the *Dan Smoot Report*, *Human Events*, and the *National Economic Council Newsletter*, are visibly identifying themselves as centers of a new conservative movement. In Minneapolis, four "Goldwater stores"—which served as campaign depots for extremist literature—are now re-constituting themselves to function hereafter as the Conservative Citizens Committee. Or again, in Stamford and Hartford, Connecticut, substantial newspaper advertisements announce the formation of a group called the "United Conservative Citizens for Connecticut." But perhaps the most noteworthy phoenix to rise from the ashes of the Goldwater defeat is the American Conservative Union, a group of some 100 right-wing intellectuals, including William Rusher, William Buckley, John Chamberlain, John Dos Passos, and Stefan Possony, who can be expected to provide the ideological impetus of this new bloc. In short, with respect to organizational strength, communications outlets, and policy leadership, the mainstream of Goldwaterism shows every sign of flowing on into the future.

THE ABSENCE of relatively fixed classes in America has led numerous observers to believe that there is no solid social basis for right-wing conservatism in America. Hence our recurrent reactionary movements have been looked upon as essentially deviations from the basic traditions of American democracy and as better explained by social psychology than by legitimate political interests. In a recent essay in these pages,† Hans J. Morgenthau exemplified this perspective in his discussion of the Goldwater candidacy. Regarding the Senator and his supporters as "romantic" and potentially fascist, Mr. Morgenthau argued that "Europe, in contrast to America, has known classes, determined by heredity or otherwise sharply and permanently defined in composition and social status which have had a legitimate stake in defending the status quo. But for the defense of what status quo could the American conservative have fought?"

* For a more detailed exposition, see my articles "The Radical Right and the Rise of the Fundamentalist Minority" (COMMENTARY April, 1962) and "Rightists, Racists, and Separatists" (COMMENTARY August, 1964).

† September 1964.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now it is true, of course, that America has not had "hereditary classes" in the European sense, but we do have hereditary *groups*—ethnic, religious, and racial. However loose and informal in structure, these groups possess a quite concrete identity by virtue of common backgrounds and values and by their mutual interest in defending or improving, as the case may be, their status and privileges. For example, the opposition of the white supremacists to integration expresses nothing if not their "stake," whether "legitimate" or not, in "defending the status quo." Being highly pragmatic and self-serving, as political behavior generally has been in America, the segregationist's commitment to the status quo of 1954 does not give rise to a coherent ideology comparable to that of classical European conservatism. Instead it produces typically ideological slogans such as "states' rights" which permit the segregationist to fight for his privileged position and, at the same time, to regard himself as a latter-day apostle of individual freedom against the tyranny of the state. In this way, he screens his attachment to a caste system by an image carved from the grain of American resistance to tyranny.

The "nativist," like the white supremacist, has also fought to preserve and extend his inherited status. The belief that the United States belonged to the Protestant Anglo-Saxons and needed to be protected against the depredations of alien peoples and ideas entered American politics as early as the struggle for power between the Federalists and the Democrats. As the very title of the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 indicated, the prejudice against immigrants was coupled with the fear of subversive radicalism. As S. M. Lipset has noted in his recent *Encounter* article, "Beyond the Backlash," the nativist ideology ran through the Federalist-Whig-Republican mainstream, appeared in fringe movements like the Know-Nothings and the American Protective Association, and eventually crossed party lines to enter the Populist movement and the Ku Klux Klan, which numbered some five and a half million members during the 1920's. It was during this decade that the nativists, reacting to the preceding thirty years of immigration and urban growth, and to the concomitant spread of secularism and religious liberalism, coalesced into a powerful force. In some states they passed laws to make Bible reading compulsory, and to prevent the teaching of evolution or the use of foreign languages in public schools. And in Washington, they managed to clamp Prohibition upon a resisting populace and to curtail the rising tide of non-Nordic immigrants.

The immigration laws of the 1920's proved to be the most decisive victory won by the nativists and provide a very clear example of the mentality which has sought to maintain the hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant group. According to the House Immigration Committee, the purpose of the bill was ". . . to guarantee, as best we can, at this late date, racial homogeneity in the U.S." The main argument for this "homogeneity" was that self-government was a racial trait and that it could be preserved in America only if the racial stock of the Founding Fathers continued to comprise the dominant group in the society. "If, therefore," the Committee Report continued, "the principle of individual liberty, guarded by the constitutional government created on this continent . . . is to endure, the basic strain of our population must be maintained." This ideology has continued to control our immigration policies for the past forty years and is still used to mask the power and status interests of the nativist populace. No one familiar with the long conflict between the liberal Protestants and the fundamentalists over the latter's attempt to join Protestantism to American nationalism was surprised when opposition to a revision of our immigration laws became one of the main items stressed in the Goldwater-Miller campaign.

NONE OF THIS is to say that direct economic class interests have not also been a major source of American conservatism. Even here, however, the conservatism that resulted was less a product of classical economic theory than of the imprint left on business values by the dominant religio-ethnic ideology. Much more so than in Europe, Puritanism and the Protestant ethic provided the economically elect with their faith in thrift, self-reliance, and independence. Thus, the reverence for the "balanced budget," which joins frugality to personal responsibility, is usually justified more in moralistic than in economic terms. In similar fashion, opposition to government welfare programs is mainly objected to on the ground that it undermines the individual's sense of personal responsibility, for in the fundamentalist business ethic, freedom of the individual to pursue his self-interest is held to be the only way to achieve the welfare of the community. Such beliefs still continue to fortify the conservatism of small business—not necessarily small in size but typified by the family-managed, entrepreneurial concern whose advertising appears in journals like the *National Review*.*

The intense religio-ethnic battles of the

* Despite President Johnson's much-publicized success in winning the support of a number of major executives, which was widely interpreted as a rejection of right-wing conservatism by modern corporate management, a report of the Research Institute of America, primarily an organ of business executives, found that on the eve of the election its Goldwater supporters still numbered 2 to 1, despite the fact that 52 per cent of them were critical of Goldwater's campaign. It is also worth noting that in the Far West, where the fundamentalist business ethic still flourishes, Goldwater support among the Research Institute clients ran as high as 6 to 1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tribal Twenties"—between liberal and fundamentalist Protestants, between Catholics and Protestants, as well as between the nativists and the immigrant minorities—show how deep group conflict runs in this country. That the significance of this species of conflict for American politics has not been fully recognized may be ascribed to the fact that ethnic hostilities were to some extent healed and to some extent concealed by the Depression and the pluralist coalition of the New Deal. Roosevelt's economic philosophy provided for the first time a rallying point for a labor and farm movement that cut across ethnic and racial lines and at the same time destroyed the sectional loyalties which had dominated American politics since the Civil War. But these very developments also gave rise to a new class-consciousness and political awareness among businessmen. Trading charges of Communist and Fascist leanings respectively, the labor movement and the capitalist conservatives reacted powerfully to each other as well as to the general reshuffling of opportunities which the New Deal was trying to effect. In this way, the traditional patterns of regional and ethnic political identification were broken apart by the revolution of the 1930's, and economic status and ideology became the main grounds for party attachment.

The vote in 1964, however, indicates that the economic issue on which American politics continued to turn for a generation has ceased to be the main determinant of political affiliation, just as sectionalism ceased to be the one main determinant in the 1930's. The division created by New Deal planning and the advent of the welfare state is neither as broad nor as deep as it once was. Indeed, as Samuel Lubell remarked in the course of analyzing the results of the last election, "we have developed an inflation-propped, managed economy which makes the thought of drastic change a terrifying fear to most voters." Among those converted to the managed economy are large numbers of middle-of-the-road Republicans who no longer oppose public welfare programs as a matter of course. Moreover, the Big Business executives who once believed the country to be imperiled by Marxist-inspired unions, and the labor leaders who regarded the N.A.M. as an organizing stage of fascist capitalism, no longer gaze at each other across their sword points. Both groups may continue to argue about their rightful share of the GNP, but they have found that they can live together by recognizing that their ultimate interests are equally tied to an expanding economy and to the federal policies that help to promote it.

The decline of the economic conflict suggests that the liberal-conservative split may be settling again on its traditional religio-ethnic basis and that the driving force behind the Goldwater movement was a recrudescence—in a new, updated, and more sophisticated form—of the nativist anxiety and aggression of the 1920's. It is important to realize that while the alignment under Roosevelt of labor liberalism against capitalist conservatism allayed some of the going group hostilities, it also served to foster others which have only now come to political flower. For the emergence of labor as a political force was accompanied by the growth in influence of the minority groups—the Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and nationality communities. After 1936, the Democratic party became a coalition that gave the minorities a significant role in shaping national policy, their influence having formerly been confined mainly to city politics. The bitter hostility of the ultra-conservatives to the federal government which dates from this period can, indeed, be viewed in part as stemming from the recognition that it was under the auspices of federal power that the minorities were able to achieve the political leverage which was to turn the victories of the nativists in the 1920's into a succession of defeats in the 1940's.

What makes the 1964 election a turning point, then, is not the overwhelming repudiation of the candidate of the extreme conservatives for the Presidency. This outcome had been prepared for long in advance by the population growth of the immigrant minorities whose loyalty to the Democratic party rested upon personal economic welfare and group status, by the acceptance among many Republicans of the moderate managed economy and welfare state, and by the shifts in population from the rural areas to the cities. Moreovever, there was the growing acceptance of the fact, expressed most concretely by the election of John F. Kennedy, that America has become a pluralist society, however much pluralism may still be beaten down in the local and state politics of the hinterlands. And it is precisely this new pluralistic political context which gives the 1964 election its special character. In the ethnocentric 1920's, nativist conservatism represented the majority interest; in our pluralist age, it is a minority one. If Goldwater's defeat signifies the end of nativist conservatism as a majority ideology, it also signifies the transformation of such conservatism into the driving force of a definite, self-conscious, organized minority ethnic bloc. What has happened, in other words, is that the extreme conservatives, nourished by fundamentalist convictions and animated by group resentments, have reappeared on the national political scene after a period of submergence during which their influence was confined to scattered local communities.

IT IS STILL too early to say how this bloc will fare within the Republican party. On the one hand, the national influence of the conservatives has been strengthened by the simple fact of their having become a recognizable bloc and in their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having mortgaged the party—no matter what may be done to change its face—to ethnic solidarity for years to come; on the other hand, the necessities of coalition politics may force the new bloc to moderate itself (though it is hard to see how this could happen without a loss of the very fervor that is the movement's main strength). But whatever happens nationally, there is no question that this bloc will continue to thrive in many precincts of the latter-day Bible Belt, which now loops across the country and whose buckle appears to have shifted to the Far West. In a recent issue of *The Christian Century*, Lloyd J. Averill, vice-president of Kalamazoo College, speaks of the struggle within the Republican party in much the same terms that have been developed here:

> Protestants should be able to understand the issues and the stakes unusually well, since there is a direct kinship between this political dispute and the liberal-fundamentalist theological struggle which has gone on sporadically through most of this century. Indeed the creed of which Senator Barry Goldwater has become the chief prophet is perhaps best described as political fundamentalism, with a profile which differs from its religious alter ego only in detail.

And LeRoy Davis, a prominent Episcopal clergyman and educator draws our attention to the politicalization of the Protestant ethnic culture which threatens to split the church itself:

> . . . the future of the church may be clouded by a fundamental schism. . . . It is possible that before long the church may take on a whole new image. It may find itself split between those who have a well-established Christian social consciousness—a group which includes the majority of the clergy—and those *seeking to maintain their singular and advantageous positions in life.* [Italics added]

Here, then, is the salient difference between the newest "minority" bloc in American politics and the older ones. The latter used group organization to achieve equality as Americans, while the former seeks to reassert a past dominance which would deny equal status to others. It employs the weapons appropriate to a pluralistic political context in order to fight pluralism itself, and in this lies its continuing threat to the American democratic order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE CONSERVATIVE MINDLESSNESS

SHORTLY AFTER THE LAST election, William F. Buckley, Jr., in his syndicated newspaper column, urged his fellow "conservatives" to "consider the fate of the Socialist party in American elections between 1900 and 1932. . . . Notwithstanding [defeat after defeat, the party] was deeply influential in American politics." Buckley believes—as every proper ideologue must, especially one who isn't getting much response from the masses—that it is far more important to shape history than to win elections. As he sees it, or at least as he sees fit to argue it, socialism won in 1932 despite the fact that the Socialist candidate got less than a million votes. Thirty-two years of propaganda and agitation had paid off. Thus, if Buckley and his men keep at it, Goldwaterism may triumph in 1996 or thereabouts—considerably sooner, perhaps, since Goldwater got twenty-seven million votes last year.

There are some valid and intriguing analogies between Right and Left in American politics, but Buckley's isn't one of them. It wouldn't work even if it rested on acceptable history, which it does not. The notion that the Socialist party in the United States was succeeding while it failed has now and then been advanced by Norman Thomas himself—more, one likes to think, in playfulness and irony than in political conceit. The argument is that since the Socialists were for it all along, the establishment of the Social Security System in 1935 could be counted a victory for the party. And so with other New Deal agencies. As history and as logic, this is nonsense. The American welfare state may owe some debts to the British Labour party and the Fabian economists, but it owes nothing at all to the American Socialist party. In terms of policy and institutions, it is impossible to think of any important way in which this country would be different today if there had never been a Socialist party. And, indeed, one is almost compelled to argue that there never *was* a Socialist party. We have had a few socialists of some note and interest, but they never did get around to building a real political party. What they did contribute—and this was important—was some intelligent and dedicated organizers to other parties and movements. Eugene Victor Debs, Morris Hillquit, Norman Thomas, and a few others were splendid teachers and exemplars of political virtue, and some of their best students made large contributions of talent to the New Deal, the CIO, and the civil-rights movement. The Communists, of course, ran a similar school, and some of its graduates have also been influential.

But Buckley's analogy breaks down on other grounds entirely. It is a fact that some ideas contained within the socialist philosophy gained wide acceptance over the last half-century and have been given institutional form. If there had been a strong Socialist party, the process might have been speeded up a bit.* But Goldwaterism and Buckley conservatism simply do not contain any ideas that can be given institutional form. Where socialism was, and is, a coherent social philosophy, Goldwaterism, as Karl E. Meyer has said, "is a mood, not an ideology." Socialism addressed itself to real problems and felt human needs, and its solutions were, for the most part, feasible ones. Goldwaterism begins by denying the existence of most of these problems and could prevail only by persuading majorities of the non-existence of all wrongs and of all grievances except those of the most favored and least numerous of minorities. It is axiomatic that only those movements succeed that offer, however demagogically, hope and amelioration. Even in its coarsest, most brutalized forms, socialism has done this—as, for that matter, have most species of fascism. The bleak message borne by Goldwater and Buckley is that politics can offer nothing in the way of amelioration. Socialism's view of the human condition, or part of it, has always been basically sound—as has been, if one puts aside "dialectical materialism" and associated idiocies, its general view of history. In *The Conscience of a Conservative,* Goldwater—probably spoken for by Buckley's brother-in-law and collaborator, Brent Bozell, whom Goldwater called "the guiding hand" on the book—said that he refuses to consider human beings "as part of a general collectivity." He is similarly disdainful of time itself. "The principles on which the Conservative political position is

RICHARD H. ROVERE is a *New Yorker* staff writer and the author of *Senator Joe McCarthy* and *The American Establishment.*

* Or slowed down. Socialism got a bad name early, and whenever it has been possible to identify an idea with it, the effect has been damaging. "Socialized medicine" is an example. Practically everyone is against it, and practically everyone is for "health insurance." A more powerful Socialist party might simply have bred increased resistance to anything it endorsed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

based," according to Goldwater, "have been established by a process that has nothing to do with the social, economic, and political landscape that changes from decade to decade and from century to century." What on earth can "process" mean in such a verbal setting? Where socialism, as one can nowadays see, has generally run more with than against the grain of history, this conservatism, with its pre-industrial domestic policies and its pre-nuclear foreign policies, not only runs against the grain of history but denies history's relevance to itself.

I MAKE BOLD with these assertions because, after spending a good part of the last few years observing the events that were to lead to the smash-up of Goldwaterism as a political movement in the 1960's, I have found myself moved to take one more look at the case presented by the intellectuals who supported and to a large degree built and managed the movement. In a way, this has been an exercise in sentiment. In the line of duty, I had become a Goldwaterologist, and I had come—especially as I noted the increasing skill with which the movement's strategists were contriving to achieve defeat—to find the work congenial. It is not very often, after all, that a political writer finds a man capable of such nifties as, on the subject of thermonuclear war, "If possible, overt hostilities should be avoided," or, on higher education, "Where fraternities are not allowed, Communism flourishes." Last November, the electorate not only denied this engaging man the Presidency, but in what I found myself coming to regard as excessive righteousness, crushed him and just about every one of his followers. With Goldwater gone and my career as a Goldwaterologist about at an end, the literature of Goldwaterism had some of the appeal of old snapshots and college annuals.

But I had, I felt, another motive—one of a contrary tendency and, or so at least I told myself, intellectually more defensible. The election had finished the Goldwater school of political reaction. It was by no means certain, though, that it had finished the Buckley school, which was with us before Goldwater, which played a large part in creating Goldwater, and which has had a considerable and lamentable impact on political discourse in this country for roughly a decade and a half. These zealots have the sense of beleaguerment that is common to their kind, and a good deal of their time has been spent complaining that their counsel is not only unheeded but unheard, that they are excluded from discourse, that they are denied access to the main avenues of communication. In point of fact, they have been heard far more than seems warranted by the interests they represent or the pertinence of what they have to say. Throughout the 50's and early 60's, a good many influential Americans have seemed to believe that the way to explore questions of public policy was to arrange a confrontation between some exponent of what the *National Review* calls "the Liberal line" and some literate spokesman for Buckley-Goldwater reaction. In fact, this proved a way not to encourage intelligent controversy but to avoid it, for to stage an exchange of opinions between, say, Buckley and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was to stage not an argument over available choices and alternatives but a noisy wrangle over questions that had long since been answered by history. It was to discuss, not what our relationship with the Soviet Union ought to be, but whether it was right to have any relationship at all. It was to discuss, not the priorities, limitations, and modes of government policy in such fields as civil rights and welfare, but whether the government ought to have any sort of policy. One question posed—in my mind, anyway—by the repudiation of Goldwater was whether we could shake, once and for all, the notion that there was an important political dialogue taking place in this country between, on the one hand, the writers of the *National Review* school, and, on the other, just about everyone else.

At any rate, I set out to re-examine the case of the rightist intellectuals—or, to get my starting bias on the record, to see if I was as right as I thought I was in believing that there really wasn't any "case" and never had been one. The inquiry met with revealing difficulties. Despite all the thrashing about they have done in recent years, few of these people have tried their hand at sustained critiques of the policies they oppose or at the kind of programmatic statements that those whom they regard as their antagonists—for example, Schlesinger, J. K. Galbraith, and W. W. Rostow—have been writing for their side over the years. Buckley has written one book attacking Yale University, one celebrating the achievements of the late Senator McCarthy, and a great deal of belligerent journalism, a representative batch of which is to be found in a 1963 book, *Rumbles Left and Right,* a compilation whose title perfectly catches the spirit of most of his undertakings. To say that Buckley has not fulfilled what one would assume to be his responsibility as a controversialist is not to say that he has been evasive. There is both critique and program in the following passage from *Rumbles*:

> What would Goldwater do if he were President today? What, specifically, would [he] have the government do? Here are his most "ultra" domestic proposals. He would: 1) Get the government out of agriculture and welfare—altogether. 2) Apply anti-monopoly legislation against the big labor unions. 3) Abolish the progressive income tax. In foreign affairs, he would: 1) Eliminate foreign aid except to nations actively prepared to assist in the anti-Communist enterprise. 2) Eliminate economic and cultural exchange programs, which he views as counterfeit considering the actual relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States. 3) Continue nuclear testing. And 4) Be prepared to undertake military programs against vulnerable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist regimes in the cause of pressing for victory over the Soviet Union. . . . Goldwater means it. If he had his way, the farmer's checks would stop coming in, the labor union leader would face a law telling him he couldn't strike an entire industry, the businessman wouldn't get his cozy little tariff [?], the apartment dweller wouldn't have his rent frozen, the unemployed wouldn't get a federal check, nor the teacher federal money, nor the Little Rock Negroes their paratroops.

But this is sloganeering, not analysis, not even polemic, and it was the sort of thing that made life miserable for Goldwater in 1964 and led him, in the middle of his campaign, to get out yet another book—it was called *Where I Stand**—explaining that this was not at all, or at least not quite, the sort of President he proposed to be. ("I favor a sound Social Security program, and I want to see it strengthened. . . . I believe the United States should make the fullest possible use of its membership in the U.N.") Naturally, this, too, was sloganeering.

TO THE BEST of my knowledge, there have been only two half-way serious attempts by the rightist intellectuals to go beyond Buckleyan rumbles and deal critically and relevantly with public policy. One of them—*The Conservative Papers,* a collection of fourteen theses originally prepared for the edification of a group of right-wing Congressmen and published in book form (by Anchor-Doubleday)† last year—has its impressive moments. But although the leader of the Congressional study group was Melvin Laird of Wisconsin, who presided over the drafting of the Goldwater platform last year, and the editors were Ralph de Toledano, a *National Review* regular, and Karl Hess, Goldwater's principal speech writer, most of the pieces are by people—academics in the main—who are not very closely associated with Goldwater or with the Buckley school. "*The Conservative Papers,*" Representative Laird explains in his introduction, "are not necessarily papers *by* conservatives." This seems odd and not quite accurate—unless things have gone so far that from now on "conservative" can only be applied to thoroughgoing reactionaries. What the Congressman evidently means is that people who hold this view of conservatism may fail to find it in each of these papers. There is, for example, a spirited and closely reasoned attack on the Roger Baldwin school of civil libertarianism by Harry V. Jaffa, a professor of political science. It could have been written by Sidney Hook—and, come to think of it, often has been. Henry A. Kissinger ably defends the Kissinger line on foreign policy. Kissinger used to work for John Kennedy, and part of his contribution appeared in the *Reporter.* In these papers, and in one or two others, there is little that is specifically "conservative." For the rest, there is some rhetoric about liberating Eastern Europe, some about holding Asia for the Free World, and a warning by a Stanford economist that "the development of the underdeveloped countries may not on balance be in the interest of the United States." On domestic policy, there is Raymond Saulnier, a former economic adviser to Dwight Eisenhower, asking "Do Deficits Matter?" and telling us that they do. And Milton Friedman, Goldwater's main economic consultant, asking "Can a Controlled Economy Work?" His answer is yes, but not as well as a "free" economy would work.**

The contributors to *The Conservative Papers* do attempt to come to grips with ideas, and so, in a way, did Russell Kirk in *A Program for Conservatives,* published a decade earlier. One would suppose there would be several books bearing similar titles, but his is the only one I know of. It was written before Goldwater and the Buckley group, of which Kirk is an old and venerated member, had found each other. (Explaining the origins of this union, William Rusher, the publisher of *National Review,* has said it was "like the meeting of the Blue and White Nile.") But as Goldwater reminds us, the passage of time means nothing out on the far right wing, and Kirk's book, which appeared in 1954, stands up about as well today as it did then, which is saying almost nothing. At the outset, Kirk, whose prose is a bit like that of the late Alexander Woollcott and who also resembles Woollcott in being a kind of combination grouch and pixie, assures us that he doesn't think he is quite the man for the job but is doing it anyway because no one else has tried: "[In] this little book, I venture into the dark and bloody ground of political policy, naked unto mine enemies, and I do this . . . because the men of affairs who ought to be applying the tenets of philosophy to the affairs of nations are doing nothing of the sort." Chapter by chapter, he does the best he can with "The Problem of Power," and so on, and in the end he has constructed not a program but one more argument to the effect that there is no need for any program other than to get rid of all existing programs. On every page, he offers some bit of evidence of the nakedness of which he spoke on the first page—e.g., "Without presuming to venture further into economic speculation, we ought to remind ourselves that the experience of the first half of this century indicates that augmented dollar-income tends to be offset by price increase."

A Program for Conservatives was a sequel to Kirk's *The Conservative Mind,* which is a kind of anthology of the work of writers, mainly from the

---

* McGraw-Hill, 127 pp., $2.95.

† Paperback, 280 pp., $1.45.

** Friedman, an economics professor of the University of Chicago, seems to be highly respected in the profession, and I am surely in no position to question his qualifications. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering about a man who can make a statement such as the following one from *Capitalism and Freedom:* "Few trends could so undermine the very foundations of our free society as acceptance by corporate officials of a social responsibility other than to make as much money as possible."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

18th and 19th centuries, whom Kirk admires. The selections are interspersed with Kirk's observations that this, by George, is the kind of thinking there ought to be more of nowadays. Upon reading it, in 1954, the late Whittaker Chambers, who despised the liberals as much as Buckley did, but could not bring himself to a full identification with Buckley's position, wrote to his friend Duncan Norton-Taylor: "We must give Russell Kirk an A for effort in *The Conservative Mind*. But looked at coldly—what confusion is brewed by slamming into one pot John Adams, John Randolph, John Calhoun, James Russell Lowell, Henry Adams and George Santayana. [For some reason, Chambers omitted Edmund Burke and other Englishmen and Europeans in Kirk's pantheon.] Informed the book is; worthy it is—a worthy master's thesis. . . . But if you were a marine in a landing boat, would you wade up the seabeach at Tarawa for *that* conservative position? And neither would I!"

Chambers's letter appears in a recent posthumous collection of odds and ends called *Cold Friday*,* edited by the friend to whom the letter was addressed. It has quite a few moving things—particularly a reminiscence of Columbia College in the early 20's—and a good many reminders of the humorlessness of the man and of his pathetic inability to deal with ideas as he wished to be able to. But he had enough feeling for politics and for history to know that what the friends of his later years were calling a "conservative position" not only was not conservative but was not even a position. "There is in [American] history," he wrote Buckley, "not one single touch of conservatism. How could it be otherwise? Conservatism is alien to the very nature of capitalism. . . . We are living in one of [Capitalism's] periods of breathless acceleration of change. Science has been, from the beginning, the ideological weapon of capitalism . . . and is now asserting . . . an exclusive dominance." This is wanting in lucidity and qualifiers, but the general sense is right. Chambers comes even closer to the truth in a letter to Willi Schlamm, a fellow ex-Communist who had also teamed up with Buckley: "History tells us that the rock-core of the conservative position, or any fragment of it, can be held realistically only if conservatism will accommodate itself to the needs and hopes of the masses —needs and hopes, which like the masses themselves, are the product of machines. . . . A conservatism that cannot face the facts of the machine and mass production, and its consequences in government and politics is foredoomed to futility and petulance."

Futility and petulance—this seems exactly what the Buckleyites were reduced to in their boom years of 1963 and 1964. From *A Program for Conservatives*, Kirk, becoming more Woollcottian all the time, moved on to such works as *The Surly, Sullen Bell, Old House of Fear* (a mystery novel) and, in 1963, *Confessions of A Bohemian Tory*, a work of pure futility, which contains admiring reports on the Spanish infanta, Maria Teresa, Professor Frederick Wilhelmsen—Hillaire Belloc's "chief American disciple" and the author of *Hillaire Belloc: No Alienated Man*—Otto Von Habsburg, and Barry Goldwater ("So far as any man is competent to contend against our sea of problems, Mr. Goldwater is endowed with the sort of brain that is required for the modern presidency.") Such illuminations, he advises us, are the product of "[My] gothic mind, medieval in temper and structure. . . . I had told myself, ever since I had begun to think about such matters, that I admired the intellect of the Enlightenment of the 17th and 18th centuries; and now I came to realize that this was false. . . . I did not love cold harmony and perfect regularity of organization; what I sought was variety, mystery, tradition, the venerable, the awful. I despised sophisters and calculators; I was groping for faith, honor, and prescriptive loyalties. I would have given any number of neo-classical pediments for one battered gargoyle." Thus *National Review*'s featured columnist and authority on "the modern Presidency."

If Kirk is bonded futility, James Burnham is a forced and bogus petulance. The big "conservative" book of 1964 was Burnham's *Suicide of the West*,† and he is by far the most intelligent and articulate of the Buckleyites. Indeed, alongside him, Buckley is a naif. Why Burnham chooses to devote himself to outrages against common sense I cannot pretend to understand, but the fact is that he does so—with analytical brilliance when that serves his purpose, with simple distortion when that will advance the argument. It is a difficult argument to advance. It is Burnham's thesis that a rampant liberalism in the United States and Western Europe is forcing its death wishes and self-hatred on "Western civilization." He does not quibble over whether his West is "declining," "decaying," "losing," or "breaking up." He says that one fact alone is to the point: "Western civilization has been contracting." He demonstrates this by counting the square miles over which Western flags (British, French, Belgian, Dutch, and so on) no longer fly and the millions of souls who no longer have or can express allegiance to Western nations, or to Western ideals as they are understood by Burnham. A few more square miles of "contraction" will do us all in. For this, "liberalism" is entirely to blame,** because it "permits Western civilization to be reconciled to dissolution; and

* Random House, 327 pp., $5.95.

† John Day, 320 pp., $4.95.

** Not only for this but for everything else. He gets off on Senator McCarthy and says McCarthy was never his beau ideal of a politician. But that was because "McCarthy was in large part a liberal creation, as his liberal and suitably anti-McCarthy biographer, Richard Rovere, has concluded." I never concluded anything of the sort. There is not a sentence in my *Senator Joe McCarthy* that will support this absurd assertion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this function its formulas will enable it to serve right through to the very end, if matters turn out that way." He says he is just about persuaded they will turn out that way.

THERE are few ways of looking at life in society so outlandish or so poorly focused on reality that they do not afford occasional insights of some interest and value. In any prevailing set of orthodoxies—in any "consensus"—there is bound to be much that is absurd, pretentious, and the product of merely expediential and rationalizing logic. Flaws are to be found by almost anyone willing to look for them and equipped with critical tools of just about any kind. Some approaches yield more than others, but there are few that yield nothing. And if the aim is to score direct hits, it helps to stand a fair distance back from the target so that one risks no danger of being hurt by one's own fire. The more a man considers himself free to regard society *as* a target, the more he will shoot and the better his chances of getting an impressive score. Buckley, Burnham, and the rest have now and then come upon truths of which we have been unaware or to which we have been indifferent. Buckley, for example, is the only writer I know of who has taken a really hard look at the strange career of Edward Bennett Williams, the celebrated Washington lawyer who has a Midas touch for fighting "Civil Liberties" angles for the defense of anyone from Joe McCarthy to Frank Costello, from Adam Clayton Powell to Bernard Goldfine. Burnham's assaults on the rhetoric of liberalism can be amusing and effective. But the yield of their approach has been, in both relative and absolute terms, extraordinarily low. The whole school has produced less in the way of interesting analysis than has come, for example, from the mind of one man like Paul Goodman, whose outlook on American society may seem to some of us just about as dizzy as theirs. Over the years Goodman has had true and important things to say about American values and about American institutions of many kinds. From the rightist intellectuals we have had, so far as I am able to tell, almost nothing but insults to the intelligence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELIE WIESEL

THE LAST RETURN

SOMEWHERE in Transylvania, in the shadow of the Carpathians, very near the most capricious frontier of Eastern Europe, there is a dusty little town called Sighet. It is a town like many others, and yet it is not like any other. Quiet, withdrawn, resigned, it seems almost petrified in its own forgetfulness; and in the shame that springs from that forgetfulness. It has denied its past; it is condemned to live outside of time; it breathes only in the memory of those who have left it.

This was my town once; it is not my town now. And yet it has scarcely changed at all since I left it twenty years ago. The low, gray houses are still there. The church and the butcher shop are still facing each other. The synagogue, deserted now, still stands at the corner of the little market square.

It is this fidelity to its own image that makes the town seem strange to me. By looking like itself, it has betrayed itself. It has lost the right to its name and to its destiny. Sighet is not Sighet any more.

For a long time I had had a burning desire to go there. For a week, an hour, a minute—just long enough for a single look. To see it one last time and then to depart, never to see it again.

Nowadays, in spite of the Iron Curtain, distances no longer matter. Anyone at all may leave from anywhere at all and arrive at Sighet, by way of Bucharest, Cluj, and Baia-Mare, by airplane, by train, by car, in less than seventy-two hours. But not I. For me the journey was longer. It was to take me back to where everything began, where the world lost its innocence and God lost His mask. It was from Sighet that I started on my journey to Sighet.

FOR TWENTY YEARS I had done nothing but prepare for this journey. Not with joy—on the contrary, with anguish. In a dim way I felt where the danger lay: this pilgrimage would be a watershed. From that time on there would be a "before" and an "after." Or rather, there would no longer be a "before." What would be waiting for me when I arrived? The dead past or the past revived? Total desolation or a city rebuilt again and a life once more become normal? For me, in either case, there would be despair. One cannot dig up a grave with impunity. The secret of the *Maase-B'reshit,* the beginning of all things, is guarded by the Angel of Death. One approaches it only at the risk of losing his last tie to the earth, his last illusion, his faith, or his reason.

After the liberation, at Buchenwald, the Americans wanted to repatriate me. I objected. I did not like the idea of living alone in an abandoned place. They insisted: "Do you mean to say you refuse to go home?" I no longer had a home, I said. "And you're not curious to go back and see the place where you were born, where you spent your childhood?" No, I did not know what curiosity was any more. And besides, that town they were talking about no longer existed. It had followed the Jew into deportation.

I preferred to exile myself to France. I began wandering all over the world. To Israel, to America, to the Far East. Far away, as far as possible. Unable to remain in any one place, I ran from one country to another, from one experience to another, never knowing whether it was in order to get away from Sighet, or to find it again. The town haunted me, I saw it everywhere, always the same as it had been. It invaded my dreams, it came between me and the world, between me and other people, between me and myself. By trying to free myself from it, I was becoming its prisoner.

The town fascinated me and frightened me. I wanted and did not want to see it again. Sometimes I told myself: "The war is nothing but a bad dream: soon, when I awake, the moment I return, I shall find the place just as I knew it, with its *yeshivot,* its stores, its Talmudists, its merchants, its beggars, and its madmen. And I shall feel guilty for having dreamed that they were dead."

At other times I had the opposite vision: I would be the only one to return, I would walk through the streets, aimless, without seeing a familiar face, an open look. And I would go mad with loneliness.

More than once, I was on the verge of under-

ELIE WIESEL, a frequent contributor, is the author of *Night, Dawn, The Accident,* and *The Town Beyond the Wall.* His new novel, *Les Portes de la Forêt,* was recently published in France and will be brought out here later this year by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The present piece was translated from the French by Alexander Schwartz.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taking this journey; at the last moment I would invent some pretext for putting it off. Later. Next month, next year. I did not have the courage, the strength. I sometimes found myself thinking: "Who knows, perhaps I have never left it." Or else: "Perhaps it never existed outside my own imagination." Or again: "Perhaps the whole universe is nothing but a phantasmagorical projection of Sighet; perhaps the whole universe is turning into Sighet."

Then, one day, I decided that twenty years was enough. I set out on my journey. I do not know whether I did right; no doubt I shall never know. I searched in Sighet for those who might have advised me or enlightened me, but I did not find them. They had not come back.

In 1944 Sighet was part of Hungary; today it belongs to Rumania. To get there, I took a plane from Bucharest as far as Baia-Mare. At Baia-Mare, I hired a taxi to cross the mountains. One hundred fifty kilometers: six hours, fifteen dollars. Although the driver was pleased to earn so much money so quickly—it is as much as a laborer makes in one week—he seemed sullen and taciturn. He did not like driving at night across the mountains. The roads were badly lit and in poor condition.

"Do you know Sighet?"—"Yes."—"What do you think of it?"—"Why, it's just a town, a town like any other."—"Tell me about it. What does it look like?"—"There's nothing to tell."—"Are there still Jews living there?"—"Jews? I don't know any." He was in no mood to chat, only to curse.

For my own part, I have a great deal to tell. It sometimes seems to me that ever since I left it, I have been spending all my time telling about this town which gave me everything and then took it all away. As a boy, I was a devoted Hasid of the Wishnitzer Rebbe, but I frequented the other Rebbes too, listened to their stories, learned their chants, ready always to catch fire wherever the spark might be found. Later, I became the disciple of a Kabbalist. Every night at midnight, he would arise to put a handful of ashes on his brow; in a low voice, seated on the ground, he would lament the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, as well as the suffering of the *Shekhina,* which was in exile like us, with us. I was young then and could not imagine that the Temple would soon be destroyed six million times, that the suffering of God could never—never—be compared to that of the Jewish children who were already being sent to the pyre while the world remained silent, as silent as He who is judged to be its creator.

"We're coming near," said the driver. Where were we? At the foot of the mountain, thank God. The danger was past, we were in the valley. Sighet: 40 kilometers. Sighet: 30 kilometers. A multitude of huts formed a hedge along the road. Villages sprang up before our headlights and were immediately swallowed again by the night. Far away, there were a few blinking lights. Sighet: 20 kilometers. The car, an old Volga, picked up speed. Sighet: 15 kilometers. "We're coming near," the driver repeated in a heavy voice. His words sounded like a threat. He was taking me to a rendezvous. With whom? With death? With myself? Sighet: 10 kilometers. Sighet: twenty years.

I ENTERED the town as one enters a dream: gliding forward noiselessly, without resistance, accepting in advance the best and the worst. Holding my breath, I exploded in time, which was torn apart into a thousand fragments, a thousand faces. The dead on one side, I on the other. Spring, 1944—autumn, 1964. I had left by train, I was coming back by car. The only difference was that it had been warm on that day with the fragrant promise of summer; now it was cold, it was almost winter, it was night. Yet the beginning and the end came strangely together, tracing a circle of fire which became smaller and smaller: I was caught inside, too late to escape.

"Here we are," said the driver. His hand open, he asked for his money; he was in a hurry, he had to return to Baia-Mare. I asked him: "Are you sure this is Sighet? The former capital of Maramures?" He said yes, but I did not trust him. The town looked like Sighet, but that did not prove anything. There was the main street, the movie theater, the hotel, the girls' high school. Across from me was the street called the Jews' Street. On the right, the stores; further on, on the left, the courthouse. Nothing had changed? Nothing. Then why did I feel like the victim of a farcical misunderstanding? Someone had deceived me: the driver, for his own amusement, had deposited me in a strange town. And if not he, then it was another driver, more powerful and more cruel, more cunning too, who was laughing at my expense. "Are you really sure? You're not fooling me?" He grinned and reassured me, but I did not believe him, I did not believe myself. His voice was lying, my eyes were lying. This town was lying. It was called Sighet—well, what of it? That meant nothing: a false name, a false identity. Sighet, the real Sighet, was elsewhere, somewhere in Upper Silesia, near a peculiar little railroad station called Birkenau, near a great fire lighting up the sky; the real Sighet formed part of an immense city of ashes.

IT WAS LATE, the townspeople were all asleep. Suitcase in hand, I stood on the sidewalk, with my back to the hotel, unable to move a step. Then I shook myself: start remembering. You came back here to remember—well, then, look and listen. The main square, do you remember it? When the Jews were taken to the railroad station, to the transports, the line wound all around that square. When the policemen set up the itinerary, they followed the instructions of a certain Adolf Eichmann, who had come in person to supervise the operation. Our neighbors had already descended like hungry vultures on the abandoned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dwellings: there was loot free for the taking, enough for everybody, for all tastes. The police were busy elsewhere. The looters had an easy job. Observing a tacit agreement, the rich robbed the rich, while the poor took things only from the poor. After all, the natural order must prevail.

Now, there I was at the very center of the main square, standing alone like a conqueror. They had not known that I would come back, and I had come back. A supreme victory—a unique victory. Why, then, was I unable to feel any pride in this? It was too late. Too late for conquest, and too late for pride.

My eyes searched the house-fronts with their indistinct outlines, the sightless windows, the roofs on which tall chimneys rose like specters. I was looking for a reference point, a familiar feature; there was nothing. The town hid from my glance as it hid from the light; it drew away, it shrank back. The meeting would not take place: one of the parties had failed to appear at the rendezvous.

I was no longer sure of anything. I began to doubt myself again. What had I in common with the unsophisticated little boy, in love with religion and with the absolute, who had been driven away from this very spot more than twenty years earlier?

Silence. There had been silence on the day of our departure too. The military police, mad with rage, had run bellowing in all directions and struck at men, women, children, not so much to hurt them as to make them groan. But the crowd had been mute. Not one cry, not one complaint. An old man, wounded in the head, had risen to his feet again and bitten his lip. A woman, her face full of blood, had walked on without slowing her pace. The town had never before known such a silence. Not a sigh, not a sound. Silence: the perfect setting for the last scene of the last act. The Jews were retiring from the scene. Forever.

I remembered that walking with the crowd toward the railroad station, where the sealed trains were already waiting for us, it had come into my mind that the silence would triumph, that it was stronger than we, stronger than they; it was beyond language, beyond lies, beyond time; it drew its strength from the very struggle which pitted life against its negation, brutality against silent prayer. Or was I just imagining that I had thought this? I did not know: I did not even know whether that little boy turning his back on his childhood, his home, his chance for happiness, had really been myself. Somewhere along the way, between the synagogue and the railroad station, between the station and the unknown, he had been killed. It might even be that I had killed him myself.

IT WAS almost midnight now: I had to hurry. I had dawdled too long, I had not accomplished anything yet. There was not another minute to lose. Do something quickly. But just what? Something that will measure up to the return, if not to the departure. Awaken the dead, perhaps. Or else set fire to the town, send it to join those who were gone, and let the army of shadows be victorious. Or, again, simply start singing or laughing. Just like that, in the street, in the cold. Until morning comes.

I crossed over to the hotel. A shabby, dilapidated entrance, a stairway with no railing, a dim light. Could this be the famous Hotel Corona? With my Jewish child's eyes I had seen it—from the outside, from afar—as a palace reserved for princes from distant lands: high officials on inspection trips, General Staff officers on special missions, fabulously rich American women visiting their families. The Hotel Corona had meant unattainable luxury, fulfilled desire, glory, light-heartedness, liberty, vice.

Today the hotel is all "people," "working class," "peace," "socialism." Like everything else, it had lied to the child I had been; it was without pomp, without comfort.

In his glass-enclosed cage on the second floor, muffled in a thick blanket, the night clerk saw me approaching. His face was ageless and expressionless, his eyes absent and indifferent. I asked for a room. Had I a reservation? No. That was a pity: no reservation, no room. Why not? Was the hotel full, perhaps? Not at all, it was empty. I did not understand, and he explained that it was the rule. I gave him a tip, which took care of the rule. Very well, now I had to fill out the police form, that was the law. Sighet was a frontier town, no one could stay there for four hours without advising the Militia. The clerk took out a large register and began writing. Family name, given name, family status, occupation, place of residence. "New York," I said. He dropped his pen and stared at me. "You came from New York? To Sighet?" I answered, "Yes, from New York, to Sighet." His surprise grew when he learned that I had been born in Sighet. Bewildered, he looked me over curiously. What did I want here at Sighet, so late at night, in this lugubrious hotel? Finally, he gave me a room: if I did not like it, I could choose another. I asked for a towel, and again he stared at me. Quite definitely, he did not like my behavior, and he would not forget to mention this detail in his report to the Militia; one never knew, it might be significant. I told him, "All right, don't bother, I'll do without the towel. Anyhow, I'm going right out again." Convinced that I was making fun of him, he wanted to ask me something, but I did not give him the chance, I was already on my way down the stairs, seeking the outside air, the deserted and silent main square. Once outside, I took a deep breath: and now what? To my house, of course—home at last. Light the candles, set the table for the feast of reunion. The wandering son has returned. Will you find the way in the dark? Nothing simpler, my legs will take me there. My legs have a better memory than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my eyes anyway; they never had to look upon those clouds of smoke.

I stepped forward slowly, cautiously. The firehouse, where was the firehouse? It should be at the corner of the main street. Swallowed up. And the booth on the corner, at the entrance to the Jews' Street? Old Semel used to sell his fruit there, summer and winter; now there was no booth, no fruit, no Semel. Further on, the church. That was still there, thank God. And the house, my house? I tried to calm myself, but I was afraid—of seeing it again, of not seeing it again. Don't run, don't run, neither forward nor back: what is the point of running anymore? But my legs refused to obey. They ran, they flew. And *I* flew—above the roofs, above the memories. Houses, trees, chimneys, clouds, windows, all flew with me toward a vanished town, toward a stolen house. As my legs were seized with flight, my throat was seized with an irresistible desire to shout, to tear the night apart, to make the earth tremble once and for all, to make the heavens fall. But I no longer had any control over my body. I shouted, but no sound came out. The town went on sleeping, with no fear of the silence.

I ran, as a convict runs toward freedom, as a madman runs toward his madness; I ran even while I knew that no one and nothing was waiting for me over there, at the end of the run, over there in the building at the intersection of the two streets, facing the police station. If my house had survived the flames of madness, if it was still standing, a curse be upon it: strangers were living in it.

Here it was.

ALL AT ONCE, I had only one desire, to stretch out on the sidewalk, to rest, to catch my breath, no longer to run, no longer to think, no longer to play the phantom among men, no longer to play the man among men, The play was over. Curtain. The player was tired; the spectator was exhausted; go home to bed, we are closing, save your strength, tomorrow will be another day. But I remained on my feet, stretched tight like a bow with arrows pointed at myself. I looked and listened as I had never looked and listened in my life. The imperceptible noises, the wavering shadows, the secret vibrations—I captured them, I interrogated them, I imprisoned them, I made them mine.

The street, the house: there they were, mine again. More than before, better than ever. Total, irrevocable possession: more than when I had lived there. My walls, my neighbors, my garden, my trees, my witnesses, my murderers, my playmates, classmates. For a long moment I wandered around the building with its drawn curtains. I asked myself whether I should not simply knock on the window and wake up the residents: "Let me in, I'll go away tomorrow." I knew that I would not do it, and I felt humiliated and defeated.

Like a blind man, I let my fingers wander over the fence that surrounded the garden, over the walls of the house, over the windows; I was waiting for them to return to me the things that had strayed, the images that had dissolved. I felt vulnerable and invincible at the same time: I could do everything, I could do nothing. I could evoke the past, I could not bring it to life again. Nothing had changed. The house was the same, the street was the same, the world was the same, God was the same. Only the Jews had disappeared.

I TOLD MYSELF that I should open the gate, go across the yard, walk up to the porch, go into the kitchen. Who could tell, perhaps someone was waiting for me near the stove, someone who would not ask me any questions but would invite me to sit down at the table, offer me a glass of milk and a piece of bread and say: "You are exhausted, the bed is ready, go and rest, you have traveled a long way."

But I knew that the one who was sleeping in my bed would not forgive me for having come back. Perhaps he was not even asleep; perhaps he had been watching for my return for twenty years. Better to go away, leave the town, the country. What more had I to see here?

Strange: I had come from very far away to take one more look at the house, the yard, the well near the cellar, the garden—and I could not manage to step through the gate. From far away the yard had never seemed so inaccessible to me. Stiffening, holding my breath, I forced my hand onto the iron door-handle, caressing it ever so gently before turning it. My shoulder pushed the gate, which gave a familiar little squeak as it opened up just wide enough for me to slip inside. Then, closing the gate again, I leaned on it with my full weight, my heart beating violently, my head bursting with delirium. The yard—our yard. Nothing had been moved out of place. The empty barrel at the entrance to the cellar, the empty bucket hanging above the well, the tree with its withered arms turned toward the garden: I could see them all through seven layers of darkness. The only thing that remained for me to do was to go into the kitchen, from there to the living room, and then into the bedroom.

But I did not do it. It was the sharp, nervous bark of a dog that stopped me. I had expected everything but that. There had never been any dog at the house. We Jewish children had been taught to fear dogs; they were friends of the enemy, all demoniacal, all anti-Semitic. Invaded by the absurd old terror, I bolted through the gate and onto the sidewalk: driven out a second time. By a dog, the true victor in this war. I took to flight, as I had long ago. I ran to the main street, to the main square; for lack of any other refuge, I collapsed on a bench and dropped my head onto my hands, blinded by pain, by rage, by shame—especially by shame. As I sat there, a new day began to dawn on the summit of the mountain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HAD LIVED through my return to Sighet long before it actually took place. I had described it in my novel *The Town Beyond the Wall*. Retrospectively, the novel became a report. Except for the events of the night, nothing was missing. In the morning I picked up the thread of the book: I used it as a guide. Seen in daylight the town appeared to me exactly as I had dreamed it: bare, without any vigor, without any mystery.

As in the novel, it was an autumn morning. The weather was fine. A yellow sun was advancing across the grayish-blue sky. Yellow, too, was the foliage; yellow the walls of the buildings; yellow the dead leaves; yellow, sad, discouraged were the men and women going to work, to market, to church, the children going to school.

I looked into the eyes of the people I met—would I recognize anyone? A friend? An enemy? A neighbor? No, I had never seen any of them before. I did not know them, they did not know me. Some of them looked at me without seeing me, fleetingly; others saw me without looking at me, their thoughts elsewhere. No one approached me, no one turned his head. Not one gesture of astonishment or complicity. Nothing. They showed neither pleasure nor disappointment: my return was of no consequence to them. I had survived, that was my affair, not theirs. If I had spoken to them, they would have continued on their way; if I had started yelling "Scandal!" or "Fraud!" they would not even have shrugged their shoulders. As if I did not exist. Or rather, as if I had never existed.

I scrutinized the passers-by with fascination. Former classmates? Formers friends of my friends? Former customers of my father? To which of them had we entrusted our Sabbath candelabra, our winter clothes, our valuable papers? An old housewife was returning from market: wasn't that Mrs. Stark, who had agreed to keep our sewing machine in her house? An energetic-looking official was coming out of the courthouse: wasn't that the generous lawyer to whom we had "sold" some of our pieces of property? A man about my age was talking to his son, showing him some object in the window of the old pastry shop that had belonged to the Stein family: wasn't that Pishta the Swaggerer, the very same one who used to go about dressed up as a demon on Christmas week, a whip in his hand, punishing any Jew he found for having killed *his* God? Ready to catch the slightest sign, the slightest blink of an eye, I mingled with the people in the street, in the stores, in the market. I brushed against them, I bumped into them: no one paid any attention.

They should have inspired anger and bitterness in me, moved me to contempt. But I felt nothing of the sort. I was surprised to find myself sharing their indifference. Passing my house again, I saw the man who was living in it come out, a young engineer of Hungarian origin, with a lively glance, full of vigor: I said nothing to him. He would have replied: "I'm sorry." No, not even that. He would have said nothing. He would not have remembered me. No more than the others would.

And yet I was not angry with them. Not really. Neither for having driven out their neighbors of yesterday nor for having denied them. If I was angry with them at all, it was rather for having forgotten them.

So quickly, so completely.

LONG AGO, in this typical *shtetl*, Israel had been king. Although a minority in a town of twenty-five thousand, Sighet's ten thousand Jews had set the tone in everything. As everywhere else in central Europe, the Jews served as a measure, a barometer. The rich Jews were richer than the others, the poor Jews were poorer. In good and in bad, they lived in a constant state of excess.

In the 30's, my father had turned down an American visa, saying: "Why look for America in America, when it is right here?"

During the first years of the war certain rumors reached us concerning what was happening in Poland; among the Jews of Sighet these rumors roused very little anxiety—and even that was quickly forgotten. The rabbis said: "Nothing will happen to us, for God needs us." The merchants said: "The country needs us." The doctors said: "The town needs us." They all considered themselves indispensable and irreplaceable.

In 1943 it was possible to obtain "certificates" for Palestine: nobody wanted any. No, that is not true: one single Jew decided to go there. The others smiled: "Why leave? We are all right here, the people are friendly, they cannot do without us and they know it."

In Poland, in the Ukraine, in Germany, earth and sky had been burning for a long time, there were almost no Jews left there, but to us the world looked stable. The danger had not forced its way into our consciousness or disturbed our sleep. In the *yeshivot*, the young boys studied the Talmud; in the *cheder* the children were learning the *aleph-beis;* in the stores people were buying, selling, competing for customers; on the Jews' Street, during the idle hours, people were discussing politics, finance, marriage, strategy, Hasidism, and if anyone had dared to suggest that the day was coming when the town would get rid of the Jews as though they were a pack of lepers, they would have laughed in his face.

Everyone had faith in the future. They were sure that life would go on that way eternally. A teacher explained to his pupils: "Do you know what the eternity of God is? It is we. By dancing on fire, by facing suffering and death, man creates the eternity of his Creator—he offers it to Him and justifies it."

Then came the German occupation. It happened at the beginning of 1944, a few days before Passover. Faces grew dark. Suddenly the Christian population dropped its mask—and declared its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirst for Jewish blood. But still the Jews assured one another: "It will pass, we must be patient and not despair."

The festival of freedom was celebrated while we waited for an event that nobody was able or willing to foresee.

Eternity ended one month later.

BUT NOT for Sighet. The town has twenty-five thousand inhabitants again. They lead a normal existence. With no Jewish doctors, no Jewish merchants, no Jewish shoemakers. People get along without them, they are not missed. The gap was quickly filled. All the apartments are occupied, the schools are full, the stores have been taken over by the State. The Jewish community numbers less than fifty families, and most of them come from other places.

There is even talk of progress. Several large buildings have gone up recently. An elementary school, a cooperative, a textile plant—the pride of the town. One more proof that people do not need Jews at all in order to march with the times, to conquer the future.

If I had been a simple tourist, I would have had to admire the achievements of the new regime. But I was not. More than the night before, I felt myself a stranger, if not an intruder, in this sinister town which was stripped of all vigor, of any life of its own. I searched for the people out of my past, I searched for my past, and I did not find them. Why was everything so calm in front of the Talmud-Torah Synagogue and the Machzikei-Torah Synagogue and the Wishnitzer *shtibel*? I looked for Kalman the Kabbalist, Moshe the Madman, Shmukler the Prince, Leizer the Fat: vanished without a trace as though carried off by one of the "anti-personnel" neutron bombs that destroys people and spares the stones they call their property.

Incredulously, I visited all the places which had once filled my landscape: unchanged, anonymous. I stopped in front of my grandmother's house; I stopped in front of the store once owned by my uncle, a learned Talmudist and a wretched merchant; I stopped in front of my teacher's house. A thousand adventures, all with the same end.

I walked from one synagogue to another; the biggest and oldest of them no longer existed: it had been destroyed by the retreating Germans, and a commemorative stone had been erected above its ruins. The others were empty, abandoned, cluttered with sacred books piled up helter-skelter and covered with dust. One single synagogue, too spacious for the fifty Jews who assemble there on Rosh ha-Shana, remained open.

The Jews' Street, once so lively and noisy, is now deserted. Its name has been changed. It is called the Street of the Deported. Who deported whom? A question devoid of interest or importance. No one asks it. The past is buried. People must live. And above all, they must forget. I met my old elementary-school teacher: my name meant nothing to him. I spoke to a neighbor who used to come to us every day of the week: she did not remember me. Some day some worthy citizen will glance at the name of the business street and say quite innocently: "The Street of Deported? I seem to recall that they were Jews." He will not be sure. Even today he is not sure. The Jews deported from Sighet did not belong to Sighet. They belonged to some other place, some other planet. They were strangers. If the Jews were to come back, they would be driven away again.

Had it not ever been thus? No doubt it had, but I had been too young at the time to understand it. The population had always thought that Jews did not become strangers, they were born that way. Only, these peaceful inhabitants go further than that. Today, for them, I am not even a stranger robbed of his childhood, not even a phantom in search of memories. Have they forgotten everything? No. Rather, they give the impression of having nothing to forget. There never were any Jews in Sighet, the former capital of the celebrated region of Maramures.

Thus, the Jews have been driven not only out of the town but out of time as well.

THE ONLY place where I felt at home, on familiar ground, was the Jewish cemetery. And yet I had never set foot in it before. Children had been forbidden to enter. Why? Because. When you grow up, you'll understand. I would imagine the dead conversing with God, or I would be among them, brushing against the walls, keeping my ears open; I wanted to listen, but there had always been someone to send me back to school or back home. Now I was free to enter. There was no longer anyone to tell me what was permitted and what was not. I had grown up.

This was the only place in Sighet that reminded me of Sighet, the only thing that remained of Sighet. Outside, I was on foreign soil; here I was in the bosom of a great and powerful family ready to welcome me, to protect me.

Perhaps it was simply because the dead who were here had been luckier than the others. They had not been deported. Remaining where they were, they had not had to undergo any humiliation. They had been let alone, left in peace. Perhaps that was why I had come to them: not so much to bid them farewell as to entrust them with the town, with the town's Jewish past.

I wandered from one grave to another. I had bought some candles. I lit them, placing one wherever I found a familiar name. The wind blew them out. I struggled against it, in vain.

In the old days people had come here from far and near, especially between Rosh ha-Shana and Yom Kippur, to lie down on the graves of the *Tzadikim* and implore them to intercede with the heavenly power to stop pursuing the people who had been too much chosen for too much suffering.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Useless prayers, useless tears. The intercession had done no good. God had closed His ears and let it all happen.

Finally, I stopped in front of a monument to the memory of a generation that had died elsewhere. A slanting block of stone, with a few words engraved on it. A tomb with no corpses. A gravestone with no graves instead of innumerable graves. I held a match to the last candle. To my great surprise, the wick caught at the first attempt and flamed upward. Was it a miracle? Would the flame rise to the seventh heaven and still higher to the tenth sphere, and still higher, to the celestial throne, and still higher than that?

Suddenly I was aware of a presence—an old Jew was standing at my side. Without greeting me, without saying a word, he took a *Siddur* from his pocket and began to recite the funeral chant: *El mole rachamim shokhen bimromim.* Where had this apparition come from? How had he found out I was there? I do not know. Perhaps he came to the cemetery day after day for the sole purpose of praying that all the Jews of Sighet, swallowed up by the night, might at last rest in peace. As he prayed I closed my eyes and shame came over me again.

The last candle burned for a long time. Sometimes I tell myself that it is still burning.

I MET a second Jew in front of the Sephardic synagogue. The very sight of this extraordinary person, this bearded man dressed like a Hasid, took me back twenty years. I accosted him in Yiddish. Surprised, he shook my hand and looked at me lingeringly. *Sholem aleichem, aleichem sholem:* Peace be with you, my companion. A bond was established at once. Simple answers to harmless questions. No, he was not from Sighet. No, he had never known my father. What was he doing in this de-Judaized town? He was attending to the living. A rabbi? No. A *shamash*—a sexton? No. Was he teaching children the sacred language? No, not that either. Besides, there were no longer any children who would be willing to learn it. "I am the *shochet*," he said—the ritual slaughterer. Incredible but true; in Sighet and the surrounding villages there were still Jews who ate kosher food. No many. Ten here, ten there. At Borshe, a mountain town, there were not more than five. Three at Stremtere, another three at Dragmerest. It was for their sake that he had decided to stay, after sending his wife and children abroad; he would go to join them only when nobody here needed his services. For the moment he did not consider himself free. Going from village to village, from house to house, he did his work without complaint—on the contrary, he said he was happy, for he was more useful here than he could be anywhere else.

I gazed at him in silence. I felt like giving him everything I possessed, but he had no need of anything. In the face of such generosity, a man feels poor; in the face of such humility, he feels humble. "I could not make up my mind to go," he told me, smiling. "After all, I could not abandon an entire Jewish community that way, without a *shochet*." He did not realize how much cruelty was contained in his words. Fifty families, a community. And to think that long ago this community had been a center of learning, a wellspring of life and wealth.

If the legend of the Thirty-six Just Men is true, this slaughterer is one of them.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS after arriving in the town, I hastened to leave. One dawn, one dusk: that was enough. Already, remorse was coming over me: I had been wrong to come. Of the four wise men who, the Talmud tells us, made their way into the fields of knowledge, only one emerged unscathed; and even he did not dare go in again.

The car was waiting for me, the driver was impatient. "Are we leaving?" Yes, we were leaving. Was it fatigue that I found it so hard to lift my little suitcase, put it on the front seat and then dump myself into the back? The slightest movement required a painful effort. A part of me wanted to remain. From here on it would be a one-way trip; every step would take me further away from this place. "Are we leaving?" Yes, we were leaving. He let in the clutch, and the car started off. "Don't go so fast," I said in a low voice. Not so fast. I had seen everything, I wanted to see more. The little girl holding on to her mother's arm. The couple stopping in front of a store window. The policeman on duty in front of the courthouse. The passers-by who had not seen me arrive and now did not see me leaving.

Here was the main street, the main square, the movie theater, the pastry shop, the girls' high school. A last glance toward my own street: the belfry of the church, the new school building, and further on, at the intersection of two streets, my house.

Sighet had long sunk below the horizon, and I still kept my head turned toward it, as though it were possible for me to carry it away in my gaze. And then I understood that I could not do so, and that in my heart I did not wish to do so. I had brought no part of it away with me, nothing but the feeling of emptiness. My journey to the source of all events had been merely a journey to nothingness.

For it had never existed—this town that had once been mine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEPHEN TOULMIN

ON TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

FROM TIME TO TIME in the history of ideas a man appears who, for a while, comes near to defeating all criticism: not because his works are above criticism, nor because their value is universally agreed upon, but rather through sheer elusiveness. Just because they cannot place him, his critics do not know what to make of his arguments. Since each class of reader sees him in a different light, he at first evades critical categories of all kinds; and only later, when men have been able to appraise the nature of his contribution at leisure, is a balanced judgment possible.

Such a man, surely, was the late Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955). Teilhard—as he is generally known—achieved great distinction as . . . well, as what exactly? How are we to classify him? The theologians among his admirers describe him as a brilliant scientist, the scientists speak of him as a great seer or prophet, while those who knew him personally recall him as a sincere, charming, simple—even saintly—man. On the other hand, his most eminent detractor dismisses him as a naturalist, having a moderate proficiency in an intellectually unexacting kind of science, marred by an unfortunate talent for intellectual self-deceit. Evidently, questions need to be raised, not just about the *merits* of Teilhard's ideas, but about their very *status*. As well as asking whether they are "good" or "bad," we need to inquire also whether they are good-or-bad *qua* zoological hypotheses, or Catholic dogmas, or philosophical maxims, or clairvoyant predictions, or what else. In some ways, indeed, the preliminary ambiguity about Chardin's intentions and qualifications is the most urgent thing to get settled: so long as it remains unresolved, we are in no position to decide by what standards he should be judged, or in what scales his work should be weighed.

About one thing, at any rate, there is no disagreement. When his treatise on the relation of man to the natural world was published posthumously—first in France in 1955 as *Le Phénoméne Humain*, then in English translation in 1959 as *The Phenomenon of Man*—it was widely read, and greeted in some quarters with enthusiasm. For almost ten years now, in France, the *bien-pensants* have treated his work as a landmark against which their own ideas must be located. Meanwhile, in the U.S.A. and even in astringent England, he has won praise from men so different as Theodosius Dobzhansky, Arnold Toynbee, Julian Huxley, and Graham Greene—though, in the background, the grating voices of less reverent critics have been heard suggesting that his divine *afflatus* is in truth so much wind.

Now, however, we can no longer defer the obligation to come to terms with Teilhard's ideas. A final collection of his essays, covering thirty years of his life, has appeared under the title of *The Future of Man*.* With its help we can follow the development of his personal vision of Nature and History, and tackle the slightly ungrateful task of evaluating his general position. I say "ungrateful," not because the new volume does much to modify the accepted picture of Teilhard's personality—on the contrary, his transparent sincerity is fully confirmed—but because his supporters have, in the past, dismissed radical criticisms of his views as so much scurrility or emotional invective. In the long run, however, such tenderness will do no good either to Teilhard's reputation or to truth. His ideas will survive as something more than a fad only if doubts and difficulties candidly expressed are dealt with by his standard-bearers equally candidly.

In this essay, I shall set myself a double task—first, the preliminary "geographical" task, of determining where in the world of the mind Teilhard's doctrines are to be located; and second, the judicial task, of summing up the fundamental questions to be answered before a definitive judgment of his work will be possible. The third and final task, of actually passing judgment, is one for the future. If Teilhard's views are as significant for science and theology as his supporters declare, then the queries I shall raise here will be satisfactorily answered. This side of Alice's looking-glass, however, we should avoid anticipating that future verdict.

STEPHEN TOULMIN is appearing in COMMENTARY for the first time. The author of *The Philosophy of Science* and *Reason in Ethics*, among other works, Mr. Toulmin is presently on the faculty of Harvard University.

*Harper & Row, 319 pp., $5.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teilhard's whole intellectual system was erected on foundations taken over from contemporary science: the key question, therefore, is how securely it was anchored to those foundations. His own intellectual training—his *formation professionelle*—was comparatively narrow. Its two chief foci lay, respectively, in geology and palaeontology, and in French post-idealist philosophy (Le Roy, Blondel, Bergson). By contrast, in the two subjects on which his mature ideas were most dependent—Catholic theology and evolutionary biology—his standing was that of an enthusiastic amateur. This is not in itself a criticism: at many crucial transition-points in the development of ideas, amateurs have played important and distinguished parts, since a new mind, coming to the quandaries of an established subject from outside, can often see a fresh way of cutting through old entanglements. But Teilhard's amateur status does impose on us some need for caution: while he was free to speculate about the broad implications of contemporary science, it is for us to decide for ourselves whether these implications can claim a scientific warrant.

By profession, then, Teilhard was a geologist and palaeontologist, and by personal choice he was an ordained Jesuit priest. He was born and spent his early years among the hills of the Auvergne of Central France, whose extinct volcanoes had helped open the eyes of 18th-century scientists to the true antiquity of the earth. Teilhard's family was deeply religious, and he was committed from the start to a Catholic education. The years during which his mind was formed were, in France, a time of intellectual stress, when the strong tensions between science and Catholicism were deeply felt. (This was the time, for instance, of Pierre Duhem's famous essay on "The Physics of a Believer.") By the 1890's, the first dust of the controversy over Darwinism was already beginning to subside in England; among French intellectuals, where the frontiers between science and religion have always been drawn rather differently, the full force of evolutionary ideas was only just making itself felt. While religious-minded scientists like Duhem kept skepticism at bay on the physics front, Teilhard grew up to face a debate about the new historical cosmology. This he felt—rightly enough—demanded radical re-thinking from any historically based religion such as Christianity, and the resulting questions stayed with him to his death.

From his ordination on, Teilhard pursued an orthodox scientific career as a geologist and palaeontologist, while remaining personally under spiritual discipline. After serving as a stretcher-bearer in the First World War, he returned to Paris to teach geology at the Catholic Institute, and visited China for a year in 1923, exploring the deserts along the Mongolian border. Yet already the two halves of his life—professional and personal—were threatening to conflict. In his lectures at Paris, he had put forward an evolutionary interpretation of the doctrine of original sin which his superiors now condemned as unorthodox, and his license to teach was withdrawn. He returned to China in 1926 and remained there for twenty years, partly as scientific adviser to the Chinese Geological Survey, partly engaged in palaeontological research. After the Second World War, he returned once more to France, where he was encouraged to stand for the Chair at the *Collège de France* vacated by the Abbé Breuil; but once again his religious superiors stood in his way, and he was forbidden either to apply for this position or to publish his philosophical writings.

Eventually he moved to New York, and spent the last four years of his life working under the auspices of the Wenner-Gren Foundation; so long as he lived, fidelity to his vows prevented him from releasing his writings for publication. Throughout these last postwar years he seized every opportunity to discuss the present state of evolutionary zoology with men of such authority as George Gaylord Simpson and Julian Huxley. These discussions led to significant changes in the argument of *The Phenomenon of Man*. His lifelong aim remained—to present an evolutionary picture of cosmic development capable of being harmonized with the essential message of Christianity; but, as he now saw, the way in which this was to be done had to be altered. There was one other conviction that he never abandoned. "*The Phenomenon of Man*," he declared, "must be read not as a work on metaphysics, still less as a sort of theological essay, but purely and simply as *a scientific treatise*." Here is the mark of Teilhard's fundamental simplicity. He had spent his life reflecting single-mindedly on the truths of natural science, as he understood them; and he could not believe that the outcome of these reflections might be anything else besides "science." As a sidelight on Teilhard the man, this fact is engaging, even touching. Intellectually, it cannot help being a stumbling-block.

THE QUESTION—"Can *The Phenomenon of Man* legitimately be regarded as 'science'?"—is in fact the crucial one. By refusing to face it squarely, Teilhard exposed himself to the charge of wilful self-deceit which his severer critics have brought against him. The point is no mere terminological one: what is at issue is whether anything in our established knowledge of nature either compels, or could compel, us to prefer Teilhard's vision of the world to any alternative. At this point, we must try and face that central issue squarely on his behalf.

Leaving aside for the moment all the baroque terminology—"noosphere," "hominization," and the rest—in which Teilhard expressed his view of the world, we can isolate one central doctrine on which the whole intellectual construction depends. As he saw it, the historical development of the cosmos displays a rational order. Surveying the past history of the world, he finds Nature taking on in succession higher and higher forms of organ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ization: the physical hierarchy of increasing complexity (leading from atoms through molecules and polypeptides to cells, organisms, and human beings) has been re-enacted in the successive phases of cosmic development. A creative activity or energy has been at work in the world—Teilhard concludes—of which individual human beings are the highest achievement to date. Nor is there any reason to suppose that our individual personalities are the ultimate products of this creative energy. On the contrary: we can already begin to see the emergence of a "hyper-personal" order, through which the personal wills of individual beings will be merged into a larger spiritual unity. The glory of contemporary science is that, by enabling us to reconstruct for ourselves the past phases of this evolutionary process, it helps us to plot the general direction in which the cosmos can be expected to develop in the future.

THIS VISION WAS, without doubt, an appealing one. Yet Teilhard's very insistence on the scientific status of his work compels us all the more to press the questions: (a) Is this theory itself "science"?; (b) Was it in fact based on sound science?; and (c) Could it, at any rate, be reconciled with sound science?

(a) At once, a distinction must be made. Natural scientists do, indeed, concern themselves with historical developments of several different kinds —some of them involving processes explicable entirely in physico-chemical terms, others again taking place on a physiological or sociological level. On our own earth, living organisms certainly appear to have "emerged" gradually out of a prebiotic environment; while man and the higher animals, with their capacities for thought and social life, "emerged" subsequently. Furthermore, scientists have made it their business to discover in general terms the theoretical principles exemplified in processes going on at each of these three levels; and this has led them to recognize that, at each level, the existing forms are the temporary products of historical change. So natural science has introduced us to a vast multiplicity of historical changes going on in the countless members of countless galaxies and in the profusion of living species on our own planet.

That much, however, gets us only a small part of the way toward the conclusion which Teilhard wishes to reach. If, from the unbounded variety of these historical processes, we choose to select one particular strand as representing the essential drama of the cosmos— namely, that strand of which we ourselves are the present end-product—then in doing so we are going beyond anything which science, by itself, gives us any warrant to do. What science can do is to establish the validity of certain *universal concepts,* which can be applied to all the multiplicity of processes going on in Nature—for example, the concept of historical development. But a "universal" concept is one thing: a truth about "the universe" is another. The proposition, "Everything is caught up in a process of historical change," must be carefully distinguished from the proposition, "There is a single, all-embracing process of historical change in which everything is caught up." (The statement "Every boy loves some girl" does not mean the same as "There is some *one* girl who is loved by every boy.") At the very heart of Teilhard's view lies a belief that natural science *by itself* can reveal to us the Main Road of Cosmic History, leading unambiguously from a pre-biotic cosmos up to the present state of humanity, and pointing firmly onward to a "hyper-personal" future. The existence of this Main Road, however, was something of which Teilhard was at first convinced for religious, rather than scientific, reasons. We ourselves are not compelled to follow him in this belief, unless the scientific evidence is open to this one religious interpretation alone.

That brings us to question (b): How far did Teilhard build up his vision of nature on the basis of a sound knowledge of natural science? Here the publication of his earlier essays, in *The Future of Man,* puts us in a position to confirm something which until now could be only a suspicion. At the early and formative stage, Teilhard's ideas about the origin and development of organic species owed more to Bergson than to Darwin. Consider, for instance, the following passage taken from his "Note on Progress" (1920):

> We are compelled to wonder whether the true fundamental impulse underlying the growth of animal forces has not been the need to know and to think; and whether, when this overriding impulse eventually found its outlet in the human species, the effect was not to produce an abrupt diminution of "vital pressure" in the other branches of the Tree of Life. This would explain the fact that "Evolving Life," from the end of the Tertiary Period, has been confined to the little group of higher primates. We know of many forms that have disappeared since the Oligocence, but of no genuinely new species other than the anthropoids. This again may be explained by the extreme brevity of the Miocene as compared with other geological periods. But does it not lead us to surmise that the "phyla" possessing higher psychic attributes have absorbed all the forces at Life's disposal?

To begin with, Teilhard evidently took the activity of a creative "vital force," directing the course of biological evolution toward the appearance of man, as an acceptable scientific hypothesis. This belief was in fact a misconception. No "halt in terrestrial evolution," such as he took for granted, no "diminution of vital pressure in branches of life other than the anthropoids," has any support in the findings of evolutionary zoology and palaeontology. Genetic variation in the populations of different species on the earth, and the action of natural selection on the populations—the principal processes in the evolution of species

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—have continued since the appearance of the first anthropoids, so far as all the evidence goes, in precisely the same way as before. The "orthogenetic" doctrines on which Teilhard originally based his religious interpretation of evolution are, by now, generally discredited.

After 1945, Teilhard at last came to accept many of the essentials of the contemporary Darwinian view of evolution:

> One must frankly admit that even at the human level life only advances hesitatingly under the influence of great numbers and the play of chance; and if one be spiritually minded one must still recognize that the work of creation presents itself to our experience as a *process* whose laws it is the business of science to investigate, leaving to philosophy the task of discerning in the phenomenon the place and influence of an *intention*.

Unfortunately, his belief in vital "pressures" or "forces" had in fact played a crucial role in the formation of his intellectual system. It was precisely the belief that at a certain point in evolution these forces had been concentrated, first upon "the little group of higher primates," then upon the anthropoid apes, and finally upon the human soul, that justified him in selecting that particular strand in evolution as representing his Main Road. Failing such an objective criterion for identifying the "direction" along which the creative pressures of "the forces at Life's disposal" are concentrated, what remains—scientifically speaking—of Teilhard's original vision? Without such a criterion is there room even for philosophers to speak of evolution as having an "intention"? If the change from Bergson to Darwin is carried right through, the picture of the totality of cosmic history as a single, directed drama falls to pieces. And, once the appearance of unity and directedness in the *past* course of evolution has been dispelled, any projection of the "evolutionary process" into the future becomes purely visionary.

THE PUBLICATION of Teilhard's remaining essays in *The Future of Man* thus has one helpful effect. It draws back the veil of words in which his final conclusions were clothed far enough for us to recognize the ancestry and status of his theories. However much Teilhard tried during his later years to come to terms with the Darwinian and Mendelian tradition, he never in fact succeeded in cutting himself off from his earlier philosophical roots. These roots lay, not in Darwinism at all, but in an older continental tradition, which leads back through Lamarck to the early idealist philosophers, notably Herder.

For authors within this tradition—represented in Britain, not by the professional zoologists, but rather by the philosophers Herbert Spencer and Lloyd Morgan—the word "evolution" was always the name of a cosmic process with a unique, recognizable direction and providential overtones. Throughout the early editions of *The Origin of Species*, by contrast, Darwin avoided using the word "evolution" entirely. This was no accident: his object was to produce a general theory explaining a large number of distinct and separate natural processes, not to reveal the essential plot in a cosmic drama. The dramatic interpretations of organic change put forward by Darwin's more enthusiastic followers imported into Darwinism ideas which had originated elsewhere—in Lamarck or Herder—and which, in the last resort, were probably incompatible with the Darwinian theory. In France, Darwin's explanation of the origin of species for many years made no headway; and even when the doctrine of *transformisme* was grudgingly accepted, toward the end of the 19th century, his key idea of natural selection was played down in favor of a more Lamarckian view. Even now, indeed, eminent English biologists are known to declare privately that "the French have never understood Darwin"; and there is more to this declaration than scientific chauvinism alone. Certainly it can be said quite fairly that the French have always been more interested in the philosophy of evolution than in the humdrum working-out of Darwinian natural history, and these philosophical preoccupations have tempted them to assume that some over-all direction—some "intention of Evolution"—would in due course become apparent in the historical processes of organic change.

Nor was it only idealist and post-idealist philosophers who were open to this temptation. George Bernard Shaw, for instance, denounced the theory of natural selection in his preface to *Back to Methuselah*.

> If it could be proved that the whole universe had been produced by such selection, only fools and rascals could bear to live.

Like all Marxists, Shaw was committed to a directional view of history, in which forms of economic organization succeeded one another in a necessary and predictable order; and such a view of human history dovetailed more comfortably with a Lamarckian account of natural history than with a Darwinian one. (The ideological support given to Michurin and Lysenko in the USSR during recent years was no mere product of temporary political factors: Russian ideologues were right to see that the intellectual affiliations of Marxism link it back to Lamarck and Herder, and differentiate it sharply from the views of Darwin and Mendel.)

The harsh truth is this: so long as genetic variation and natural selection are accepted as the dominant factors in evolution, the zoological processes by which the forms of organic species change can be interpreted only arbitrarily as displaying evidence of "intention." As Teilhard's theological critic, the Dominican Father Olivier Rabut, puts it:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> If this type of explanation is valid, there is no such thing as evolutionary gravity, properly speaking. There is a kind of statistical law of accumulation of effects; this leads, certainly, to a general trend in living forms; but no force, physical or psychical, to be compared with that of gravity; no force extending throughout evolution as a whole does in fact supervene.

There is no pre-conditioning of the variations in organic form to the new environments with which these variants will have to cope—no genetic foresight or clairvoyance. In a word, there is no *orthogenesis*. Variation goes on continuously: the superior adaptedness of certain variants shows itself after the event. The Darwinian notion of natural selection thus broke, by implication, with the "directed" notion of evolution advocated by Lamarck and Spencer.

This implication was not lost on Darwin's first readers. His own teacher at Cambridge, Adam Sedgwick, on receiving his complimentary copy of *The Origin*, protested at once:

> 'Tis the crown and glory of organic science that it *does*, through *final cause*, link material to moral. . . . You have ignored this link; and, if I do not mistake your meaning, you have done your best in one or two pregnant cases to break it.

Once the Darwinian view was accepted, it would no longer be possible to quote evidence of past zoological change in support of edifying conclusions about the moral character of the natural order. So Darwinian theory drove one more nail into the coffin of that natural theology which had been so popular among Protestant scientists and divines throughout the 18th and early 19th centuries.

TEILHARD'S THEORIES in *The Phenomenon of Man* are, accordingly, not scientific theories, but rather the current installments in a quite different tradition—the tradition of "natural theology." From the year 1700 on, religious-minded men in the Protestant world—especially in Britain—had always hoped and expected that the new science would eventually confirm and reinforce the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; and they were correspondingly ready to see in their observations of Nature evidences of "wisdom," "foresight," and "design." Those few of their countrymen, such as David Hume, who warned them against relying too much on seemingly inexplicable marvels in a natural world were ignored, or dismissed as rank atheists. All the hitherto unsolved problems of geology, astronomy, physiology, and natural history were presented as demonstrating that the world of Nature had been created as we now find it "by the Counsel of an intelligent Agent" (the words are Newton's). The result of this enthusiasm for the theological argument from design was to give a hundred hostages to fortune; and, as the physical and biological sciences succeeded in explaining the supposedly supernatural *inexplicabilia*, all of these hostages in turn had to be ransomed, one after another.

In Roman Catholic countries, scientists and theologians were more circumspect. Catholic theology never had the same need to look for direct evidences of Divine activity in the world of Nature. since it was more firmly rooted than Protestantism in Revelation and Church Tradition. So Darwin's theory of natural selection, though slow to be accepted by orthodox Catholic theologians, nevertheless escaped among Catholics the extremes of hostility it experienced among Protestant fundamentalists. From the Catholic point of view, it was not at all necessary that the story of Man's Fall and Redemption should find any analogue or parallel in the structure and history of the natural world. On the contrary: Christianity (for Catholics) had always been a religion of prophecy not prediction, built around a story of supernatural interventions in the affairs of humanity, quite discontinuous with the ordinary course of Nature.

Against this background, one can understand why Teilhard's spiritual directors found his philosophy not just unorthodox but nearly heretical. He treated the Incarnation of Christ not as the incursion into the world of a supernatural agency wholly distinct from the forces of Nature, but as one particular aspect of the evolutionary process itself. To Teilhard, the "cosmic Christ" represented "a consummation of the evolutionary process." "Christogenesis" was the final stage of the same historical process that began with "geogenesis" and continued with "biogenesis" and "noogenesis." The advance of Nature from an entirely inanimate condition, through an era of lower organisms, to our present human era—and onward, presumably, to a hyperpersonal level—was for him a process of progressive "Christification," manifesting the "spiritual energy" of "the Incarnate Christ *Evoluteur*." Father Rabut comments, slightly tartly:

> The spiritual perfection of mankind is not the automatic result of Evolution. Not only does this perfection come about through an ultracosmic force; not only does it depend on a divine gift, of another order from that of creation; but this supernatural gift, although it may become incarnate in the things of nature, does not do so in such a way that evolutionary progress *necessarily* leads to an increase in sanctity.

Even an agnostic like myself can see the force of this objection. As much an amateur in theology as he was in evolutionary theory, Teilhard at this point came near to adopting the position of Spinoza, for whom God and Nature were one and the same.

Taken in isolation, detached from the charm and sincerity of Teilhard's personality—which so impressed all who knew him—there is, surely,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something reckless about Teilhard's theology: it reminds one of the Parson in Stella Gibbons's *Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm*, with his cheerful greeting, "Energy save you." Teilhard's description of the "direction of evolution" as "Christification" has little in common with traditional Catholicism, or indeed with theology of any kind. Such an extreme reinterpretation of Christianity drains it, indeed, so completely of its traditional message that it becomes (terminology apart) scarcely distinguishable from Scientific Humanism. No wonder Julian Huxley found so much harmony between this "revised version" of Christianity and his own secular gospel. Discussing Teilhard's vogue in private among themselves, Catholic theologians must be tempted to comment: *"Ce'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Christianisme."*

ALL THE SAME, we can hardly leave the matter at this point. Teilhard's *Phenomenon* is not science, nor is it good Catholic theology, as science and theology are now understood. Yet is it perhaps the shape of things to come? Do Teilhard's ideas perhaps—as his admirer Canon Raven implies—represent the intellectual synthesis toward which Science, Humanism, Christianity, and other religions are alike moving? (During his time in China, Teilhard developed a great respect and sympathy for the Oriental religions.) No one embraces a heresy just for the sake of the heretic. Teilhard may have been single-minded, charming, honest, and deeply sincere; yet his personality alone would not have won him support unless his ideas had something more to offer. And clearly they had. Again and again, one finds people saying such things as "He spoke to our age." The truth is (I believe) that Christian theology grew up in association with quite different intellectual presuppositions from those we can accept at the present time. The expansion in the time-scale of cosmic history since A.D. 1750, from 6,000 years to 6,000 million, and the consequent replacement of a static picture of nature by an evolutionary one, have removed the intellectual scenery against which the Christian drama had hitherto been viewed. Teilhard's *Phenomenon* is one further attempt in a long series to re-establish a place for natural theology within the new, evolutionary view of nature.

Unfortunately for Teilhard, the full impact of Darwinism goes further than he ever recognized. Evolutionary biology at present holds out no guarantee that there exists any Main Road of Cosmic History, still less that we are on it. Nor does it present us with any "cosmic process" which can be properly interpreted as demonstrating the "intention" of the "Incarnate Christ *Evoluteur*." Nor have we, for that matter, any reason at present to suppose that life as we know it on this earth is the only form of life existing anywhere in the cosmos. All this may conceivably change, if Teilhard's vision has the influence on science that Raven—for example—expects. For the moment, however, Teilhard's picture of man as the cosmic standard-bearer, who alone can fulfill the purposes of evolution, rests less on the established results of science than it does on human pride.

In essence, the point at issue was already an old one, before the 19th-century revolutions in geology and zoology even began. As early as the 16th-century Montaigne had faced the question whether men were entitled to take an anthropocentric view of nature. Given the likelihood that other planets and satellites were inhabited by living creatures, like ourselves, what right had we men to suppose that the whole functioning of the world was arranged for our convenience?

> By what authority does Man assume that this admirable moving of Heaven's vault, the eternal light of these lamps burning so proudly over his head . . . were established and continue so many ages for his commodity or service?

Half a century later Montaigne's questions were being answered by René Descartes. There was no such authority, he replied; nor was it reasonable to demand of science that it should lend any support to an anthropocentric view of the world:

> It is not at all probable that all things have been made for us in such a way that God had no other end in view in making them. . . . We cannot doubt that there is an infinity of things which exist now in the world, or which formerly existed and have now ceased to be, which have never been seen by any man or have been of use to any.

It is an excellent thing that men should think deeply about their place in the world of nature, and relate their goals and ideals to the processes —and potentialities—of Nature. But any attempt to reverse the step taken by Montaigne and Descartes, or to find a single, unambiguous intention informing the whole course of cosmic history, must be regarded with suspicion. There may be legitimate objections to skepticism; but they are as nothing compared with the risks involved in philosophical wish-fulfillment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEO SKIR

OTHER CHANUKAHS

A Story

IT WAS THE first night of Chanukah. I had been working in the Columbia Library that day, on a paper for my History of the English Language class, which paper was to be on a line of Chaucer, chosen by the student. The line was to be translated into modern English, a phonetic transcription to be given of both lines, and the history of each word-change was to be given. For my line I had chosen:

"I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere."

Being a Columbia alumnus, I have the privilege of a stack card, which means that I cannot take the books home. That day, as always, I found reading in the stacks a suffocating experience. The pronunciation guide to Chaucer had been printed, oddly enough, in Stockholm.

I was to meet Ariela at eight down in Washington Square Park before the session of the Country Folk Dance Society. It was our last session before she would leave for her winter vacation in Palm Beach.

Before going home for supper and a shave and shower (Ariela is very particular about those things), I called my parents to wish them a happy Chanukah.

"Where are you phoning from?" my mother said. She always asks this. I always phone from outside my apartment so she won't know I have the phone connected.

"From the library," I said.

"It doesn't sound like a library to me," she said.

"The phones are in a hallway," I said. "Sometimes when people want to get out of studying for a little while they come into the hallway and smoke and laugh."

"Are you in a bar?" she said.

"No," I said, "a library."

"What are you doing tonight?" my mother said.

"Studying," I said.

I have real paranoid feelings about my mother's being able to tell where I really am at any time, her apparent stupidity, being, to my deranged senses, only the fumbling put on by a professional blind man.

"Why don't you come to the house tonight?" Mother said. "Daddy's expecting you." (The reader will note that this was the first indication I had that I was either invited or expected.)

"I'm sorry Mother," I said. "I can't."

"If you can't, you can't," mother said, with the air of Hagar being driven into the desert. "I was just thinking tonight how nice it would be to have the whole family together for Chanukah."

"Well, I'm really sorry," I said (what wonderful villainous hypocrisy! Where did I learn it! Probably Ariela, she is an accomplished liar.)

"Do you think you can come Friday night," she said, "and spend *Shabbos* with us? You could put on your little pee-jays and we'd open up the couch and you could sleep over."

"I'd love to," I said, "but I can't. Look, I have to get out of the phone booth. Goodbye."

Now, the reader, reading this, has come to an immediate misunderstanding of the situation. He sees me as the younger iconoclastic son, having no respect or love for the ancient ceremonies.

Nothing could be further from the truth. I am exceedingly fond of holidays of any sort, and had, as a matter of fact, been reading about just that period of Jewish history in Tcherikover's *Hellenistic Civilization and the Jews*, which had recently come out in English. (It was originally published in Hebrew.)

Let us suppose that I had accepted my mother's invitation.

For the sake of those readers who are not quite sure just what Chanukah is, and what happens during it, I will explain. Chanukah is the celebration of the successful revolt of the Jews against the Syrian-Hellenistic overlordship of Antiochus IV. The rebels were able to chase the Syrians out of the country and they restored the Temple, which had been converted to paganism, to its purity. They were called the Maccabees, after Judah, the leader of the band of brothers who led the rebellion. They were in time to establish the Hasmonean dynasty, whose fate is detailed in Moshe Shamir's *The King of Flesh and Blood* (wonderful novel!).

This story—part of a novel in progress—marks LEO SKIR's first appearance in COMMENTARY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The central miracle (the only one) of Chanukah is the following. When the Temple was recaptured, they put holy oil in the lamp. But it was only enough for one day. It would be eight days before the new batch of pure oil could be produced. But during those eight days the oil, which was only enough for *one* day, continued to burn. To celebrate this miracle, the holiday of Chanukah lasts eight days, and during each day a larger number of candles is lit, one the first day, two the second, three the third, etc. Gifts of money and candy are given out, and games are to be played. The holiday food is potato *latkes* (pancakes). Often, in the Temples in a neighborhood, Chanukah plays are given.

Now:

I come into the house, having brought along the Tcherikover book to show my father. The Tcherikover version of the Maccabee revolution is quite a different story from that told in the Bible in Maccabees I. Tcherikover, in a very clever reconstruction, based only on internal contradictions in that text, suspects that the Hellenistic rulers had not originally violated the people's religious principles, but their later harshness, essentially not religious but political, had been brought about by the need to curb a fanatical high-orthodox Jewish group which had rebelled against the Syrian rule.

Well, of course I am never going to be able to say anything like this to my father, it being impossible in my parents' house to say five continuous sentences on any general subject.

Let us make the attempt:

I: "I've been reading an interesting book about the Hasmonean period."

Dad: "It looks very good. I'd like to read it sometime." My father's spastic existence is such that he has been unable to read any prolonged prose narrative for many years now, his diet being only the New York *Times*. It is his peculiar illusion that he has a great interest in and appetite for history, and that if he had the time he would devote himself to reading history books. The reading of the *Times* he takes as a sign of his vital interest in current history.

I say, "Tcherikover thinks that the Jews brought their troubles on themselves, that the rule of the Hellenistic rulers was, in all probability, lenient, at least in regard to religion."

Dad: "Let me look at it." He takes the book and looks at it.

Dad: "It's got nice print. How much did you pay for it?"

I: "It's only $2.50. It was one of my yearly selections from the Jewish Publication Society."

Dad: "Only two-fifty? *I* can't afford to get a book for two-fifty. Mother and I don't go around buying books."

This is true. The only books they have bought recently have been paperback editions of—*Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover:* both of which my father said were "full of street language." Why he and my mother, who disapprove of "filth" in literature, had selected, during an entire year, only two books, both suspected of obscenity, I leave as a question for cultural historians.

Dad has handed the Tcherikover book back to me. The reader will note that the discussion has left the Hasmonean period and Hellenism completely and has evolved into that operation for which my father and mother were ordained, namely the remedial treatment of pathological features in my makeup.

"Don't you buy a lot of throw-away books and magazines?" Dad asks.

"What's a throw-away book?" I ask.

"Oh you know what I mean," he says, "those paperbacks!"

"Yes, I buy them," I say, "but I don't buy them to throw away. I buy them to read."

"Couldn't you get them out of the library?" he says.

Like all people who have never had a desire to read a specific book, he is absolutely certain that any book one might wish to read is immediately obtainable in the local library. For some reason I have never told him that this is not so.

He has returned the book to me, and I, distracted by his discourse, which had, as was inevitable, become trained on me, like the rays from a cathode tube upon a patient, have made the mistake of putting the book on the coffee table instead of in my lap, as is my custom.

No sooner have I put it on the coffee table than Mother comes in with a cocktail glass full of tomato juice and puts the glass on the book. Mother regards any horizontal book as either a coaster or a hot-plate.

"Mother," I say, "please take the tomato juice off my book."

"Oh," Mother says, "is that your book? I thought it was one of ours. The juice is for you. I don't want you to get too hungry before dinner. Wait, I'll get a coaster."

The coaster turns out to be a napkin with the words, *Aincha Glad You Came?* printed on it.

"How do you like these napkins?" Mother asks.

"They're wonderful," I say.

"I bought them in a store," she says, "I thought they'd be nice if you have guests and you want to give them cocktails before dinner."

Now, there is not in the house any gin, vermouth, shaker, cherries, onions, olives, or any of the possible ingredients of a cocktail, nor does my mother know how to make a cocktail, nor has she ever served cocktails.

"That's a good idea," I say.

Now we go into supper. The reader will remember that the holiday is celebrated by the lighting of the Chanukah lights. Three blessings are said on this first night:

Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, Ruler of the world who hast sanctified us by Thy command-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments and hast bidden us to kindle the Chanukah lights.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, Ruler of the world, who didst wondrous things for our father, at this season in those days.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, Ruler of the world, who hast granted us life and hast sustained us to celebrate this joyous festival.

THE DINNER is a perfectly ordinary dinner, ordinary, that is, qua Mother. If it were anyone else, one might find it curiously deficient. My mother is unable to prepare and serve an entire meal of soup, salad, meat, vegetables, and dessert. I must admit that I sympathize with her, that to prepare all these foods and use all those dishes and silverware, which must be washed afterward, *is* an ordeal, and I can imagine many possible alternatives. To mention only two: having foods which do not need to be cooked, such as cold sliced meats, which can be served in sandwiches, and even to have paper plates—or again, to go out to a restaurant.

But, of course, a restaurant is *not*, as my mother has pointed out, one's own home, and of course, as she adds, "You never know what you're getting in a restaurant."

"Do you like chicken?" Mother says. "I bought it in the store. It's as soft as butter. You could cut it with a butter knife. Here! I want you to have a piece of my breast. It's as soft as butter."

A piece of chicken is deposited in my plate.

"Did you light the lamp?" I ask Mother.

"I went to the store today," she says, "and they were all out of candles. But I took out the lamp. I know you like the lamp."

(These are all imaginings since I did not go to my parents' house on that night, or on any of the eight nights of Chanukah.)

"Wasn't there any store in the neighborhood that had candles?" I ask.

Of course there would be. Rockaway in this section is almost all Jewish, and even if she could not have gotten them, I could have bought some in Manhattan. There are also no potato pancakes.

"Are there any *latkes*?" I ask Mother.

"I know you like them," Mother says, "but it's silly making them for only three people. It's so much trouble cutting up the potatoes, and my hands are bad."

What could I possibly say? That I wanted her to spend time scraping her fingers in a grater so that I could have the pleasure of eating potato *latkes* for a minute or so?

I guess Mother is the other side of the miracle. Instead of the oil which burnt for eight days rather than one, we have the woman who goes to the store and finds that there aren't any candles in stock, and instead of Hannah and her seven sons (all of them, even the youngest, he a tiny child, faced martyrdom and horrible tortures rather than bow to pagan idols), we have Mother who finds that a company of three is under the Critical Mass for which the *latkes* can be prepared.

After supper my father reads the New York *Times* and watches the news on television. Then he falls asleep. Before I leave they give me some *Chanukah gelt*, Chanukah money, which has always been given in the same way, my mother suggesting it and then, in front of me, discussing the amount with Dad, this conversation being held in Yiddish. It was the only time that Yiddish was spoken, since I did not understand Yiddish.

So it can be seen that when Mother invited me to supper on Chanukah, it was not because she was desirous of my participation in any particular feast or ceremony, or even that she wanted to see me.

What was it that she wanted?

Her speech is not to be compared with communication but more to be likened to the gasping of a fish out of water, and with her I always felt that same pity one would feel for the fish, the desire to put it in water. *But*—(how many times I have asked myself this question) *Where Was That Element Where She Would Be At Home?* Neither at Chanukah nor Christmas, Passover nor Easter! She, who had served as homemaker and as nurse for my father in his office, which was in our home, had never been either. If she dies before me and I call to mind her image, it will always be as the composite of these two occupations, she in her white nurse's uniform in the kitchen, carefully turning over the lamb chops in the broiler, or opening the refrigerator to get out the cole slaw, each operation being in some way pitifully clumsy, and I, watching her, knowing that the cooking smells would reach the waiting room, feeling shame for her clumsiness and her lack of professionalism in her nurse's capacity, and also—shame (which I feel now in writing this) for my contempt for her—but having before me my father's example, feeling somehow that the acceptance of these faults of hers, even the passive toleration of them, was dangerous, and that their quantity being legion and they, the faults themselves, being as it were, united, one would find oneself their subject.

BUT STILL, as I on this first night of Chanukah went down in the subway train to meet Ariela (who would be standing near the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square Park), I felt bad—that I had deserted her—as if somehow, I possessed the key, or enchantment, and could, with some word or action, wake her up and take her—where? Some place where Chanukah was celebrated! In Israel, during the Mandate, on Chanukah, a series of relay racers carried a torch from Modein (where the revolt of the Maccabees had started) to Jerusalem.

When I was eight years old, in 1941, and they were putting on a Chanukah play at the Shaari Zedek in my neighborhood, I had gone to the casting session and told them that I wanted to be Judah Maccabee. But I was too young, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed, and was offered only the part of one of the fiddlers of King Antiochus, which I refused. I didn't know how to play the fiddle, I told them.

They had explained to me that these were toy fiddles and it didn't matter.

And *I* said, that repulsive as the idea of real fiddling was to me, fake fiddling seemed even worse. I would not be a fake fiddler.

I was finally offered what the director said was a part in the chorus. There was, in effect, no chorus. The entire cast lined up was a chorus, and the show consisted simply of each member stepping forward in turn, explaining in a short, sung quatrain, who he was (or in the case of the king's three musicians, who they were) and having their lines repeated by the rest. I was the only one who was not someone.

"You have the biggest part," the director explained to me, "You sing everything."

I stared at her wondering, first, if she believed what she was saying, and then, after dismissing this as impossible, whether this lie was one she found acceptable to all eight-year-olds and whether I, in not accepting it, would prove some sort of maverick.

I said nothing and stayed through the rehearsal that Sunday afternoon, walking home moodily through the dirty slush-snow afterward, wondering how I could tell my parents of my defeat. Of course, when I did tell them, they saw nothing wrong with being in the chorus.

But the next Sunday, when the play was given, I did not go to Sunday school. I had a cold, one of the many which filled each winter of my childhood, and I told my parents I had to stay home.

I sat there and thought about the play, hating the play, hating the director. The play was a *comedy* and anyone in his right mind could see that the story of the Maccabees was not a comedy! One of the Maccabees had been killed, crushed underneath an elephant! What a silly play! How glad I was that I had not dignified it with my presence!

And then Dad had come back.

He had gone to the Temple and sat through the entire play! And when it was finished, he had gone backstage where the father of one of the boys who had been in the play was distributing gifts to all the members of the cast. To the boys he gave Indian headdresses, a paper strip in which colored chicken feathers had been inserted. My father had told him that his son had been in the play but had not been able to come, and the man had given Dad an Indian headdress to give me.

Which headdress he now held in his hand.

The wind whistled in the tree outside my window. Few Brooklyn homes had trees outside their windows. I lived opposite a small park which even had a real hillock on which children could sled in winter. That hillock was to be leveled the following winter and the tree outside my window was to fall during the 1941 hurricane.

Now, the eight-year-old Leo only felt discomfort at the coldness of the winter room and also—how odd—at the fact that his father had exposed him. He, Leo, had absented himself from the play, dismissed it entirely, and his father, possessed, had attended the play.

My father had, has, the most genial of open-faced, childlike smiles, which smile he now presented along with the paper Indian headdress. I stared at him, wondering why he was not indignant at the childishness of the play, or bored at being distracted from his own, more vital concerns, and was pleased by this absurd headdress, which was, so obviously, not the proper gift for Chanukah.

"How is it that they let you backstage when you weren't in the play?" I said, staring at the red cherry-flavored cough medicine in the bottle beside my bed.

THIS RECOLLECTION of the eight-year-old Leo was the first Leo story.

I have never felt the shames of childhood less valid than those which follow later. Often myself a victim of shames and regrets, I would find it salutary to remember these former occasions in order to show myself that my present worries would in time appear in a similar diminutive form.

At fourteen I was attending a private school in Brooklyn. It was called Olympus. At one time it had been restricted, but it had let in Jews during the Depression, and now the Children of Israel had conquered it, and although there was still Chapel each Monday, during which we sang "Holy, Holy, Holy," the institution was as much a part of Judah as the threshing floor of the Jebusite.

Now:

On a September morning of 1946, the fourteen-year-old Leo was sitting on a swinging couch on the roof garden of his apartment house. He had brought up his biology textbook and also a small notebook and a pencil.

His mother (I will now switch to the first person to preserve the illusion of veracity), my mother had told me to sit in the sun and I had at first obediently done so, but I found that it was simply quite impossible to read in the sun and had transferred myself to the other side of the roof, which was shaded by an awning. This side was a bit chilly but much more comfortable. Sitting there I had the oddest feeling that my mother would be coming up to the roof and would question me as to why, having taken the trouble to get up there, I now was sitting in the shade, and this thought—that I was disobedient—took away the pleasure I would have felt at the peace of being on the roof and in an environment that I liked. It almost seemed to work itself out into a chemic-physical equation:

Too much sun + approval = Coolness—approval. My general conclusion was that Life,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as far as I had seen it, seemed to consist of imbalance and discomfort. I wondered on this conclusion for a while and also questioned whether I, knowing only one Life, my own, could say that life was happy or unhappy. How could I, being unable, by definition, to be someone else, know if the life of anyone was happier or sadder, or more or less comfortable than mine? I thought on this matter for a while, but, as always with myself, felt my logic was inferior to my intuition. I also thought that there was certainly, for me, the criteria of my life prior to these moments.

It was then that my non-performance of the role of Judah Maccabee came to me, and, sitting on the swinging couch on that Brooklyn rooftop, I wrote the story in my notebook and then looked at it, wondering if the words—which resembled, of course, the ordinary words of notes taken in biology classes and letters and such—were really that magic thing called a story, the sort of thing that (magic possibility!) could appear in print.

When I came downstairs at noon, my parents were getting ready to go to the Bronx to visit our relatives. My brother, Stanley, couldn't go because he was meeting the boys for baseball practice. After our lunch, which was fishcakes and spaghetti, we went outside, and it was then, unable to contain myself, that I told my parents about the story I had written.

They were very angry.

By now we were outside the house, the black-painted, cast-iron, quatrefoil doors had closed behind us, and we were going toward the Pontiac.

"You must be crazy, mister," my father said, his angry face, red with anger, being almost, it would seem, the counterpart of the happy smiling face he had presented the day he returned with the chicken-feather Chanukah headdress. "Are you planning to hand that into school?"

"Yes," I said, "for the school magazine."

"Give it to me!" he said.

"No," I said.

"You heard me," he said. "Give it to me!"

"Why?" I said.

"Are you going to give it to me?" he said, "Or am I going to have to make you?"

"Please Abe," my mother said. "Not in the street. You can get it from him in the car. Leo, let's go to the car."

My father placed his fists on his hips. He is a short man and it was only at such times as these, when he felt that he had to assert his authority, that he looked ridiculous and ineffectual. I think, at that moment, and often later, I would give in to him, not out of fear of his countenance, but out of the desire to sustain his illusion of power.

"Are you going to give it to me *now*?" he said.

"Please Abe—" said my mother, "you'll get it from him in the car. Leo, darling, get in the back of the car."

"No!" my father said. "Now!"

"Here," I said.

I handed him the notebook and he tore out the two pages with the story. Standing there in the street, his legs separated like those of the Colossus of Rhodes (Richard Halliburton says they were not separated, this being, *bien entendu,* too undignified a posture for a statue), he tore the sheets into pieces, and then, being neat, went to the sewer grating at the corner and threw them in.

He had not read the story.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"You're asking me what's wrong!" my father said. "You don't see anything crazy in that?"

"No," I said.

"It's a Jewish thing," my father said. "They wouldn't be interested in a thing like that. You start talking about Chanukah to them and they'll think you're crazy."

"Most of the kids in the school are Jewish," I said, "and the Gentile kids might possibly be interested in a Jewish holiday. Catholics write books about Catholic holidays and Jews read them!"

"No, silly!" my father said. "It's a Christian country and you're going to a Christian school. If you want to write about Chanukah, you write for a Jewish magazine in a Jewish school."

"We should have sent him to a yeshiva," my mother said, and turning her head around to the back to face me, "Would you like that? to go to a yeshiva and wear a skullcap? Would you like that? We'll send you to the yeshiva on Eastern Parkway and you can wear a skullcap!"

She turned around again.

The car went through the Bedford-Stuyvesant district, which I had been seeing that morning from the rooftop, and onto the Williamsburg Bridge.

My parents were during this time repeating their complaints about my behavior. It is apparently the nature of those complaints that, since they follow irremediable wrongs, which cannot be caught up and righted, they, the complaints, must have circular and eternal paths like those of the sinners in Dante's hell driven forever by their passions. But whereas my faults were evident to me only in their consequences, the complaints, which kept at their heels, were all too audible. They would only cease when I was outside their orbit which, at that time, in the back seat of the Pontiac, was not possible.

To distract myself I looked out the window and down below. Through the grating which made the road surface of the bridge, the waters of the East River appeared far below.

*The Parable of the Fishes.**

The Romans had decreed that the people of Israel should no longer occupy themselves with Torah.

And during that time Pappos ben Judah came

*Adapted from Montefiore's *A Rabbinic Anthology.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and found Rabbi Akiba holding great assemblies and studying Torah.

Ben Judah said to Akiba:

"Akiba, are you not afraid of the Roman government?"

To which Akiba replied:

"I will tell you a parable. A fox was walking along the bank of a stream, and saw some fishes gathering together to move from one place to another. He said to them, 'From what are you fleeing?' They answered: 'From nets which men set for us.' And the fox said: 'Why not come on the dry land?' To which the fish replied: 'And they say you are the wisest of animals! If we are afraid in our life-element, how much more so in our death-element?'

"So also it is with us: If now while we sit and study Torah, in which it is written, 'For that is thy life, and the length of thy days' (Deut. XXX, 20), we are in such a plight, how much more so if we neglect it."

Some time after he said this, the Rabbi was arrested by the Romans. He died a horrible death, skinned alive, his flesh torn off with hot metal combs.

THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE on the Manhattan side ends at Delancey Street. Dad stopped at a traffic light outside Ratner's.

"Would you like to live here?" my father said. "If you lived here you could go to a yeshiva and wear *pais*. Is that the way you'd like to live? Huh?"

"Please, Abe," my mother said, "think about your heart. You can't kill yourself over him."

My father turned around (he was still stopped at the red light so that the car was not moving), and said, "When you're in Rome, you do what the Romans do!"

The fourteen-year-old Leo had cringed in the back of the car, tears starting to his eyes. . . .

"What are you looking at?" said Ariela.

We had been walking along Greenwich Avenue to the dance meeting, and I had stopped outside the window of an antique shop, staring at two metal combs which were beside a set of glass beads. They were curling iron combs, with insulated handles. In the parking lot beside the shop stood an old abandoned Pontiac, battered as if someone had beaten it. The rear window facing me was broken. I would have been afraid to look inside the car.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China, Russia & the Experts

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

"BEHIND IT ALL looms Communist China. Now United States experts in the Far East are forecasting that the Chinese will be able to launch short-range nuclear missiles within five years. The U.S. is expected to build up a fleet of six or eight Polaris-carrying submarines in the Pacific to counter the growing Chinese nuclear threat. And in India, the Government's mass arrest of pro-Peking Communists appears to have nipped in the bud a Chinese attempt to undermine Indian morale in advance of a renewal of military pressure in the North."

It does seem at times that the late George Orwell had a true vision of the future when he forecast an unending series of wars between "Eurasia," "Eastasia," and "Oceania." The above passage has been culled at random from a British paper, the *Sunday Times* of January 3, which in this respect can stand for any other Western journal published during the same month. When it comes to China, conservatives, liberals, and socialists begin to look and sound remarkably alike. Even the Communist camp is not immune, as witness the current Soviet attempt to prize North Vietnam loose from Peking's iron grip, while Washington worries about the fate of its satellite in the south. On January 15, the London *New Statesman* reported from Rome:

> News reaching Rome indicates that the Sino-Soviet conflict is at a dramatic state. Peking, it is said in Communist circles here, is not satisfied with the liquidation of Khrushchev, but is insisting on the complete liquidation of the policy of co-existence, and open support for all military operations in Vietnam, Malaysia and very probably Korea and India. Peking wants the acts of the 20th Congress publicly repudiated and an official return to brinksmanship. These are the Chinese conditions for participation in the Moscow conference called for March 1. If Moscow refuses these conditions, the Chinese have threatened to generalize the Communist split by setting up rival Communist parties all over the world.

Well, we know the outcome of this particular maneuver. The interesting bit in the Rome report to the *New Statesman* was the reference to "Communist circles here." It is no secret that the Italian Communist party has for years been in the forefront of "revisionism": a cant term for the process whereby the more intelligent Communists hope to get rid of their Leninist (not merely Stalinist) inheritance. This of course takes time, and it helps if one has a bogy to point to. China is useful to the Italian Communists in this respect, since its dispute with the Soviet Union is conducted in ideological terms, thereby obliging the Russians to lend reluctant aid to parties such as the Italian, whose de-Stalinization has gone a good deal further than the parallel process in Eastern Europe—not to mention the USSR itself.

The whole matter becomes comprehensible only if one abandons the Manichaean notions about Communism which grew up during the cold war, when the Soviet bloc really *was* monolithic, and moreover was committed to the Stalinist perspective of endless terror. This has now come to an end so far as the Russians are concerned. Moreover—and this is their real crime in the eyes of the Chinese—the Soviet leaders have abandoned the perspective of an inevitable Third World War pitting East against West. For this, too, was part of Stalin's legacy, and indeed the part that Peking liked best. If that sounds rather Orwellian, the answer must be that Orwell had gained an insight into the Stalinist mentality. That mentality is now being eroded in Russia and Eastern Europe, with nothing very definite—except ordinary nationalism—taking its place. In Asia it is only beginning to flower.

Since their somewhat belated attainment of office—"power" seems hardly the right word for it—Nehru's old friends in London have been afforded a glimpse of these troublesome realities; and seeing that the British Labour party has traditionally been friendly to India, it has been possible for them to execute a half-turn on the subject of China and its new friend, Indonesia. Readers of the *New Statesman* have had the experience in recent months of finding that journal sternly opposed to Sukarno's attempt to dislodge the British from Singapore and Malaya, though in this he is only following the example of Nasser less than a decade ago. The Egyptian dictator then benefited from a degree of sympathy on the British Left which did not depend wholly on the quite natural reaction to Eden's futile Suez ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

venture. Nasser was an "anti-imperialist"; nay, he was a "socialist." Had he not said so himself? Anyone who pointed out that Hitler also laid claim to this title was automatically dismissed as a spoilsport, a reactionary, an Israeli agent, or a mixture of all three.

Well, Sukarno is as much or as little of a socialist as Nasser (in actual fact the few genuine socialists in both countries are either in jail or in retirement), but he gets no plaudits from the *New Statesman*: possibly because that journal's new editor (Paul Johnson) has been to Indonesia. It is a marked change from the days of Mr. Kingsley Martin, when the Bandung spirit reigned supreme —in London if not in Asia—and hope was felt that Nehru might yet convert Mao and his colleagues to Fabianism. Now Nehru is gone, and Mao is toying with his still small but growing nuclear arsenal.

* * *

I REGISTER these disillusionments with no sense of intellectual or moral satisfaction over being proved right. It is fair to say, however, that some veteran crusaders are only now beginning to discover what other people have suspected for some time: namely, that these new nationalist regimes are neither peace-loving nor democratic. They may of course still be labeled "progressive," in relation to some of their domestic enemies, but this is, so to speak, a second line of defense. For a fascinating example of mental acrobatics on this difficult topic I recommend an article by Mr. Robert Curtis in the winter 1964 *New Left Review*, the bi-monthly organ of the British socialist intelligentsia. It is in some respects the counterpart of the New York *Monthly Review* edited by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, but more sophisticated and less Maoist. Mr. Curtis is tolerant of Sukarno's antics, and on general grounds inclined to favor at least some aspects of Indonesia's campaign against British-protected Malaysia. But he has no illusions about Indonesian nationalism, or about the motivations that go into Sukarno's self-styled "socialism."

> The class struggle as such has very little meaning. Bourgeois roles are filled by Chinese, and anti-Chinese feeling is deep and widespread. But the hatred is traditional, racial and far too diffuse to be termed a class antagonism pure and simple. Above the Chinese, the new intelligentsia lives the luxurious and philistine lives typical of Third World elites. But their numbers are few, and if they exploit anyone directly it is the officious aid-givers of America, Russia, the Chinese People's Republic and Japan. Little is extracted from the masses and little is given them. This would not be so disastrous a situation if Java's inexorable self-asphyxiation were not proceeding at so rapid a pace.

The author, who appears to know the area well, seemingly anticipated Sukarno's recent decision to withdraw from the United Nations, thereby taking a long step toward the establishment of the Chinese-dominated bloc in Asia which is presumably Peking's immediate strategic goal. Writing before the Indonesian withdrawal, he was already able to provide a suitable rationale for this latest exercise in "neutralism":

> Though for diplomatic reasons Indonesia has never gone so far as openly to say so, most elite Indonesians effectively regard the Russians as conservative and established. This shift, of course, largely corresponds to historical realities, the decline of the Cold War in its old terms, and the growing Russo-American Entente. This development has undermined the respectability of the Indian Third World policy. Russia and the US no longer, if they ever did, require Third World mediation of their disagreements. The Third World's freedom to play off the competing Great Powers threatens to be sharply reduced. This in turn promises a decline in military and economic subventions. And in a UN dominated by the new Entente Cordiale, from which China is excluded, the importance of the new emerging forces could be seriously diminished.

This worldly cynicism—a socialist inheritance from the imperial past—may be usefully contrasted with the full-blooded Maoism of Peking's American friends. In a country which has never had, and does not look like getting, an adult form of Marxism, the world scene divides itself quite naturally into the "imperialist" camp and that of the oppressed countries. This kindergarten view of history—a sort of inverted Dullesism—is spelled out at length in the December 1964 issue of Huberman and Sweezy's *Monthly Review*:

> Though the Chinese were not present at Cairo, the outcome of the Conference was a victory for their view of the world situation and of the crucial role of the underdeveloped countries of the capitalist world in the struggle against imperialism. By the same token it was a defeat for the Soviet version of peaceful coexistence which subordinates the anti-imperialist role of the underdeveloped countries to that of the socialist countries and the working-class movements in the advanced capitalist countries. After Cairo there could no longer be any question of the moral ascendancy of Peking over Moscow in the underdeveloped world. And this fact, it seems reasonable to suppose, may have had more than a little to do with the timing of the fall from power of the main architect of the Soviet defeat.

The editors of the *Monthly Review* agree with Chou En-lai in holding that Khrushchev's fall was "a good thing." For the rest, they give it as their considered opinion that "the Chinese possession of a nuclear potential does not increase the danger of nuclear war. Quite the contrary. The Chinese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have solemnly pledged never to be the first to use nuclear weapons—something which the United States has adamantly refused to do—and their revolutionary record of devotion to the cause of socialism and progress entitles them to full trust and confidence." Even Kingsley Martin in his prime never went quite so far as that.

I suspect this kind of fatuity is no longer possible in Britain, though clearly it still has a future in America. The British Left was badly burned during the Stalin era, and has become shy of repeating the experience. Besides, Maoism makes less of an emotional appeal in a country which has divested itself of its colonial possessions. The fund of anti-imperialist sentiment has run almost dry, though Singapore (and Mr. Harold Wilson's patriotic nonsense about "being strong east of Suez") still provides occasional replenishment. Lastly, the British Left does genuinely believe in "peaceful co-existence," and is reluctant to sacrifice this hope on the altar of a racial struggle led by the Chinese. If one adds that there are no Black Muslims in Britain, and that "Black Maoism" is not a suitable option for disillusioned Labourites, or even for British Communists, one sees why a periodical like the *New Left Review* can afford to be cynically tolerant of claims which are still treated with humorless solemnity in the corresponding American quarters.

All of which is not to say that the *Monthly Review* editors may not be right in thinking that the Soviet regime is turning "conservative"—in the sense of conserving what it has got. This usually happens after a revolution. In the case of Russia it took a bit long, but by now the Soviet Establishment has come to rest upon a fairly solid foundation. "This group enjoys a monopoly of power and a range of privileges which set it apart from the mass of the Soviet people by a virtually unbridgeable social abyss," as Huberman and Sweezy put it, thirty years after Trotsky. Actually it isn't the "privileges" of the "group" that matter, but the fact that the "group" has come to represent a whole new post-revolutionary society. Under Stalin this was not the case: in those days the "group" already had plenty of privileges, but it operated in a void and could follow its political and ideological bent, whereas now it has to minister to the needs of an environment much more complex than the rather primitive Russia which emerged from the civil war. Stalin could run what has been called "a permanent revolution from above" because the dictatorship was the only organized force in an amorphous society, and because the revolutionary dynamic let loose by the 1917 upheaval was not yet exhausted. Now the dynamic has run down, and the society has become resistant to the constant pressure exerted from above by the party apparatus, itself torn by internal conflicts and dangerously overstretched. The net result is a very natural tendency to relax and let the system operate under its own steam.

ANYONE WHO, like myself, pursues the futile trade of Sovietology must expect to read a deal of nonsense on this subject. But there are limits to what the public should be asked to put up with. It is bad enough to have rival views put forward by professional and amateur Kremlinologists who make a habit of contradicting each other for no better reason than professional jealousy. (When A. says Khrushchev's fall was due to the conflict with China, you can be sure B. next week is going to announce that, on the contrary, it was due to the mess in agriculture.) And things get even worse when they are all simultaneously headed in the wrong direction.

For some years now it has been the fashion among political analysts of what may broadly be called the Deutscher-Crankshaw school to group all the new stirrings in the Soviet bloc under the general heading of "de-Stalinization" or "liberalization." It makes no difference whether the trend in question is opportunist (as with Khrushchev), patriotic (Tito), or genuinely revisionist (as with the now defeated "liberals" in Poland). As long as it marks a turning away from Stalinism, it is welcomed as a forward move and gets the automatic blessing of Western commentators. At one time even the Peking regime was grotesquely hailed as "liberal" because in 1956, for perfectly good political reasons, it advised Moscow to make some concessions to the Poles. That Mao also pressed for the most ruthless treatment of the Hungarians was conveniently overlooked.

In recent months this school of thought has found encouragement in the most unlikely places, notably in Rumania, where an upsurge of traditional nationalism has partly eroded the habit of looking to Moscow and parroting Soviet slogans. Instead of asking themselves what Rumanian nationalism is really like, and what its growth may portend for the few authentic "liberals" in that wretched country, reporters and commentators are celebrating Georghiu Dej's maneuvers as though they signified a kind of political renaissance. What they really represent is a halting return to the old Rumanian habit of playing both ends against the middle and an attempt to evolve "National Communism" as the official ideology. This *might* be a step forward (it was in Yugoslavia during the early 1950's), but in Rumania "National Communism" is only a few inches removed from National Socialism. My guess is that the Rumanian regime, while retaining the Communist veneer, will evolve in a distinctly fascist direction: totalitarian, nationalist, chauvinist (no national minority in the world gets more brutal treatment than the Hungarians in Rumania), and quite indifferent to liberal and Western values.

The Polish situation is more complex and slightly more hopeful. Whereas in Rumania there are no "liberals" to speak of, there are some in Poland: mostly repentant Stalinists of the intellectual variety (many of them Jews). The rising force,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, is represented by the so-called "Partisans" or "National Communists"—a stratum of former underground resistance leaders who combine the traditional Polish nationalism with the equally traditional Polish anti-Semitism. Gomulka's recent concessions to this group suggest that its influence is growing, while both the old-guard Stalinists and the "liberals" are in retreat. Once more the situation is rather different from what a steady reader of, say, the New York *Times* might imagine it to be. I mention this journal because its foreign coverage is regarded as reliable by most people of my acquaintance. I can only say that much of its overseas reporting seems to me inadequate, and on occasion even misleading. Not factually incorrect —just off the point and somehow contriving to give the wrong sort of impression.

There are variations, of course. Some correspondents are better than others, and all of them certainly go to great lengths to find all the news that's fit to print. What they do with it is another story. Or perhaps it isn't their fault; perhaps the facts are somehow mangled and mashed up in the editorial sausage machine. In any case, the result in some instances is not only unappetizing, but literally not worth the paper it is printed on. I recognize that these are harsh words, and that such charges need substantiating; that will be the business of another day. For the moment I content myself with a warning shot.

* * *

So FAR AS the interpretation of Soviet reality in the British and American press is concerned, one may safely say that the culprits are not the reporters, but the resident Kremlinologists in London and New York. It is they who set the tone: e.g. in laying all the stress in their analyses of the current situation on the timid experiments with market research, while saying as little as possible about the less agreeable features of the Brezhnev-Kosygin regime—for example, the new eminence of that hulking menace, Alexander Shelepin. Currently most readers of the Western press must be under the impression that the most powerful man in the USSR, next to Brezhnev and Kosygin, is Professor Liberman, author of the startling doctrine that a customer should be measured for size before a pair of pants is put on him. This discovery, and even more its promulgation in *Pravda*, was widely hailed in the West as an intellectual revolution, even as a departure from Marxism, though in point of fact Marx never said, or even hinted, that pants should not be made to measure. It is now widely accepted that Liberman is the Einstein of Soviet economics. Everyone has heard of him; how many people have heard of Shelepin? Yet Shelepin is a great deal more important than all the Libermans combined. Under Khrushchev he was merely chief of the Political Police. Now, at the age of forty-six, he is a full member of the Presidium. He has already been to Cairo to talk things over with Nasser, and he is plainly being groomed (or grooming himself) for bigger things. His successor as secret police boss is that amiable young fellow, Semichastny, who in 1957 called Pasternak a swine and worse. My guess is that these "Young Turks" (the title predictably bestowed upon them by the inevitable Mr. Crankshaw in the London *Observer*) have a lot in common with their opposite numbers in the Polish "Partisan" group: in other words, they see eye to eye about "National Communism." Is this a good thing for the West? That will depend on the Chinese. If they go on playing their cards as badly as they have lately, they may drive the Moscow "Thermidorians" further Right than at the moment they probably intend to go. In which case Suslov may be the next casualty. Even so, "National Communism" of the Shelepin sort is not a wholly reassuring phenomenon. It may be more realistic than the traditional variety, but its combination of Great Russian nationalism and Great Power muscle-flexing evokes unpleasant memories.

This, needless to say, is not how Mr. Crankshaw of the *Observer* sees it. He has it on reliable authority that Khrushchev's bloodless demise represented a breakthrough for a new type of Soviet man—"intelligent, curious, politically minded citizens" who are impatient to advance beyond the narrow bounds of Soviet conformism. "In a word, Khrushchev first made it possible for these people to breathe and begin to live—but, having done this, fearful of being swept away and running out of ideas, he tried to hold them back. He was swept away all the same." If this isn't the Whig Interpretation of History all over again, it is the next best thing. The joke is that Mr. Crankshaw has for years been functioning as a kind of interpreter for the Delphic utterances of Mr. Isaac Deutscher, who is anything but a Whig. It is largely owing to their joint efforts that so many people have come to equate the inevitable modernization of Soviet society with the growth of "liberalism."

There is no need to underrate the magnitude of Khrushchev's service in doing away with Stalinism. It certainly took courage in 1956 to make that speech (which has still not been published in the USSR). All the same, let us try to keep a sense of proportion. Who knows, if Germany had won the war, might there not, after a few years, have been an attempt to dissociate the now triumphant Third Reich from some of Hitler's personal exploits? I fancy at some stage there might have been a Secret Speech by Goering on Gestapo excesses, and perhaps even a de-Hitlerization campaign (led by Eichmann). That, more or less, is the moral equivalent of what we have been witnessing so far in the Soviet Union. The Shelepins and Semichastnys do not convey the impression that they were greatly shocked by the "revelations" of their former boss. As for Mr. Crankshaw's "intelligent, curious, politically minded citizens"—in what sense can they be called "citizens" as long as they are not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allowed to open their mouths in public? It is a curious concept of citizenship which restricts the meaning of the word to the possession of a passport and a high-school certificate. Russia (like Prussia before it) has inhabitants; it has no citizens. To acquire them it will first of all have to get rid of the autocratic police state which, for all the current talk about liberalization, is still the chief political reality in that country.

* * *

I HAVE LEFT myself little room for comment on the other notable events of the past few weeks: the unlamented sinking of the Multilateral nuclear navy (did ever a phantom fleet disappear more rapidly and completely from view than this ghostly armada?), the tribulations of the British Labour government, and the death of Winston Churchill. In a sense all three belong together, for Churchill's departure aptly symbolizes a state of affairs only thinly concealed by Mr. Harold Wilson's pathetic attempts to play at being a world statesman. It is too bad he lost his Foreign Secretary and had to appoint a specialist on home affairs to succeed Mr. Gordon Walker, who at least knew German and had some notions (albeit rather hazy ones) about foreign policy. What is worse is the persistence of the old illusion that the world in general, and America in particular, looks anxiously to Whitehall for a lead, when it should be evident that the British government can no longer play the part of go-between in the cold war, as to some extent it still did during the Eisenhower-Macmillan era. The Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to London in 1956 was already something of a formality. Kosygin's current visit (minus Brezhnev, who stays at home) is a mere charade, a gesture of politeness toward Mr. Wilson's government, which is now up to its neck in urgent domestic problems and hardly able to play the intermediary on the world scene.

It is a pity Churchill in his closing years had to witness this decay. As it happens, the last considerable British initiative in foreign affairs (other than the lunatic Suez episode, which disclosed a pronounced suicidal streak on Eden's part) occurred toward the end of his last Premiership. In March 1953, immediately after Stalin's death, Churchill determined to seize the fleeting opportunity and extract a peace treaty from Stalin's successors. His information (which turned out to be correct) was that Malenkov and Beria, then temporarily in joint control, were ready to accept German unification—on terms that might be bearable. He proposed an immediate Mission to Moscow—headed by himself. (Privately, when asked what he planned to do, he said "I shall drink the Politburo under the table and get them to sign a peace treaty.") Unfortunately, Eisenhower and Dulles temporized, and Eden did his best to sabotage the operation. Those were the days of empty rhetoric about "rolling the Russians back," and Churchill's initiative was not welcomed in Washington. While the issue was still in the balance, he suffered a slight stroke and his colleagues hastily interred the whole plan. In June Beria fell, and the opportunity was gone, to be followed by six years of Dullesian rhetoric about "rollback" which came to an end only when Eisenhower invited Khrushchev to Camp David and virtually recognized the status quo. Since then the Germans have been alone in believing that *Wiedervereinigung* is still on the agenda.

There have been other missed opportunities, such as the one early in 1950, before the Korean War, when the Chinese could *perhaps* have been induced to join the UN (by now they no longer care). But the 1953 incident is of particular interest because it involved one of the three architects of the Yalta settlement which led to the effective partition of Central Europe. It was perhaps the last chance to undo some of the mischief then perpetrated, and it was fitting that Churchill should have made his last major personal effort on this occasion. Characteristically he was let down by his colleagues and overruled by Washington. It was a foretaste of coming humiliations—all due to the ebbing of British power—and of the Soviet-American duologue which now, after ten wasted years, seems about to turn into something like a genuine conversation. Better late than never, no doubt, but too late for Mr. Wilson and the Labour party to claim their share. They had better get down to their real business, which is to make the British economy more productive, and the country more democratic. After all, no one expects miracles from them, and it would be a miracle if Britain could still play the role it had when Churchill "made the lion roar." No nation can live on such memories forever. "We will boast all our lives that we lived when Winston Churchill was alive," as the *Economist* put it in what, for that journal, was a remarkably eloquent tribute. But the moment has now come when the British must turn their minds to the future.

GEORGE LICHTHEIM, *one of our contributing editors, and author of* Marxism *and* The New Europe, *is spending the current academic year as a Senior Research Fellow at Columbia University. He will be conducting this department throughout 1965.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACADEMIC WOMEN

Mary Ellmann

SINCE THEIR political equality was secured by the suffragettes, American women have toyed with the idea, the possibility in nature, of entering college teaching, and all other fields of educated work formerly reserved for men. But as Mrs. Jessie Bernard points out in her recently published *Academic Women*,* their first happy flush of professionalism in the 20's dwindled in the 30's, and almost disappeared in the 40's in what might have been regarded as a new vagary, a revived enthusiasm for femininity and its most convincing proof, the bearing of many children. But now, presumably, college women have grown calm about parturition too, settling down to a much less feverish purpose, really to emulate men at last in being both sexual and highly educated. This new endeavor, though it suggests a perfect union of opposites, may be more attainable in college teaching than it appears at first. Of this fresh group of women the honorary president might well be Mary McCarthy—always beautiful (and her profile is strong), always married, and always making the most industrious use of a quick, informed intelligence.

But then she teaches only sporadically, and her connections are closer with art than with pedagogy. The troubles of academic women arise from their formal training and their formal use of training as teachers. There the difference, or the problem, lies. Other activities of body and mind have been allowed to women in the past. Their rightful share of gross physical exertion has always been inalienable. An absolute equality here, in fact, has been obscured only by the one condition, that they should not be seen enjoying it. Most heavy *outdoor* work in the city has always been confined, therefore, to men. And for at least two centuries Western women have been free to think—as long as, again, they carried on the activity in discreet privacy. They became novelists because novels could be written in sitting-rooms and because until the 19th century, novels, written or read, were something male relatives indulged as a female pastime. Women wrote letters and lyrical poems. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways," asserts a small arithmetical skill as well. And women's minds became pleasantly associated, of course, with a superior intuitive power, a befitting faculty since it was untrained, instinctive, mysterious. In the past a man might be guided by this quality in a wife as warriors before him were advised by a sheep's entrails.

But in their invasion of academic education in the 20th century, women have relinquished the intuitive faculty, so effortlessly come by ("slattern thought," Adrienne Rich calls it), to train themselves consciously and methodically as logicians and anatomists. The sexual and social effects of their new preference have been felt gradually, but now the initial response, uncertain and curious, would seem to have coalesced for some in an intense dislike. Dislike, at any rate, is the judgment, not of Mrs. Bernard's study, but of our novels of the 60's, which find it repulsive that women should bare their minds in public. This reaction is, of course, not wholly modern: the hint of rationality in the female has frequently been found distasteful in the past (see Chaucer's Pertelote). And yet there seems to be no recalling the old peaceful allotment of faculties between the sexes. To suggest, like a character in Wallace Markfield's *To An Early Grave* ("You couldn't think up his stories and he couldn't make your coffee"), that each sex can be happy in its own forte, has come to sound fatuous. Formal training has destroyed that old clarity of separate aims and separate gratifications.

BUT THE loss, as it seems to some, is repeatedly lamented. Just when women have reached a fairly stable position in the universities (holding to at least a steady 10 per cent of the Ph.D.'s each year), one becomes aware of a tremulous, and yet concerted, outcry in fiction for the old duality of learned man and lovely woman. And this new turbulence of dislike for formally educated women is still to some extent based on the old assumption that study dessicates women, renders them ugly, bespectacled, angular. So, in *A Severed Head*, Iris Murdoch has Martin Lynch-Gibbon refer to Honor Klein, the Female Don, as "looking like a haystack," and one of the first isolated details about her is "a stout crepe-soled shoe." (Not that Honor hasn't still some avant-garde surprises up her rough tweed sleeve.) And Quentin, in Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*, subscribes to a degree of this old assumption in deploring the fact that Louise, the bacteriologist, holds an ugly, angular conviction that to be a "separate person" is "maturity." Between her microscope and her analyst, she has lost all her husband's warm, mystical sense of human complicity.

As learning used to be thought spiky, ignorance was charming, and Quentin echoes this early association as well in his bathetic utterance to Maggie:

* Pennsylvania State University Press, 331 pp., $6.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Honey, you know how to see it all with your own eyes; that's more important than all the books." But both teams of ideas began to break up in the late 19th century and are really only souvenirs now. George Eliot was learned and ugly (so far, so good) but she managed to bowl over one of the first of the conservative American writers, Hawthorne, by her sexual shenanigans. She set a pattern, evidently, in the minds of several novelists to follow her, since the new assumption is that learning turns a woman, not angular, but dissolute. If Bellow's Madeleine reads Soloviëv instead of folding her husband Herzog's undershirts, it follows that she will betray him with Valentine Gersbach. The classics scholar, Dorothy Murchison, in John Aldridge's *The Party at Cranston*, is "the author of three definitive works on the literary culture of Greece and Rome," and "her qualifications for bed were no less impressive." Her union with Waithe, the wraith-like narrator, happened to be "consummated to the accompaniment of the shelling of Cherbourg—an activity which she had likened, between moans, to the siege of Troy."

The effects of study upon the body itself, apart from its diversions, have also been freshly interpreted. The academic torso grows now more grotesque than pallid. Herzog can tell when Madeleine is excited by ideas because then her voice sounds "positively like a clarinet." And when she reads her Russian encyclopedia, her nose twitches. What she says to Shapiro in the garden is apparently invalidated by Herzog's noticing that Shapiro notices her behind. And Shapiro, who offends by answering her, is punished by the same argument *ad corpus*: whatever *he* says seems invalidated by his having an ulcer. Breasts, above all, are considered to be at odds with the pursuit of knowledge. Delivering a formal lecture, Dorothy Murchison wore "a black and very low-cut evening gown beneath which she obviously had nothing on whatever" and "her large breasts bulged threateningly out upon the desk at which she sat." Profanation of a desk. And Bernard Malamud, in his somber way, carries this point on to pathology. Pauline Gilley, heroine of Malamud's *A New Life*, is given to simple, untutored profundities: "I married a man with no seeds at all." In her final, pregnant happiness with the seedy Levin, she is developing new breasts and she smells like "fresh-baked bread." But Levin's colleague, the instructor Avis Fliss, smells of orange blossom perfume and tobacco; and her life, dedicated to remedial grammar, will never be new. Her breasts are extraordinarily depressing, even among academic women characters: hanging "like water-filled balloons," scarred by one bout of surgery and due for another. Levin is obliged to examine a second "benign fibroma."

Sorely afflicted with all these physical distortions, educated women are found to be generally malformed in character as well. They are bad-tempered; they fume and rage and tear sheets. Avis Fliss is a snoop. Madeleine Herzog is a bad housekeeper—she leaves veal bones under the sofa. But her successor in Herzog's affections, Ramona (perhaps because she never did finish that M.A. in art history), remains sweetly, very simply sexy, and a great little cook to boot. And Madeleine is a fraud: what she really likes to read, Herzog confides, is murder mysteries. (But she has at least *that* in common with Sartre.) Louise, the first lady in Miller's *After the Fall*, is a fraud too: it was Quentin, of course, who got her an *A* by writing her paper on Roosevelt. Both women are jealous of their husbands' talents and try to steal attention away from them. Quentin, with saintly restraint, tells Louise:

> I wasn't *angry;* I simply felt that every time I began to talk you cut in to explain what I was about to say.

Herzog is frankly annoyed:

> Madeleine, by the way, lured me out of the learned world, got in herself, slammed the door, and is still in there, gossiping about me.

Holga, the third lady in *After the Fall*, is educated too (Quentin can tell when she is upset because then she talks "desperately" about architecture), and the thorough approval accorded her is therefore puzzling at first. But the play furnishes reasons why she is right in being educated while Louise is wrong. (1) Holga is an archaeologist, not a bacteriologist (Louise has said, "Quentin, I saw you getting angry when I was talking about that new anti-virus vaccine.") (2) Between Louise and Holga comes Maggie, a massive dose of know-nothing even for a man with a taste for it. (3) Finally, Holga, like Quentin, can survive higher education because she, like Quentin, is loaded with emotional insight: "I think one must finally take one's life in one's arms, Quentin."

If the less joyful ladies of these tales are not capable of this solipsistic embrace, it is perhaps because they are already encumbered with the lives of others, or with the hatred of themselves emanating from those other lives. Herzog achieves the most eloquent venom. Arthur Miller is reduced once again to the predictable; at the end of an argument with Louise, Quentin thunders, "Bitch!" The reader is guiltily relieved (because the scene is unmistakably perorative in tone) when Dorothy Murchison gets her come-uppance, her bruised breast (one of those which threatened the lecture audience) and her bloody nose.

YOUNG WOMEN SCHOLARS, quailing before this modern fiction, might well retreat into Jane Austen's propriety of "acomplishments accustomary to the sex." But fortunately ambition in women as in men is often ruthless, and often indifferent to literary judgments. Moreover, with excellent timing, Mrs. Bernard appears now on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book scene, to reassure and encourage. Reading her cheerless but dispassionate statistics, the thesis of the current novel (that intellectual women are bound to be hateful) begins to seem a temporary and eccentric inflammation of male self-pity in fiction, rather than an index of general feeling in the actual society. The truth of the matter must be, as always, less histrionic. What interests Mrs. Bernard is not so much the disturbance caused to lovers and husbands by women's education, as the disturbance caused to the women themselves. Their real problem in teaching is not that they cease to be women, but that they *cannot* cease to be women. The academic woman, as she enters her profession, is visualized by sociologists as wheeling before her, in a mental grocery cart, all the stock impedimenta, the staples, of her feminine role. Far from losing them, she cannot get rid of her passivity, her diffidence, her compliance, her leniency, her "conserving, stabilizing, appeasing" nature.

If she speaks as inoffensively seldom as possible, her colleagues find her "withdrawn." If she teaches part-time in order to tend husband and children as well, her colleagues feel she is not seriously "involved" in the profession. If she teaches full-time and devotes herself to the nurture of students, she reveals a new shortcoming: a tendency toward "momism" in what the academic men believe should be as stark and rigid a training as that of the Coldstream Guards. If she consults members of her "field" freely, they assume that she is making advances. If she keeps a decorous distance, they consider her outside the real pulsing life of the subject. Even if she speaks eloquently, she finds it difficult to hold undivided attention. A man teacher reports to Mrs. Bernard:

> There she [his colleague] stands. A beautiful woman. Above her neck she is talking about the most abstruse subject. From the neck down her body is saying something altogether different.

And undeniably, even if she dresses in a spacesuit, the academic woman is always at some physical disadvantage. It is not, of course, as great as some men imagine it to be. Another male witness, confined to a sanatorium, his life evidently an intravenous illusion, announces in Mrs. Bernard's report that he now understands what it is like to be a woman. But all well women must demur: being female is not quite or not always a postoperative sensation. Moreover, the profession has never been noted in either sex for its great strength. But still, these women are aware of minor physical deterrents. Menstrual schedules do not yield priority to class schedules. The nine months of pregnancy are, as likely as not, the nine months of the school year. In fact, the problems which women create by attempting to lead both sexual and intellectual lives, attract so much sociological concern that one is left with an impression of wilful self-divisiveness in contrast with the disciplined wholeness and continuity of male careers. The coincidence that men too are repeatedly diverted from study by the marital act is obscured by the women's monopoly of child care. Most academic husbands, with the exception of Herzog, are therefore ready to report they are glad to be married; quite a few academic wives record less contentment.

Their physical difference causes the familiar difference between the careers of academic husbands and wives. College teaching careers depend more than others upon regularity. The academic law is that the first seven steady years of famine guarantee thirty-three more of tenure. The instructor who meets every class, corrects most of the papers, publishes an article a year in the trade journal, and escapes being seduced by a student, cannot fail. At worst, he will transfer at a higher rank to a lower institution.

BUT WOMEN do fail, because their careers are notorious for interruption. The irregular history of most rouses suspicion of all from the start. Even as young, unmarried, and gifted applicants, women look treacherous to a fellowship committee. The male body holds no academic swindles in store. Its square bulk in the chair immediately suggests to the committee the uneventful filling of some job somewhere for the next half century. Unless the women applicants promise celibacy (a pious solution offered by David Riesman in his introduction to Mrs. Bernard's book—offered, at least, as an alternative to marrying "dreadfully inadequate men") or, married, promise to be barren, there is always that risk of their quitting before the fellowships have, in a way, been paid back. And if they *are* hired as instructors, women are capable of madcap romances—with other members of the faculty or, worse, with members of the faculty in their own departments. In the event of so thoughtless a marriage within the profession, the wife, in the past, invariably resigned. Now nicety yields gradually to necessity, to the shortage of teachers, and some of these brides are allowed to stay on. But still, married women teachers are prone to resigning. They reproduce and resign, they make beds and resign, they trail along after their husbands wherever their husbands' jobs erupt on the globe, and resign again.

The hapless women whom Mrs. Bernard describes make clear, nevertheless, that the profession is not quite forgotten, that it nags and pulls at them, and that—totally dismissed from the minds of their old colleagues—they reappear one day to sign a new (and, of course, punitively meager) contract. By having to leave their work so often, these women become distinct, too, in their compulsion to resume it. In four, ten, sixteen years the trauma of marriage is healed. And like Jane Eyre, that most academic heroine of all, the wives are no sooner nursed back to sensibility than they open their mouths and teach again. College deans have no way of guessing this lurking, dormant in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention. Lovers and husbands confuse it with sexual invitation or sexual rebuff—a regrettable, though rather touching, single-mindedness. The personal accounts of the dilemma furnished to Mrs. Bernard are dreary, repetitive, threnodic for many paragraphs, but they all conclude with the decision to study and teach again. Once put to graduate school, women evidently harbor thereafter, until death do part, an implacable instrumentality of mind.

MARY ELLMANN *has taught English at Wellesley College and Roosevelt University. She reviewed* I Never Saw Another Butterfly *in last month's issue.*

* * *

NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM

Gloria Goldreich

THEY ARE NOT a drinking group, the Israelis. When letters from home have been few or not at all, they may brood their way through one or two bottles of beer but usually coffee is their drink—strong espresso served in tiny cups with thick dregs hugging the rims. But on May 7 they do not drink coffee. On that night, when spring is breaking through New York, and the hills of the Galilee and the mountainsides of Jerusalem are flooded with anemones, they hold huge parties on Manhattan's West Side, in the university districts of Boston and Chicago, on the hills of San Francisco. They drink hard liquor at those parties, usually in apartments where packing crates still serve as bookcases and the china is still unmatched. There is a lot of music at the May 7 parties, pouring from the high fidelity set, generally an excellent piece of machinery with effective speakers strewn throughout the apartment because a *patiphon* is an easily justifiable purchase, an essential item to be "taken back," and records are imperative acquisitions. A guitar in a scarred case slumps at the door but no one can remember who brought it and it occasionally lingers on for weeks after the party until Shmuel or Yaakov or Malach stops by to collect it. At intervals the phonograph music dies down and a group will begin singing. But the songs stop almost as suddenly as they began. The sad songs are too sad and it is, after all, a happy night, celebrating a triumph—*atzmauth,* independence. The happy songs, the vigorous hymns of growth and rebirth, of heroism and energy, echo strangely on Manhattan's West Side, and the blare of automobile horns heralding a traffic jam invariably jars the refrain.

The languages are mixed. An urgent argument in Hebrew, idle flirtations in English, a smattering of French, and now and then even whispers in Yiddish. As the evening wears on and the guests move in and out, a small group gathers in a corner and the talk weaves into a tapestry half threaded with English and half with Hebrew. It is hard, so late at night, after so much liquor and so many memories, to remember which language, is, after all, the language of private thought and feeling.

Shmuel G., the novelist, wanders from party to party. In the course of the evening he takes the Broadway bus uptown and downtown, stopping now and then at an open liquor store to buy another bottle for another host. At one party or another he catches a glimpse of his wife across the room and they acknowledge each other with lifted eyebrows, like acquaintances in a crowded subway, and turn away without interest.

"Shmuel G., the novelist is here," the younger guests tell their friends and glance across the room to where he sits, a narrow smile playing across his face, clutching the paper cup, angry at its flimsiness, at the liquor, annoyed with the lights in the room, repelled by the dimness. He has not written a novel for three years, although there are always rumors that he is working on something which will explain it all, justify it all, clarify everything. There are also rumors that he has just finished a play and it will be produced on Broadway. There are rumors that he and his wife are returning to Israel and rumors that he has applied for American citizenship. There are those who say that his American father-in-law tried to shoot him on a Westchester estate; others who swear that his wife's family have offered to subsidize him while he works on an important opus.

Now and then during the year Shmuel may be seen at one of the Israeli cafés, a Hebrew paper folded meticulously down the middle in one hand and the ever-present espresso cup balanced in the other hand. But he is not a regular at the cafés. No one leaps across the floor to welcome him, and those of his own generation who know him turn away uneasily. He is not invited to join their chess games or their arguments, and the scrabble players do not even look up when he comes in. The scrabble players are very young, some of them the children of men and women who are raising their offspring on Long Island instead of in Natanya. They speak a spitfire Hebrew which Shmuel has difficulty understanding, and at fifteen and sixteen they are sewn into a double-seamed uniform of contempt—shrugging their mohair-covered shoulders at the American Zionist youngsters and at their parents who have committed the cardinal sin of belonging nowhere.

Shmuel, winner of a coveted prize for literature, veteran of the Haganah, former confidante of generals, ministers, and Hebrew University professors, has moved among them for years. He is a pioneer in the giant kibbutz without borders that extends through the five boroughs of New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City and into Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey. There are similar kibbutzim throughout the United States, all holding general meetings on the evening of May 7. The songs begin and end with similar abruptness in apartments on Chicago's South Side, in fashionable but not quite completed houses in the hills of San Francisco (rented to a group of Israeli students because the builders suddenly got divorced or went bankrupt or discovered that they hated San Francisco—and the Israelis have uncanny ways of hearing about "deals"), in Madison and in Los Angeles.

THEY ARE not very old, these settlements of the unsettled. Most of them began in the years immediately after 1948 and most of the early members were students or professionals seeking experience or training. (The novelist came in search of new insight, he thinks, but that was so long ago.)

They arrived with purpose. They were going to study medicine or industrial design or television production or architecture. They were going to buy refrigerators and phonographs, stacks of records, washing machines, toasters and electric blenders, and then, with possessions safely crated and degrees of advanced studies duly laminated and photostated, they would sail for home, to contribute their talents, their new knowledge, and their electrical appliances to their own country.

They rented tiny cheap apartments, and if the radiators did not work, they shrugged. Who had heard of central heating in Holon, in Natanya, in Jerusalem, in Ashkelon? They were indifferent to cockroaches and rats (after all, they had fought the Arabs), and if they had to climb four or five flights of stairs, they grinned and grumbled and climbed.

They bought collapsible aluminum beds and built bookcases out of bricks and boards and packing cases. They inherited odd bits of furniture from relatives and friends, and discovered with childlike joy that brightly colored canvas sling chairs cost only $7.95. They ferreted out discount stores, and the girls spent long joyous hours in the basement of Klein's. They bought odd pieces of unmatched crockery, but the salesmen at every high-fidelity center came to know them. Their electronic speakers sparkled amid the used furniture, and the turntable gleamed expectantly. They were saving now for long-playing records which sold, they told each other as they haunted sales, for ten times the amount at home.

The students went to school. Struggling with scraps of Mandate and matriculation English, brandishing secondary-school diplomas or equivalency certificates, they registered at Columbia, the New School, the University of Chicago, UCLA. They were in every department and they sat in the most fortunately situated seats in the classroom.

Groups gathered around them in the cafeteria and the lounges and their English grew sharper as they told and retold their stories. Almost all of them had been in the Palmach. Most of them had participated in the siege of Jerusalem and many of them had been responsible for the conquest of Lydda. The girls, of course, all knew how to shoot and wrestle, and who had not lived on a kibbutz in the Negev?

The girls adopted lipstick, discovered the sweater counters of Ohrbach's and Filene's, but loyally scorned electric razors to the end. The letters home began talking of new friends—of Chuck and Penny, Freddy and Laurie. Americans were friendly, they scrawled on the blue air letters, which became increasingly harder to fill. Life here was different, of course—a bit empty of purpose perhaps, but oh the theaters, the concerts, the museums, the sales. Had there been a bad *hamsin* yet and how was *Doda* Leah feeling?

Later they would have difficulty remembering what *Doda* Leah looked like and how one actually felt on a *hamsin* day. On a hot July afternoon in New York, they would meet in the street, their bodies limp with the heavy city heat, and say to each other: "Just like a *hamsin*," forgetting the whip of the *hamsin* wind and the hot breath of the *hamsin* clouds.

They traveled during those early years. They drove west to California and turned to the stretches of desert and oceans of sky. "Like the Negev," they murmured, but it had been a long time since they had seen the Negev and they were stirred with uncertainty and longing.

They would go home. Next year they would complete the thesis. Next year earn the certificate. In a few more months the refrigerator would be paid for and gas stoves were not that expensive.

Meanwhile they worked. They rode the subways to remote areas of Queens and the Bronx and taught Hebrew school, their tongues uneasy with English as the children giggled and squirmed in their seats and the language of their land twisted into the nuances of modern America. They spent evenings at "Open School Week" and the parents came and marveled at their youth and handsomeness, at the courage of their origin.

"Not like the *rebbe* who gave me bar-mitzvah lessons," wistful fathers murmured, staring openly at the robust energy of the girl from Beersheba who asked a class of Forest Hills children to repeat after her: "*Lech l'cha mey-artz'cha*—Go forth from this land to a land that I will show you . . ."

And they spoke at meetings, donning blouses with Yemenite embroidery, disdaining ties, shirts open at the neck. The girls did not wear lipstick, but their powder was pale, the color

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

high in their cheeks, their arms heavy with jewelry, and olive wood clips holding back the heaviness of their hair.

THE MEETINGS were fund-raising meetings, for the United Jewish Appeal, the Jewish National Fund, the *Histadrut*. They were held in living rooms and in finished basements, in dining rooms high above Central Park, and in sprawling Westchester ranch homes. The young Israelis came from their walk-up apartments and padded about on the thick carpeting, drinking lukewarm punch, explaining what they were doing in America ("I am here for a few years only to study electrical engineering . . ."), how they felt about Israel ("It is a wonderful country, so beautiful, but life there is very hard and dangerous . . ."), and giving advice as to whether Blanche and Bernie Liebowitz should allow their daughter to live on a kibbutz for a while.

Mr. Liebowitz, expansive from too many martinis and overworked because it was "the season," explained his position:

"They can go to Zionist meetings and camps. Don't get me wrong. I'm a Zionist. Let me tell you not a month goes by when I'm not writing out a check for something or other. And let me tell you I never slept a full night with those concentration camps. Sick to my stomach. I give you people a lot of credit for what you're doing over there, taking those people in. I'm proud of you. But my kid's an American. Let me tell you I really wanted to go over there myself in '48. I did. Were you in the war?"

The young Israeli nodded. Yes, he had been in the war. Mr. Liebowitz was probably right. His daughter was young. Yes, of course he was going back to Israel.

Then, when the martinis and manhattans had run low and the punch had been exhausted, the chairman would nod and the rows of bridge chairs would be set up, and the group, relaxed by the liquor, satisfied by chopped liver canapés consumed for a cause, would wait expectantly while the chairman explained the ultimate aim of the evening to them. There was a brief discussion of the organization, with emphasis on the fact that the bulk of the money raised was to be sent to the last bastion of democracy in the Middle East, the homeland of hope, the courageous little nation of Israel. But who was better qualified to talk about Israel than an Israeli—a citizen of that state they all so admired, who had pledged his life to the development of his country. Eyes shifted expectantly to the speaker, but the chairman was not finished. He discussed the speaker's role in the war, the years on a kibbutz, his sacrifices and dedication. Then, amid emotion and applause, the young Israeli rose.

The speech concentrated on the barrenness of the Negev, the verdancy of the Galilee, the nobility of labor, the need for schools and homes, the increased immigration, and the circumstances of the orphans and the aged. "Only you can answer Israel's prayers," the speaker concluded. "We give our lives. We ask you only for support."

And while the women sighed and the men perspired, he sat down and the chairman began calling cards.

"O.K. Jack Goldstein, old buddy. What do I put you and Ruth down for this year? Make it better than last year—they need it more now and you can't say that business has been bad. Thank *you* Jack. Bernie Liebowitz, how about a little bit extra this year in honor of this brave speaker? . . ."

When the cards had all been called and the total announced, the chairman took the Israeli aside. There was a firm handshake, during which an envelope containing a check and carfare exchanged hands.

IN THE early years the young Israelis rode back to their walk-up apartments, ten or fifteen dollars closer to the refrigerator or a complete set of Beethoven symphonies. Now the prices have gone up. Shmuel, the novelist, when he speaks, can sometimes pull down anywhere from a hundred to two hundred dollars; but then he has a picture of himself with Ben Gurion conferring over the future of the Negev. The pictures are old, of course; but then they were taken many years ago. Most of the Israelis, however, ask for fifty or seventy-five dollars these days, and many of them will not go out to Queens unless the taxi fare is covered.

Later, in the cafés, they imitate the chairman, sticking their stomachs out and puffing at an imaginary cigar. They describe the home, the poor taste of the paintings, the awful color and texture of the wall-to-wall carpeting. They reaffirm their devotion to tile floors, but many of them are planning to take Danish rugs "back" with them. They wonder if the rugs are cheaper at Bloomingdale's or if they should (when the thesis is completed) find a charter to Copenhagen and buy rugs and furniture there. They debate questions like that in their apartments, perched on unsteady bridge chairs or sprawled on a folding bed. They discuss it in the cafés which are not simply cafés but fraternity houses—the members sharing the strange brotherhood of pride in a past dimly recalled (the siege of Jerusalem, the battle of Aza, the conquest of Lydda) and a present that combines a sense of shame and defeat, a contempt and bravado which fools no one, themselves least of all.

There is a rash of these cafés in every city in which the community of Israelis has become concentrated enough to require a meeting place, an underground headquarters. The cafés are not an epidermal epidemic, bilious with neon signs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like the Chinese restaurants and laundromats that flash and glitter on major thoroughfares. They are, rather, a beneath-the-surface spread, secreted in cellars, high above the street, concealed in curving alleys, dimly lit—familiar to the initiates and beckoning the hangers-on with an air of accessible mystery.

No one comes to the cafés simply to drink coffee and eat *chumus* and *techina*. They come to oil the hinges of a language gone rusty with disuse, to read the Hebrew papers, punctuating the turning of the pages with loud comments on the idiocy of the *Knesset,* the *chutzpah* of the rabbinate, and wonderment at the high cost of living in Israel. They spend long evenings fighting the battle of Jersusalem once again, mapping out the battlefield with soggy pieces of *pitta* (purchased in the Arab markets of Brooklyn Heights, the Armenian market place of San Francisco). There is always someone who could tell, if he wanted to, the inside story of the Lavon affair.

Mordechai A. is the chancellor of the fraternity that meets in the café on 72nd Street. He is a tall, thick man, his body having puffed its way into his forties leaving his face heavy but still uncreased and vulnerable. His voice is harsh and his language a potpourri of accents. Mordechai does not talk of going back, has never planned to return, and has said at Independence Day parties, perspiring from too much drinking, that if anyone offered him a ticket to Tel Aviv he would spit in his eye and tear the ticket to shreds.

After two cups of coffee and a half a pack of cigarettes any newcomer will learn from Mordechai that he cannot go back. He was, after all, a member of the Irgun. He was in Haifa the night they blew up the *Altalena*. He himself could not remember the number of Englishmen and Arabs into whom he had plunged knives and bullets. He had given his youth to the movement, to the creation of the State. He had known Stern and could recite much of his poetry. God knows he loved the Negev, and there were no mountains that could compare with the hills of the Galilee and the sloping gentle beauty of the Judean range. But he had to leave after the war, of course—was forced to by Ben Gurion and those Haganah bastards who had formed Mapai.

Did he have a profession? Certainly. A degree in law from the Sorbonne (where he had learned his French and married a Moroccan doctor), a Ph.D. in sociology from the New School in New York (where he had divorced his wife, learned English, married an American Gentile divorcée with two children and resolutely become a citizen), a university readership in Cambridge (where he had divorced his American wife). Sure, he could work in any number of fields in Israel, but would those lousy bastards let him?

But hadn't Menahem Beigin and the men who fought with him in the Irgun gotten good government positions? Ah, if you only knew the truth, the real dirt. He could tell you about *them* if he wanted to, but he was not one to betray even if *they* had betrayed him. And his eyes, puffy and red-lidded, teary with too much smoke over too many years in too many cafés, search the room.

The cafés are almost all cloaked in shadows and dimness. Small candles flicker hesitantly in colored glasses on uncovered tables and the swinging lantern lamps are trapped in dark net covering. The walls are lined with photographs in black and white which have faded over the years into streaks of gray and charcoal. In the shadows of the room the skeleton of Ashdod is indistinguishable from the fevered frenzy of Tel Aviv. But it is not really important because no one looks at the photos. Once Jean David travel posters were pasted at artistic angles throughout the room and paintings by Israeli artists were hopefully hung. But no one bought the paintings, and the posters were ripped off and replaced by bull fight pictures, abstract interpretations of the Golden Gate bridge, and invitations to exhibitions.

Every café has a bulletin board. "Charter flight ticket to Tel Aviv available, half price. Call Chaim. TR 3—" "Returning home. Sofa in good condition, armchair and typewriter for sale. Reasonable." "Student, male, recently arrived, desires room near Columbia. Reasonable." "Israeli family will rent room to female student. No cooking. Reasonable."

The café posts its own notices. Where are you going on Thanksgiving? it asks its patrons, and there is a drawing of a long table littered with food and drink, a huge turkey in the center flanked by pumpkin pies and dishes of cranberry sauce. A traditional pilgrim feast with Israeli innovations. Turkey with a side dish of *chumus*. Scoop up the cranberry sauce with crusty *pitta*. In December, the cafés compete fiercely with each other for customers for their New Year's Eve parties. For ten dollars: all you can eat, set-ups, Yaakov and his magic guitar, and Rina and Gideon, folk artists newly arrived from Israel.

The guitarists, accordionists, and folk singers weave in and out of the cafés. Newly arrived, they are exuberant, eager to sing new songs, to exercise their English explaining the verses, to charm and be charmed. They are in America for the experience, to study and perhaps to be discovered. They do not care too much for the commercialization of Hebrew music but. . . . After a few months they resignedly add *Tzena Tzena* and *Artza Alinu* to their repertoires. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the beginning the songs are subdued and tinged with sadness.

In the Negev a mother weeps for her dead soldier son. A group of old men recall the war and the days of glory; now their backs are bent and their wives grow old. Three comrades go in search of the red rock of Petra; they never return. The music throbs and whines over the rumble of a dozen conversations.

The waitresses wander languidly through, order books sticking out of the pockets of their madras aprons, their silver Israeli jewelry tinkling, as they move across the room. Order in Hebrew and they stare blankly. Like the fading photographs of Ashdod, they are atmosphere, not reality.

The conversations vary. The group near the door is laughing. They have just told a joke and two blonde Barnard girls shrug their shoulders and laugh too. A tall Israeli, shirt open at the neck kibbutz-style but covered by a v-neck cashmere sweater, pats the knee of one of the girls. They look at each other with the beginning of secret knowledge. Later, in the dormitory, she will tell her friends about him, about the heroism of his past and his plans for the future.

The novelist's wife, the story goes, met him in a West Side café and ran away to London to marry him. Her father, a detergent king, swore eternal hatred, banishment to the University of Vermont; he offered trips around the world, charge accounts at Neiman Marcus, Corvair roadsters.

"He looks too old for you."

"What do you know? That's because he's been through so much."

"What will you do in Israel?"

"I'll learn the language and I'll work."

"What can you do? What do you both know from anything?"

But they both knew from everything and they married and they went to Israel and she tried to learn the language but it was hard and she tried to find a job but it is hard to look for work when the language trips around your tongue and he tried to write again but there was very little to say while she sat staring out the window. Then there were arguments and trips back to America and then back to Tel Aviv and now and then a small affair. They nod to each other at parties these days and the detergent king's eyes are rheumy and he gives his money to the Guild for the Blind instead of to the United Jewish Appeal and his heart is heavy with the proof of his predictions.

A young Negro girl drifts in and out of the café, sometimes with young Greek men who are drawn to the spice of the food, the strength of the coffee, the dimness of the lights; sometimes alone, often with one of the folk singers. On any given night her voice ripples over the other conversations.

"*Shawloam* is my favorite word," she drawls and her tongue caresses the sound.

In Greenwich Village the cafés are brighter, more hip. The menus read as though they were written by *Esquire* copy writers. "Phelaffel—all time Israeli favorite. What the hot dog is to Coney, what fish and chips is to London, what pizza is to West 42nd Street, Phelaffel is to Israel! It's piping hot french fried balls of tasty vegetables and spices enveloped in a hot and crispy loaf of pitta and smothered with cold Israeli salad . . ." "Chumus—a genuine Israeli dish of ground chick peas in sesame butter—with garlic naturally. Chumus with a serving of pitta bread because anyone who eats chumus with a fork is a greenhorn. You dip the bread like you're eating a party dip."

THE PATRONS of the Village cafés are not greenhorns. They are veterans. They have arrived. They own apartment houses and laundromats and are engineers and psychoanalysts. They go home to visit, stopping off in Greece because after you have seen the family and flown to Elath, what is there to do in Israel? Most of them have graduated from the age of packing cases and are up to teak wall units, but they still keep the packing cases in the closet and there are furtive bank accounts—insurance against the day when maybe, perhaps, they will return. They read letters from friends who have gone back—the Levis have had difficulty finding an apartment but Eliyahu was made a department head and adviser to the government. Laurie, Dov's American wife, learned Hebrew quickly but Dov is dissatisfied with the equipment in his lab. They weigh the pros and cons, uneasily balanced on the see-saw of decision.

The younger people at the Village cafés are eternally chasing after the vagaries of the voguish. There is a sprinkling of bearded beatniks playing not very good chess, but for all the sophistication of the décor and the menu, a small sign asks patrons to please pay when served. The proprietors know enough to get their money because their customers are a wandering group. They may take off next week for Canada or California, or this year may even be the year, the magic tomorrow, when the packing cases get packed, the refrigerator shipped, and the last hi-fi component paid for.

But in all probability for most of them it is not, and they will meet again next May—and drink liquor that they really do not like and talk to each other in scraps of language, marking yet another anniversary of independence, suspended between two worlds.

GLORIA GOLDREICH's *story, "Street of the Prophets" appeared in our November 1964 issue. She has published in the* Colorado Quarterly *and other magazines.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POLISH SCENE

A. Alvarez

YOUR FIRST and last impression of Poland, as of all Eastern Europe, is of a shifting but utterly pervasive sense of trouble. It is as though history had been too much for the place. The continual invasions, divisions, partitions, and rape from the East and the West seem to have worn down the national identity and at the same time to have exacerbated it. It is as though the country had survived only by an act of will and the accident of a separate language, almost like a hand-down from the tribal system. Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the rest are all fiercely, clannishly separate and yet constantly absorbed, disappearing into the belly of one vast Empire or another: Russian, German, Hapsburg, Ottoman. It is no wonder that their precarious, passionate national self-awareness began to reassert itself in its modern form at the height of the Romantic movement.

Nationalism in Poland is a peculiarly literary affair; at times it seems a function or by-product of the Romantic style. It has about it, that is, a continual dramatic urgency, involvement, and excessiveness. During the Nazi occupation, for example, when not only was the cultural life wrenched to a complete halt but the nation itself seemed in danger of being made extinct, the presses of the underground resistance continued to print, along with the political leaflets and the fighting handbills, poems and short stories, often of considerable subtlety. In the Polish context they seemed as rousing as direct propaganda.

Not that there was anything particularly new in that situation. Literature had been central to the political life of the country at least for the one-hundred-and-fifty years or so of the Partition, when the country was split up between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Then the three forced divisions held together only by the fact that they all used the same language. So literature took on a special function: it became the only public means of preserving the country's identity, its national life, culture, and integrity. Henryk Krzeczowski, a critic and translator, put it this way:

> It was a literature with a special aim of educating people, a literature which had to fulfill all the tasks which are normally fulfilled by the State. It was patriotic, pedagogic, moralistic. Its scope was much wider than the scope of literature of normal countries with a normal historical development.

So the Polish writer, whether he wanted it or not, found himself forced into a kind of extreme Leavisite position: the very act of writing made him responsible for the spiritual and political health of his country. But it was a Leavisite position with a difference, as Z. Najder, another literary critic, explains:

> Talking about Polish literature and Polish culture in general, one has constantly to repeat that it is almost devoid of the so-called bourgeois element. It is traditionally a gentry culture. The origins of this phenomenon, are very, very complex but most important is that the Polish intelligentsia originated mainly in the uprooted gentlemen who were losing their privileges and property and coming to the towns in the second half of the nineteenth century. They were the core of the future Polish intelligentsia. When you talk about culture and cultural values in Poland, these values are always connected with the typical gentry code of behavior, a code of honor, in which the most important notions are those of duty, of honor, of loyalty to your nation, loyalty to your group. Much less important, sometimes virtually non-existent, are the notions of maintaining an economic standard, of preserving life for the sake of preserving life itself.

If this is a peculiarly difficult cultural idea for an Englishman—or any Westerner—to understand, it is less because the principles are foreign than because they don't usually impinge on literature. In England, the gentry values of the squirearchy were, I suppose, taken over in the 19th century by the Public Schools, where they became the basic morality for generations of Empire builders. Now, however admirable this training may or may not have been, it never had much significant influence on serious creative work. But in Poland these values of national duty, responsibility, and self-sacrifice were not only behind the fantastic heroism, which became almost a national habit; they were also the basis of some of the best literature. It is as though the finest flower of the Great Tradition were Rudyard Kipling.

Granted this brand of nostalgic conservatism is only one force at work in Polish cultural life. Since the country regained its independence in 1919, literary chauvinism has been offset by equally vigorous irritation, a desire to have done with local issues and take part once again in the larger European cultural explosion. Hence the fetish of nation is, in times of relative political ease, balanced by a fetish of experiment. The Poles pride themselves on being the Eastern outpost of Western Europe, prime defenders of the avant-garde, "the French of the East." Yet however far out the fashions, Polish artists have never quite shed the inheritance of a time when, in Naider's words, "All political discussions happened in novels and poems. There were no parties, but there were writers."

THAT IS more or less their position now, as it is also the position of writers in Russia and the rest of Eastern Europe. Under any one-party system which is not totally repressive, the arts become the most efficient way of airing protest and exposing abuses which are not officially recognized. Witness, for example, the work of Solzhenitsyn and Yev-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tushenko, which is often more interesting to the Kremlinologist than to the literary critic. In Poland, of course, the arts are by no means the only safety valve. It is a nation of chronic grumblers. They seem to regard Russian dogmatism and acquiescence as just another proof of the Russian lack of humor, imagination, and fire; in contrast, the endless complaining of the Poles is a source of national pride.

But the marriage of the arts and politics in Poland goes beyond any accident of the present political setup or any Marxist theory of social awareness. It is a habit of mind which neither writers nor audience can shed, however politically indifferent, irresponsible, apathetic, or plain ignorant they feel themselves to be. Just as in the West anyone will give you a quick, psychoanalytic breakdown of anything, so in Poland it is impossible to write even about the birds and the bees without someone reading into it a political metaphor or allusion. Polish art runs instinctively to allegory. It is all, whatever its appearance, written in what they call "Aesopian language," in which each detail can always be translated into some other terms—something relevant to the immediate Polish situation. Hence when a scholar like Jan Kott writes about Shakespeare's *Histories,* in the West it is hailed as a revolution in Shakespearean criticism, while in Poland it is treated as political comment—as though there were an implied erratum: "For 'Tudor' read 'Polish' throughout."

Or consider a film like Roman Polanski's *Knife in the Water*. On this side of the Iron Curtain it was regarded as a masterpiece of hip alienation, the final cool analysis of the failure of any member of the classic Oedipal triangle—successful husband, young wife, younger interloper—to break through his own self-enclosing indifference. With less formal chastity and more invention, Godard might have directed it; with more formality still and no humor at all, Antonioni. But in Poland it was interpreted as a parable of the generations: the husband a successful party man, worldly, accommodating, faintly corrupt, versus the disengaged, cynical, footloose, be-jeaned youth, representative of a political generation which had not been in the war; both competing for the favors of the young wife—the new, postwar Poland?—who swayed poignantly between them.

THIS perennial Polish game of Hunt-the-Symbol may at times be all very intriguing, but it is equally often irritating and sometimes debilitating. For it means that the arts flourish only in a context of continual double-take, their energies, like their statements, invariably qualified and mostly undercut by a kind of nagging sophistication. No doubt this is a necessary antidote to the provincialism and narrowness of official Soviet art; sophistication becomes a token of independence. But it can often be cultivated with an intensity which seems almost naïve. Avoiding the hack positions of the party, they parody a Western chic which is, in the context, equally meaningless. Their endlessly talkative energy gets frittered away in deviousness.

But all these intricacies and allegories are valuable for one thing: they are a kind of Polish Declaration of Independence. Politics may be inescapable—however nominally escapist the art may seem—but the dogmas are never taken seriously, for the simple reason that they are never accepted single-mindedly. Despite their patriotic idealism and their intense awareness of the political reverberations of their every word, the Poles remain curiously resistant to ideology. Outside official circles you find socialism without Marxism, or Marxism only as a starting point for systems more idiosyncratic, undogmatic, and usually existential. When I remarked on this to a philosopher in Warsaw, he replied, "Socialism in Poland is a thing, a fact like bread and stones and houses. You cannot make an ideology, a philosophy out of a thing." So in place of any clear system of beliefs, the Poles, who are the least easily led of all Eastern European nations, derive from the prevailing dogma a certain sense of resistance, a limiting edge on which to test their personal interpretation of things.

Marxism as theory, allegory as nervous tic, and an overdeveloped political self-awareness—all guarantee that the sense of trouble which dominates Polish intellectual life should define itself steadily in terms of objective, and usually intrusive, social realities. This is not quite such an obvious process as it sounds. For the whole movement of avant-garde Western art during the last half-century has been one of a steady internal migration. Even our most politically minded writers seem to recreate society in terms of their own selves, from the outside in, as though their environment were a wide-screen projection of their inner tensions. In Poland, despite its Western bias in artistic styles and preoccupations, precisely the reverse happens: the artists recreate themselves in terms of the public world; social facts become the equivalent of psychic phenomena, with the same inwardly reverberating power and inescapability. If there is a radical difference between the arts on either side of the Iron Curtain it is less in the kinds of pressure which impel the artists than in the direction in which that pressure forces them.

FOR THE CASUAL visitor the first glimmerings of the Polish sense of trouble come from the mere look of the place: the hopeless, deep-rooted drabness of everything. In many ways, Warsaw is one of the liveliest capitals in Europe: theaters, cinemas, and art galleries teem with dissidence and life; the jazz is excellent, the dancing modish, the young people uninhibited, quarrelsome, bloody-minded; the university seethes with arguments, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artists' cafés with gossip. Yet if this talkative city of beautiful girls is spiritually like Paris in the 20's, physically it is like nothing so much as London in 1945. Drabness is all: in the food, the clothes, the discomforts. There are still wastelands of cleared devastation, rebuilding is slow and shoddy, there are few cars on the streets, fighters instead of airliners fly overhead, the shops are poorly stocked, the restaurants awful, and life generally hard (this, anyway, was my impression in 1961 and '62).

Part of this shoddiness, no doubt, is due to the strain of converting what had been before the war a more or less 18th-century society into a modern industrial economy. But a greater part still is a survival of the utter devastation of the Nazi occupation. There is no need to set out here the details of the total brutality of those five years.* The barest recital of the facts will do: one person in five—six million out of the thirty million population—was killed; dozens of villages were completely destroyed and their inhabitants massacred, in the style of Lidice and Oradour; Warsaw itself was razed and emptied of its million inhabitants, the Nazis boasting that they would make it into "a second Carthage"; in 1940 the Governor General Hans Frank initiated "Operation AB" which aimed at the total elimination of the country's intelligentsia; most of the Nazi concentration and extermination camps were situated in Poland; and so on. Perhaps the clearest distinction between the savagery of the Nazi rule in Poland and that in other occupied countries was made by Frank himself when, in a press interview in February 1940, he boasted about the difference between his system and that which obtained in the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia:

> In Prague, for instance—he said—large red posters were put up announcing that 7 Czechs had been shot today. Whereupon I said to myself: If I wanted to have a poster put up for every 7 Poles who were shot, the forests of Poland would not suffice for producing the paper for such posters. Yes, we had to act harshly.†

So if Poland still seems under the shadow of war twenty years after its end, this is not just because the party has kept the wounds open for its own anti-German ends, nor is it because Poland, being scarcely industrialized before 1939, found the devastation too much for it economically.** The reason lies, instead, in the quality and universal scope of the outrage. A young poet, Leszek Elektorowicz, remarked to me without a trace of drama or self-pity:

> I think almost every family in Poland was touched by these misfortunes. For instance, my father was killed in the concentration camp in Grossrosen, my mother was in Ravensbrück and came back after 1945. And I think my position was the same as every young person in Poland.

What, in short, occurred in Poland between 1939 and 1945 has survived and pervades the country still as a kind of collective trauma. It is as though some psychic change had taken place in the nation itself, a curious deadening in some areas, hardening and avoidance in others. If the return to health after the crack-up has been tentative, painful, and far slower than anyone could ever have believed, it has also left a shadowy area of shock, disbelief, and alteration.

The truth is that the Nazi crimes were on such a scale and at such a remove from sanity that something rather odd occurred: even the people who directly suffered from them were unable, when it was all over, quite to believe what had happened. Those freed from the concentration camps came, after a while, to disbelieve even their own agony; in the context of relative normality it all began to seem a hallucination. So the Poles have continually to remind themselves of the appalling, almost grotesque realities.

Since there are obvious political ends to be served by this, there is even a Department of Martyrology devoted specifically to the job. Auschwitz, for example, has been transformed, with great tact, into a museum. On Sundays excursion buses full of workers, tourists, and their children, file through the blocks and the crematorium, pass the cells and reconstructed dormitories; they peer through plate glass at mountains of hair, suitcases, shoes, artificial limbs, spectacles, babies' clothes, children's toys. They shuffle and stare and whisper and, by assuring themselves that the brute facts do exist, they are taught a violent lesson in politics.

But the facts themselves represent an experience, or a violation of experience, which is be-

* There is an excellent short history by two Polish professors of law, based mostly on evidence produced at the Nuremberg trials, *Nazi Rule in Poland 1939-1945* by Tadeusz Cyprian and Jerzy Sawicki, Warsaw, 1961. For those with strong stomachs there is also a pictorial record of the occupation and the concentration camps, *We Have Not Forgotten*, Warsaw, 1960.

† *Nazi Rule in Poland 1939-1945*, p. 100.

** The reverse is true of Germany, as Hannah Arendt has pointed out in *The Human Condition*: "The so-called 'economic miracle' of postwar Germany [is] a miracle only if seen in an outdated frame of reference. The German example shows very clearly that under modern conditions the expropriation of people, the destruction of objects, and the devastation of cities will turn out to be a radical stimulant for a process, not of mere recovery, but of quicker and more efficient accumulation of wealth—if only the country is modern enough to respond in terms of the production process. In Germany, outright destruction took the place of the relentless process of depreciation of all worldly things, which is the hallmark of the waste economy in which we now live. The result is almost the same: a booming prosperity which, as postwar Germany illustrates, feeds not on the abundance of material goods or on anything stable and given but on the process of production and consumption itself. Under modern conditions, not destruction but conservation spells ruin because the very durability of conserved objects is the greatest impediment to the turnover process, whose constant gain in speed is the only constancy left wherever it has taken hold."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yond artistic expression. Only Tadeusz Borowski managed to cope directly with the concentration camps and yet make artistic sense of them. And his method was that of total moral nihilism. Although he is said to have behaved with considerable heroism in Auschwitz he seemed able to accept his experience there only by a form of artistic self-destruction. He, the narrator, is presented as a bastard among bastards, greedy, ruthless, unprincipled, and defended against the suffering around him by a hard shell of anger and contempt. Borowski's almost toneless recording of the facts manages to imply, by its very blankness and acceptance, a level of horror which a more sensational method could not begin to touch. I have written in another essay that "around Borowski's stories there is a kind of moral silence, like the pause which follows a scream."* It is precisely that silence, shock, and lingering awareness of what was recently intolerable that concerns the most serious and imaginatively ambitious artists in Poland now.

OVER THE last few years in the West, particularly in America, the arts have become more and more concerned with breakdown. Poets like Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, and Ann Sexton, painters like the abstract expressionists, are attempting to give coherent artistic form to great reservoirs of feeling—destructive, manic, paranoid—which are shut off from more or less normal life and more or less traditional art forms but are released in breakdown, or even in psychoanalysis. The Poles, in contrast, are approaching the same problem from the opposite direction. There the psychic explosion took place within the nation itself. It was a factual breakdown, deliberately induced by another nation, historically documented, politically explicable and, for a large part, ethnically motivated. But the violence and horror of the experience is no less extreme for being objectively *there,* outside. The artists have to come to terms with it, contain it, and in some degree regulate their own understanding of ordinary life by it.

So there is, I think, in the best Polish art, the same inwardness and sense of complexity, the same tanglement, unease, and probing individuality as you find in the best modern Western art. But with one major difference: it is directed outward. Zbigniew Herbert who is, in my opinion, one of the most talented poets in Europe, East or West, summed this up in his poem "Our Fear":

Our fear
does not wear a night shirt
does not have an owl's eyes
does not lift a casket lid
does not extinguish a candle
does not have a dead man's face either

our fear
is a scrap of paper
found in a pocket
"warn Wojcik
the place on Dluga Street is hot"

our fear
does not rise on the wings of the tempest
does not sit on a church tower
is earthy

it has the shape
of a bundle made in haste
with warm clothes
provisions
and arms

our fear
does not have the face of a dead man
the dead are gentle to us
we carry them on our shoulders
sleep under the same blanket
close their eyes
adjust their lips
pick a dry spot
and bury them

not too deep
not too shallow

The implication of this poem is that madness and disintegration are all on the outside, in war, society, political intrigue. Human beings themselves are oases of ironic sanity and mutual tenderness. This has been Herbert's theme from the start when, at the age of fifteen, he wrote a very beautiful poem about a couple making love as the bombs fall. And that ultimate existential gesture—as though a kiss could annihilate annihilation—is the clue to all his work: war and the human thing are poised equally and unresolvably. But as he has matured as a writer, that outer frame of social reference has become more insistent, inescapable, and accepted:

Fortinbras's Elegy

Now that we're alone we can talk Prince man to man
though you lie on the stairs and see no more than a dead ant
nothing but black sun with broken rays
I could never think of your hands without smiling
and now when they lie on the stone like fallen nests
they are defenseless as before The end is exactly this
The hands lie apart The sword lies apart The head apart
and the knight's feet in soft slippers

You will have a soldier's funeral without having been a soldier
The only ritual I am acquainted with a little
There will be no candles no singing only cannon-fuses and bursts
Crepe dragged on the pavement helmets boots

* "The Literature of the Holocaust," COMMENTARY, November 1964. I was trying to analyze in detail the various ways in which the concentration camp experience has been coped with in imaginative terms. My theories are slightly beyond the scope of this essay but very much relevant to it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artillery horses
drums I know nothing exquisite
those will be my maneuvers before I start to rule
one has to take the city by the neck and shake it a bit

Anyway you had to perish Hamlet you were not for life
you believed in crystal notions not in human clay
Always in spasm asleep you hunted chimeras
wolfishly you crunched the air only to vomit
you knew no human thing you did not know even how to breathe

Now you have peace Hamlet you accomplished what you had to do
and you have peace The rest is not silence but belongs to me
you chose the easier part an elegant thrust
But what is heroic death compared with eternal watching
with a cold apple in one's hand on a narrow chair
with a view of the ant-hill and the clock's dial

Adieu Prince I have tasks a sewer project
and a decree on prostitutes and beggars
I must also elaborate a better system of prisons
since as you justly said Denmark is a prison
I go to my affairs This night was born
a star named Hamlet We shall never meet
what I will leave will not deserve tragedy
It is not for us to greet each other nor bid farewell
We live on islands
and that water these words what can they do
What can they do Prince.

The debate between Fortinbras and Hamlet—between the man of action and political sense and the romantic idealist, ineffectual dreamer, and tragic hero—is perhaps the dialectical center of contemporary Polish art. The more Fortinbras seems to be the necessary spokesman for the situation, the more urgent is his own need of Hamlet, and the more poignant his understanding of their utter separateness.

Herbert's steadily detached, ironic, and historically minded style represents, I suppose, a form of classicism. But it is a one-sided classicism, based not on order matching order, a regulated style displaying the regularity of the world, but on a strict and wary attitude to a situation which is at best prone to Romanticism and at worst a violation of all sanity. It is a way of coping coolly with facts which could easily slide out of control; it is also a viable personal alternative to the dogmatic or theoretical answers of orthodox Communist literature. In a way, Herbert's poetry is typical of the whole Polish attitude to their position within the Communist bloc; independent, brilliant, ironic, wary, a bit contemptuous, pained.

A. ALVAREZ, *the well-known British literary critic, is the author of* Stewards of Excellence *and* The School of Donne. *The present piece will serve as the introduction to a book on cultural life in Eastern Europe and the United States, called* Under Pressure, *and soon to be published by Penguin books in England.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTROVERSY

BERKELEY

PHILIP SELZNICK

NATHAN GLAZER

The following exchange grew out of NATHAN GLAZER'S *article, "What Happened at Berkeley," which appeared in last month's issue. Both* PHILIP SELZNICK *and Mr. Glazer are professors of sociology at Berkeley.*

Philip Selznick: Professor Nathan Glazer's account of the student protest at Berkeley, published last month, is distressing to many who have been close to the events. This is hardly surprising, for Glazer is associated with a policy overwhelmingly rejected by the Berkeley faculty. He has, I am sorry to say, obscured the basic issues, faltered in his assessment of the moral quality of the students' actions, and misread the role of the faculty. I am grateful for the opportunity to present a different interpretation.

Professor Glazer says that he is "filled with foreboding." There is indeed much to worry about, and the ultimate effects of the protest cannot now be fully assessed. Nevertheless, I am not inclined to wring my hands. Something basically good has happened here. If we still have something to teach our students about the relation of means to ends (and I believe we have), it is also true they have had much to teach us. Their mode of instruction has been passoniate and in part irresponsible, but it has not been such as to justify a shrinking back in horror. Much of what the students did was clearly necessary, if we were to be made to *really listen*. Moreover for the immediate future, the student actions have helped to create a significant reservoir of support within the faculty for a new look at what we are about.

In the early days of the crisis President Kerr denied that there was a "freedom of speech issue" at Berkeley. This point of view is adopted by Professor Glazer. Observing the heady activity around him, he concludes that "free speech prevailed on the Berkeley campus." This approach shows a peculiar insensitivity to the fact that issues of free speech in a democracy often arise out of marginal cases. We do not decide whether an issue has been raised by pointing to all the free speech that abounds. The hard case and the forlorn sect may give us trouble beyond their due, but they also summon us to reaffirm our fundamental commitments.

The basic policy was phrased as follows in a handbook for student organizations published by the Dean of Students: "University facilities may not be used to support or advocate off-campus political or social action." Action included supporting or opposing particular candidates or propositions in local, state, or national elections. One may decide that such activities are improper for a university campus, but it is strange indeed to be told that they do not represent restrictions on political speech. The whole point was: should partisan advocacy—surely a form of speech—directed to influencing specific decisions in the community be allowed on campus? Whatever the merits, that is a free speech issue.

The ban on speech directed to action was sustained by a combination of wishful fantasy and timid opportunism—both arising out of a sincere responsiveness to the needs of the university as perceived by the administration. The fantasy consisted in an attempt to distinguish "discussion" and "advocacy." President Kerr hoped to fulfill his own ideals, and satisfy long-standing demands for a more open campus, by enunciating an "open forum" policy. This policy provided enlarged opportunities for the hearing of all viewpoints, but the line was to be drawn against direct involvement in politics. However defensible on abstract grounds, this distinction runs so contrary to the normal continuities of political expression, and is so little supported in the political experience of the larger community, that it had little chance of surviving a determined assault. And indeed it did crumble, almost at the first challenge.

Professor Glazer has recounted the successive retreats of the administration on the issue of advocacy during the two weeks following the first student protest. It is interesting that the "realist" defense of the original policy, as necessary to the protection of the university from conservative criticism, was given small weight by the administration when the need to abandon untenable distinctions became apparent. This suggests that the basic policy never had any good reason for being, even as a defensive tactic, and was a needless affront to the sensibilities of the students.

Although the general ban on advocacy was swiftly eroded, a sticky problem remained. On November 20, the Regents officially accepted the idea that political activity, including recruitment and fund-raising, could be conducted on campus. However, they included the proviso that such activity must be "for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lawful off-campus action, not for unlawful off-campus action." Thus free speech was still at issue, for the university apparently reserved the right to regulate speech or organization that in its judgment was directed to illegal off-campus action. Under ordinary circumstances, this might not have been a fighting issue. But civil rights-conscious students saw a direct threat to the possibility of organizing on the campus "direct action" in the community. At the same time, the energy and commitment that had already won large gains against the policy of September were still available for the achievement of unabridged freedom of speech.

That is how things stood in late November. On the 22nd, a brief sit-in was staged in Sproul Hall. On the 30th, it was announced that four leaders of the Free Speech Movement (FSM) faced charges for actions connected with the demonstration of early October. There followed the massive sit-in of December 2-3, the removal and arrest of some 800 demonstrators, the student strike, the fiasco in the Greek Theater on December 7, and the critical meeting of the Academic Senate on December 8.

By the overwhelming vote of 824-115, the Senate adopted a resolution whose chief provisions were:

(1) "The time, place, and manner of conducting political activity on the campus shall be subject to reasonable regulation to prevent interference with the normal functions of the University."

(2) "The content of speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the University. Off-campus student political activities shall not be subject to University regulation. On-campus advocacy or organization of such activities shall be subject only to such limitations as may be imposed under [the regulation of time, place, and manner]."

Professor Glazer's interpretation of this resolution is very odd. He speaks of "the student demand that the university allow them facilities for full political action and give up its right to discipline them for what it considers improper use of these facilities," and he asks, should the university constitution "include a grant of immunity to any and all forms of action that go by the name of politics?" We are now, he laments, "in the ridiculously inconsistent posture" that "students can be penalized for infractions of rules involving the consumption of liquor and the like . . . but it is asserted that any political action whatever should be permitted without any step being taken by the university against any person or organization as a result."

Now compare these statements with the faculty position that the "time, place, and manner of conducting political activity shall be subject to reasonable regulation to prevent interference with the normal functions of the University." In fact, of course, we did not grant immunity to all forms of action; nor did we forsake all discipline for improper use of university facilities. We proclaimed freedom of speech—not without rules, but with only such rules as are truly necessary to preserve the normal tenor of university life. This would exclude rules imposed arbitrarily, or to quiet outside criticism, or to serve administrative convenience.

No one is against regulating "time, place, and manner," although the word "manner" may produce some future controversy. The heart of the faculty resolution is the provision that *the university should not regulate the content of public expression on campus.* If a member or guest of the university community wants to advocate the seizure of private property by Negro tenants in Harlem or Oakland, or the forcible and illegal expulsion of Negroes from Mississippi, the university is to grit its teeth and restrain its punitive hand.

It is easy to list political abominations, easy to understand the desire to restrain them. But the regulation of what people say has its own problems, not least of which is the difficulty of finding a formula that will reach the contemplated evil and no other. The Constitution contains no general language defining the limits of free speech. There are such limits, but they are contained in a judicial gloss and in laws limiting activities like conspiracy, incitement to crime, defamation, and obscenity. The tangled byways of constitutional interpretation in this field are notorious, and our faculty decided that there was no need for the university, in its governance of student affairs, to go down that troubled road.

For the university's purposes, at least in this phase of American history, it is enough to regulate time, place, and manner. If in *what* they say students go beyond the pale of legal speech, then resort may be had to civil authorities who must act within the evolving framework of constitutional law. In any case, if many students are affected by offensive ideas communicated on campus, it is our job to intensify their education. Restrictive rules will avail us little and cost us much.

Professor Glazer is understandably concerned lest a free society and a free university be unable to move against a terrorist or totalitarian movement. But the impotence of democracy, where that has been displayed, has had little to do with a Hitler's freedom to publish or to harangue a crowd. Political palsy, not constitutional freedom, toleration of abominable acts, not of abominable speech, have contributed most to the political cankers of our time.

It is instructive that the formulas offered by President Kerr (no advocacy of illegal off-campus action) or by Feuer and Glazer (no advocacy "directed to immediate acts of force or violence") have little precision as defenses against grave evils. On the contrary, they cast a wide net and would catch first of all proponents of civil rights resorting to "direct action" tactics and convicted of minor infractions. This is an instance of the classic dilemma faced by every would-be legislator against speech.

The complexities and dangers of regulating speech are compelling, but they are not the whole foundation of the faculty's policy. Even more important is the contribution we seek to make to an atmosphere of freedom. The university is not the whole polity. We have our own nature and commitments, and these include a special concern that students *feel free.* There may be something to the argument that participation in political action is a valuable adjunct to the curriculum. I do not give it great weight. Some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what more persuasive is the view that free speech on campus permits and encourages students to hear all points of view. But to me the decisive point is that students should have a sense of belonging to a community that is completely open to the free play of persuasion and argument.

At this writing, there is apparently very close agreement between the faculty resolution and the position adopted by the Regents on December 18 that "the policies of the Regents do not contemplate that advocacy or content of speech shall be restricted beyond the purview of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution." This still leaves some ambiguity, especially as to who shall interpret what lies beyond that purview, but most people here are confident that the basic issue is settled. The students seem content with the protections of the First Amendment.

Reference to the United States Constitution can be misleading, however. Some have argued that the university should not abridge freedom of political expression because it is a state agency and therefore subject to constitutional constraints on government. The preferable view, in my opinion, is that the university may well draw upon the experience and wisdom of the larger community in matters of speech, but its policy should be its own. It follows that the university should be free to change that policy if fresh thought and new circumstances require it. A university may wish to allow considerably greater freedom of expression, so far as its own rules are concerned, than may be protected under a current constitutional doctrine.

HAVING STATED my view of the faculty position on the main issue, I should like to turn to Professor Glazer's assessment of the role of the faculty in this controversy. Referring to the meeting of December 8, he writes: "I think there was a good deal of hysteria mixed in with the action of the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate that day." Earlier he says: "Because of their desperate desire to settle things, because of their experience of one administration failure after another, I believe most of the faculty was by now ready to accept any agreement that might lead to peace." These assessments color Professor Glazer's entire treatment of the faculty's role. I think the facts show that he taxes his colleagues unduly, and wrongfully casts doubt upon the integrity of their decision.

Until the crisis broke in late September, the faculty played no large part in the determination of policy regarding speech and political activity. Over the years a number of faculty members were actively interested in liberalized rules and, in cooperation with student leaders and President Kerr, helped to bring them about. Still others protested when, for example, a restrictive distinction was made between "on campus" and "off campus" student organizations. But passivity was more common, and the faculty dangerously allowed the President to elaborate, without dissent, his own perspectives on freedom and the university. These perspectives were very strongly influenced by his experience with trade unions. In Kerr's view, the university is an organization like other large-scale organization in our society. Individual freedom and institutional well-being are best served if there are limited commitments on both sides. He lacked a vital theory of the university community and of the conditions under which its greatest potentialities might be realized. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said about the role of the faculty in recent years is that it failed to enter into a dialogue with the President concerning basic educational philosophy.

The disorders of early October were profoundly disturbing to many faculty members. There was considerable feeling that the administration was behaving very badly, but there was also widespread uneasiness about the students' conduct. Nevertheless, there was a quick response on the main issue, coupled with a determination to avoid open condemnation of either the administration or the students. On October 13 the Academic Senate passed by a large majority a motion favoring "maximum freedom for student political activity," and calling upon its Committee on Academic Freedom to formulate an appropriate policy. It was already clear where many of the faculty stood.

While various committees studied the matter, the agitation continued during October and November. There was of course an enormous amount of discussion within the faculty, including active work on petitions and resolutions. By late November, the impasse seemed so great that sentiment for determined faculty action grew rapidly, and various groups began to look to the meeting scheduled for December 8 as a time of decision. Immediately following the police action of December 3, an unofficial meeting of eight hundred faculty, chaired by Professor Nathan Glazer, passed a series of resolutions foreshadowing the actions of December 8. On December 6, an informal meeting of about two-hundred faculty members discussed, amended, and then unanimously approved a series of resolutions that had been prepared by a group of faculty liberals. These resolutions were substantially the same as those adopted on December 8. In the meantime, the Committee on Academic Freedom decided to present its own version of the same policy.

On December 7 classes were canceled in the morning and department meetings were scheduled for the purpose of discussing a compromise agreement reached among the department chairmen, President Kerr, and some of the Regents. This was to be presented to an 11:00 A.M. convocation of the entire university community in the Greek Theater. At the same time, the resolutions of "the 200" were being widely circulated and discussed. There was much resentment of the compromise agreement, which did not speak to the basic policy issue, and even more antagonism toward the idea of a full-dress convocation called to announce and celebrate a non-existent consensus and settlement. The show was a historic failure, and all eyes turned to the Senate meeting scheduled for the following day.

Thus the meeting of December 8 was preceded by an unusual amount

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of discussion and preparation. To be sure, the atmosphere was tense and there was a crisis to be met. However, the whole pattern of faculty actions since October was consistent with the outcome. Almost everyone disliked the administration's policy, and most were now determined to say so.

If the faculty policy had been adopted by a slim majority, Professor Glazer might have had a point. Surely not everyone was equally convinced, and there must have been some who responded mainly to the desire for an end to the affair. On the other hand, there were members who agreed with the majority's policy but voted against the resolution, or abstained, because they felt under pressure. But almost the entire faculty voted, and the majority was over 7 to 1! Moreover, there has been no sign of weakening. Two days later, at a comparably large meeting, a resolution was introduced which, while reaffirming the action of December 8, could have been interpreted as a concession to the administration. Some well-known members of the "200" group supported the motion. Nevertheless it was tabled—in the context a clear indication of the majority's determination to stand fast by what it had done. The Emergency Executive Committee, though billed as "moderate," has taken the December 8 policy as its charter. In sum, the Senate's decision was deliberate and firm. Nor is there any real reason to doubt that most members voted their convictions.

I AGREE WITH Professor Glazer that the issues at Berkeley have gone beyond free speech. Many have been troubled by the tactics of "direct action" applied in a university setting. Certainly the students resorted to pressure and intimidation. They relied on the model of the labor or civil rights dispute rather than on that of intellectual controversy or even normal political action. The excitement produced some excesses, both of invective and of conduct. All this is sobering, worthy of attention, in need of remedy.

Yet I feel that Professor Glazer's disapproval of the student tactics—especially after they had won what *he* thought was enough—has obscured his vision and blunted his sensibility. He has not adequately perceived the moral character of the students themselves—their claim to our respect, support, forgiveness, and sympathy. Professor Glazer tellingly documents the administration's rigid and inept handling of the dispute. But he does not grasp the significance of the fact that arbitrary administrative action lay at the base of the controversy, and was fuel to its flames at every stage. These matters bear closely on the charge that somehow "law and order" went down the drain at Berkeley.

The obligation to obey the law is among the more subtle and variable of human commitments. In assessing that obligation, we take account of the nature of the setting, the character of the rules and of their enforcement, and the legitimate interests of the offender. Unquestioning obedience to lawful orders has more apparent point in a military organization than in business, and in both it weakens as we ascend the echelons or move from line to staff. While we cannot do without it altogether, a very strong emphasis on administrative authority is out of place in higher education. Here, if anywhere, the spirit of consultation should prevail. So, too, arbitrary rule-making or administration saps its own authority and provides the offender with a defense. And if the offense carries forward a legitimate purpose, such as freedom of expression, or self-defense, it has some chance of vindication.

This approach was clearly manifest in a report of the Ad Hoc Committee on Student Conduct established to hear the cases of eight suspended students. The chairman of the committee was Professor Ira M. Heyman of the Law School. The Heyman committee made many discriminations and took account of much beyond the simple fact of rule-breaking. Two points are especially pertinent. First, the committee gave due weight to the context—namely, that a controversy over rules was raging and that the Chancellor had made it clear "that the President and the Regents had rejected in final form the request of the ASUC [the Associated Students of the University of California] for changes in the rules. . . . The door was thus seemingly closed to any negotiation on these central points." Second, the committee took account of what the students were up to, viewing it "as a symbolic act of protest and not as an act of private delinquency."

Legality is a two-way street. He who insists on obedience to rules should be ready to justify the rules themselves. At Berkeley the administration adopted a posture of intransigence and as much as said that it would yield only to pressure. There was little concept of true consultation with students on matters affecting their interests. In this setting, a loss of confidence and respect was inevitable. To many of the students, it seemed to justify direct action.

There has been much talk of "riots" at Berkeley. In fact there were no riots at all. One very serious incident—the surrounding and immobilization of a police car for thirty-two hours—could have come to that and should not be minimized. But most of the action consisted of orderly mass rallies, not less orderly sit-ins, and a brief student strike. A great many rules and some state laws were broken in the process. That is certainly regrettable, but we lose our bearings if we respond to such activities as if they were political or even academic outrages. A more appropriate response, learned long ago in other contexts, is to get at the root of the trouble.

A final word about the students and their leadership. The Free Speech Movement has been led by student radicals. In that sense, it is certainly unrepresentative of the student body as a whole. But the struggle these young radicals mounted struck a deeply responsive chord. Most of the students approved the goals of the FSM. At least a substantial minority, especially in the social sciences and humanities, approved of the demonstrative tactics as well. One survey, conducted by a class in social research methods under the direction of Professor Robert H. Somers, showed that in November, 34 per cent of all students supported the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

direct-action tactics of the FSM. This amounts to perhaps nine-thousand student sympathizers, not counting the larger group who also supported the goals of the movement and whose sympathies could presumably be activated if the administration behaved especially badly. This was borne out by the size of some of the rallies.

On the other hand, student support was clearly tied to the issues at hand. It was not mindless or mechanical, and many had reservations about the more extreme actions, such as the use of a police car as a podium or indulgence in unrestrained invective. The FSM sympathizers did not respond to *any* appeal. They responded above all to concrete deprivations, like the withdrawal of earlier *de facto* rights and, especially, the indefensible reinstitution of charges against the FSM leaders on November 30. (Professor Glazer speaks of this as a "blunder," but the students more rightly perceived it as a sickness of soul.) On more abstract issues, the FSM could get large crowds for rallies but not for illegal action.

FOR my own part, I was offended by the posturing and scorn of a few of the FSM leaders, but I was deeply impressed by the earnestness, dedication, and basic moral enlightenment of most of the student supporters I encountered. These are among our very best students. They are not thugs or scoundrels, neither are they caught up in any impenetrable ideology. They are acting out what they have learned, without the patience and restraint of maturity. The students had a just cause and they yearned for affirmation of it. If there was an excess of zeal, it did not forfeit their claim to our sense of fellowship. In a community of scholars, that is something we should reject, not in fearful recoil from the first signs of stirring and change, but only at a last extremity. Happily, there is no prospect of that at Berkeley.

* * *

Nathan Glazer: There is no disagreement between Professor Selznick and myself as to what happened at Berkeley; there is little disagreement even over the interpretation of many of the facts. We both ascribe the origins of the dispute and its continuance and revival to the ineptitude of the administration (though I would not go so far as to characterize this ineptitude as "a sickness of soul"—these men, after all, are our colleagues and it is hard to see that they suffer from such radical defects). We both agree that the FSM was led by students whose political views were not representative of the student body but who, on the basis of the issues created by the administration, were able to mobilize large numbers of students, in particular those moved by the civil rights revolution. We do, however, disagree on three central points: the extent to which this was a fight over free speech; the wisdom of the faculty action; and the moral quality of the students' acts.

WHEN the representatives of the university administration in the Committee on Student Political Activity agreed early in November to the opening of the campus to the planning and preparation of political action as well as speech, then to my mind the free speech issue, to the extent that it had existed, disappeared. This committee was composed of student, faculty, and administration representatives. It decided that all the actions originally banned by the administration (collection of funds, organizing, advocacy of action) would now be permitted on campus. These were the original issues, and they were settled. The new issue that now arose—whether advocacy and organization of *illegal* action was also legitimate—was referred to a subcommittee of this committee, consisting of a representative of the statewide university administraton, a law-school professor (one of the faculty group), and a lawyer representing the FSM. The subcommittee agreed on language which satisfied the administration and which, in the judgment of the faculty representative and the students' lawyer, fully protected student civil and political rights. FSM adherents on the full committee, however, rejected the compromise. Professor Selznick accepts the view of the FSM leaders that the university's insistence that the campus must not be used for the launching of illegal action involved a restriction of free speech: "The university apparently reserved the right to regulate speech or organization that in its judgment was directed to illegal off-campus action." I did not interpret the Regents' position in this way; nor did the faculty members of the Committee on Student Political Action so interpret it; nor did Chancellor Strong's new regulations for student political activity, issued to implement the Regents' position, give support to such an interpretation.

There was never a hint of prior censorship; nor was there any suggestion that the administration would ever move against any kind of speech. The issue was specifically illegal action and the launching of action from the campus by groups using its facilities. The problems arising from this issue (e.g., who decides what is illegal?) could have been ironed out in the Committee on Student Political Action, which was designed for the precise purpose of dealing with such details. I attended one of their meetings, and it was clear to me that discussion in any real sense was made almost impossible by the legalistic quibbling that the FSM students reveled in. They acted as if they were preparing themselves for service on the UN Security Council or the Korean Truce Commission, when they might have acted as members of an academic community trying to work out reasonable rules.

BUT WHAT speaks most forcefully against Professor Selznick's restrictive interpretation of the Regents' position is that this position still holds, and that nothing has fundamentally changed in the administration's stand of the first week of November as ratified by the Regents on November 20, two weeks before the sit-ins and arrests of December 2 and 3. The Berkeley campus will have to abide by these rules; and as far as I can see, both the faculty and the students are now ready to live with the condition that the campus is not to be used for the launching of illegal political action. If free speech exists on the campus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(and I think everyone agrees that it does), then it is clear that this position does not restrict free speech.

The Regents' ruling strictly interpreted can be used to penalize students and student groups who organize actions which are declared illegal by the courts. But a general declaration of principle by the university does not require it to act in an area as uncertain, as rapidly changing, as ambiguous as present-day civil rights demonstrations. Everything will depend on the temper of the administration, on the development of public opinion, the direction of legal decisions, the evolving character of the civil rights movement. But whatever happens, it is inconceivable to me—as it is, I am sure, to Professor Selznick—that a general university ruling against the use of its facilities for the launching of illegal political action can be withdrawn.

Now as to the role of the faculty: Professor Selznick suggests that we still have something to teach our students about the relation of means to ends. I agree. I also believe that the resolution of December 8—presented at the time it was, and so overwhelmingly adopted—made the task of such teaching infinitely more difficult. The previous day we had seen the collapse of an effort to reach a compromise. This collapse, we must realize, was engineered in large measure by the leaders of the FSM, through the use of the kind of disruptive tactics that extremists everywhere have made familiar to us, most recently in the unsuccessful campaign of Patrick Gordon Walker. (One of the most brilliant analyses of such tactics—whose purpose is to deny any dignity to an opponent and to prevent him from conducting a meeting with the agenda and speakers he sees fit—is, of course, to be found in Professor Selznick's *The Organizational Weapon*.) In this case the opponent was the President of the University and the department chairmen who had worked out the compromise. On December 7 and 8 the university was on strike. One group of graduate history students taking an examination was interrupted by an FSM activist who called upon them to go out on strike. One striking teaching assistant was prepared to put up a sign on the door of another teaching assistant who was conducting a class; the sign read, "This class is taught by scab labor." Such was the atmosphere when the Academic Senate met on December 8.

Here was a moment that required teaching as to the relations of means to ends. But it was impossible at this time to get the Academic Senate to adopt any position which could be interpreted as critical of FSM actions. What the student leaders learned from the Academic Senate meeting of December 8 was that extreme tactics could be used without censure from the faculty. (Many individual faculty members—including, of course, those in the great majority that adopted the resolution of December 8—did, in smaller meetings with students, criticize their actions.)

The size of the faculty vote for the resolution of December 8 was, I believe, unnaturally swelled by a number of special factors, including the confusion of many faculty members who had been told that the main resolution was supported by the President and the administration, and that it was in fact a peace settlement reached to end the strike. Nothing was done to dispel this confusion. The faculty knew that if the resolution were turned down, the strike would continue. Our teaching assistants had been protected against reprisal for two days; could they be protected if the strike went on, and would eight-hundred graduate students dismissed from teaching and research positions be added to eight-hundred arrested students? I do not doubt that the resolution would have passed in any case; the vote, however, would have been much less one-sided in the absence of this confusion and pressure.

The most difficult question is how one assesses the moral quality of the students' actions. The students are committed to the expansion of freedom; many of their leaders and members have risked the dangers of fighting for justice in Mississippi. I admire and respect the students who have committed themselves to the civil rights struggle, and who have transformed the temper of our universities. Unquestionably the knowledge that many of the students in the FSM were also involved in the larger fight for justice and equality for Negroes made many faculty members hesitant in judging their actions, in a different place and for a different cause.

But no movement in this world is immune from the threat of distortion and corruption, even a movement working for the good and the just. Power may corrupt, even when it is power mobilized for a good cause, and committed to the philosophy of non-violence. These are possibilities; and at times they have come close to realization on the Berkeley campus.

A new period has opened at Berkeley, one of wide communication among administration, faculty, and students, one of great concern with the nature of the university and the process of education within it.

A great wave of energy has been released here, particularly among the students, by the crisis of the past few months, and it has been wonderful to see what prodigies of work—in organization, in research, in writing—have been evoked from them by the struggle. Certainly many professors have been given quite a start to discover that stores of energy are locked in our students and untouched by the normal educational routine. This is a moment that should be seized, for there are only a few chances in the history of an institution when large changes become possible. It is also clear that the new Chancellor welcomes proposals for change. This can be a valuable and fruitful time for us. But this time of potential change can be perverted and aborted if the student leaders do not recognize how such a wide-ranging discussion concerning the character and future of the university should be conducted. Certainly the tactics of force and disruption can play no part in it. I know the faculty shares this view; I hope the radical student leaders do too. But it is just this point that has not been settled in the recent crisis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The decisions of the judges for the 1965 National Book Awards will be announced in March. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States during 1964 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS: The Rector of Justin (Houghton Mifflin)
SAUL BELLOW: Herzog (Viking)
JOHN HAWKES: Second Skin (New Directions)
RICHARD E. KIM: The Martyred (Braziller)
WALLACE MARKFIELD: To An Early Grave (Simon & Schuster)
VLADIMIR NABOKOV: The Defense (Putnam)
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: Short Friday (Farrar, Straus)
Judges: Richard Gilman, R. W. B. Lewis, Bernard Malamud

POETRY

BEN BELITT: The Enemy Joy (University of Chicago)
JOHN BERRYMAN: 77 Dream Songs (Farrar, Straus)
JAMES DICKEY: Helmets (Wesleyan University)
JEAN GARRIGUE: Country Without Maps (Macmillan)
GALWAY KINNELL: Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock (Houghton Mifflin)
ROBERT LOWELL: For the Union Dead (Farrar, Straus)
WILLIAM MEREDITH: The Wreck of the Thresher (Knopf)
THEODORE ROETHKE: The Far Field (Doubleday)
Judges: Howard Moss, May Swenson, Allen Tate

ARTS AND LETTERS

ERIC BENTLEY: Life of the Drama (Atheneum)
ROBERT BRUSTEIN: The Theatre of Revolt (Atlantic Monthly Press)
ELEANOR CLARK: Oysters of Locmariaquer (Pantheon)
EDWARD DAHLBERG: Because I Was Flesh (New Directions)
RALPH ELLISON: Shadow and Act (Random House)
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES: O Strange New World (Viking)
Judges: Frederick Burkhardt, Richard Ellmann, Francis Steegmuller

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

LOUIS FISCHER: The Life of Lenin (Harper & Row)
OSCAR LEWIS: Pedro Martinez (Random House)
R. R. PALMER: The Age of Democratic Revolution (Princeton University)
WILLIE LEE ROSE: Rehearsal for Reconstruction (Bobbs-Merrill)
ERNEST SAMUELS: Henry Adams (Belknap Press-Harvard)
RICHARD J. WHALEN: The Founding Father (New American Library)
Judges: Roger Butterfield, Alpheus Thomas Mason, Andrew Turnbull

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

REV. WALTER CISZEK: With God in Russia (McGraw-Hill)
THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY: Heredity and the Nature of Man (Harcourt, Brace)
DAVID HAWKINS: The Language of Nature (W. H. Freeman & Co.)
REV. JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY: The Problem of God (Yale University)
WALTER SULLIVAN: We Are Not Alone (McGraw-Hill)
NORBERT WIENER: God and Golem, inc. (M.I.T. Press)
Judges: Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, Gerard Piel, Morton White

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners — Tuesday, March 9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLOAKING THE DAGGER

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT. By DAVID WISE and THOMAS B. ROSS. *Random House. 356 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by RONALD STEEL

UNLOVED BY THOSE it serves as much as by those it subverts, the CIA has entered the popular mythology as a composite demon: half-terrifying, half-ludicrous. Its smoke screen of mystery pierced only when it commits a major blunder, it alternately inspires inappropriate emotions of amusement and indignation. Attention, as Mrs. Loman used to say, must be paid this thing. But knowing what to do about it is something else again. Like our nuclear arsenal, it is one of those regrettable products of the cold war that nobody likes, yet nobody knows how to get rid of. It has lumbered on through four administrations; retained by necessity, it is nonetheless cursed for existing at all.

Any fair-minded account of the CIA and its operations almost inevitably seems to shuttle between distress and resignation, trying to balance the devious diplomacy of the cold war against the traditional methods of democratic government. It is no easy task. In *The Invisible Government,* two enterprising young journalists, David Wise, chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune,* and Thomas B. Ross, of the Washington bureau of the Chicago *Sun-Times,* have not so much tried to resolve the dilemma as to tell us that it exists. In dramatizing the problem, they have chosen to write an exposé of the CIA, presumably on the assumption that once we know what this thing is, we will then know what to do about it. The cure, unfortunately, doesn't necessarily follow from the diagnosis, but the description of the malady is fascinating—and slightly appalling.

Here, according to the authors, is a "massive, hidden apparatus, secretly employing about 200,000 persons, and spending several billion dollars a year," which gives it, I should imagine, a payroll bigger than the population of Nevada and a budget greater than that of most countries in which it operates. Exact figures are unknown to all but the inner sanctum, since Congress exempts the CIA from such irritating bureaucratic requirements as stating whom it employs, how much it spends, and what it does. Its budget is concealed in those of other agencies, so that every year Congress votes funds "without knowing how much it has appropriated or how much will be spent."

Like Hertz, the CIA has an office nearly everywhere: from Seattle (telephone MA 4-3288) to Ouagadougou (care of the U.S. Embassy). While analysts are sequestered in suburban Washington, *coup*-launchers, spies, and palm-greasers are scattered across the globe, formally touching base at U.S. consulates and embassies where, according to a Senate report, "espionage agents of the CIA are stationed masquerading as diplomatic and consular officials." Such cloaks, however, tend to be even more transparent than the daggers, and any bartender can usually furnish an accurate run-down on the local CIA contingent. In Berlin, for example, where there is about a full division of CIA men, the Russians have found it practical to compile a special spy directory, complete with addresses and telephone numbers. Even though they operate from embassies, CIA agents are remarkably independent, frequently conducting operations without the knowledge and occasionally against the will of the ambassadors who house them. Despite efforts by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy to beef-up the ambassadors—the latter went so far as to write them individual letters of support—a Senate subcommittee reported in 1963 that "the primacy of the ambassador is a polite fiction."

Detailing some of the CIA's more lurid activities—such as espionage and government-toppling—Wise and Ross go over fairly familiar ground, but it is not ground the CIA likes to have plowed up (Random House was reportedly urged to suppress the book), and they do it with a high sense of drama that makes engrossing reading. In addition, they throw some much-needed light on the CIA's domestic program. Many will be surprised to learn that right here at home the CIA runs insurance agencies and steamship lines as covers, supports a wide variety of university research programs, such as the Center for International Studies at MIT "which was set up with CIA money in 1950," and subsidizes some excellent magazines and publishing ventures. Branching out into broadcasting, it is behind the scenes at Radio Free Europe, Radio Liberty in Munich, and Radio SWAN in the Caribbean, "organizations that solicit funds from business organizations and the general public, but also receive secret funds . . . and take orders from the CIA." However much it may irritate the invisible CIA officials in Langley, Virginia, these are things we have a right to know about, and we can be grateful to Wise and Ross for performing an important act of public service.

HAVING BEEN such excellent guides, it is unfortunate that they do not take us one step further, moving from indignation over what the CIA does, to suggestions as to what we are supposed to do about it. While they criticize the vast sums spent on *coups* and espionage, they don't say that such activities are wrong or that the money is badly spent. Although they seem to disapprove of the CIA's ill-concealed finger in every pot of discord, they never question the need for a secret organization of spies. Warning of the "natural human tendency of the leaders of the invisible government

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENTARY REPRINTS

- **HOW WE ARE**
  Milton Himmelfarb 25 cents
- **VATICAN II AND THE JEWS**
  F. E. Cartus 25 cents
- **FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS:** The Future of the Civil Rights Movement
  Bayard Rustin 25 cents
- **COMMUNISM IN ASIA**
  Donald S. Zagoria 25 cents
- **PIUS XII, THE JEWS, AND THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH**
  Guenter Lewy 25 cents
- **P.S. 165**
  Richard Schickel 25 cents
- **FIVE YEARS OF CASTRO'S CUBA**
  Theodore Draper 25 cents
- **MY NEGRO PROBLEM — AND OURS**
  Norman Podhoretz 25 cents
- **UP FROM APATHY — THE WOODLAWN EXPERIMENT**
  Charles E. Silberman 25 cents
- **RIGHTISTS, RACISTS AND SEPARATISTS:** A White Bloc in the Making?
  David Danzig 20 cents
- **THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY:** Fundamentalism on the Right
  Alan F. Westin 10 cents
- **JEWISH RESISTANCE** to the Nazis
  Oscar Handlin 10 cents
- **INTEGRATION** and the Negro Mood
  Harold R. Isaacs 15 cents
- **HANNAH ARENDT ON EICHMANN**
  Norman Podhoretz 15 cents
- **THE MEANING OF NEGRO STRATEGY**
  David Danzig 10 cents
- **INTERMARRIAGE** and the Jewish Future
  Marshall Sklare 15 cents
- **THE NEGRO AND THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS**
  Midge Decter 15 cents
- **THE TRIAL OF JESUS**
  Paul Winter 15 cents
- **SOVIET ANTI-SEMITISM:** An Exchange
  Bertrand Russell and Aron Vergelis 10 cents
- **THE STATE OF SOVIET JEWRY**
  Maurice Friedberg 15 cents

QUANTITY PRICES

25 copies	less 10%
50 copies	less 20%
100 copies	less 25%
300 copies	less 35%
500 copies	less 45%
1000 copies	less 50%

MINIMUM ORDER: $1.00

Send to COMMENTARY
165 East 56th Street
New York, New York 10022

to embark upon ventures which might prove their toughness, demonstrate their vision or expand their power," they fail to point out which of the ventures they recount, if any, fall into that category. What they appear to want, as we all do, is a "massive, hidden apparatus" that never gets caught telling a lie or greasing a palm, that never backs the wrong man in a palace *coup*, that both remains shrouded in mystery and is open to public scrutiny.

This is perfectly understandable, but even if our wish were granted, there would still be a problem. The question is not simply how the CIA is to be made efficient and responsible, but how democratic government is to be made responsible to the electorate when an increasing proportion of its activities are deliberately concealed. To single out the CIA as the villain may thus be to bark up the wrong tree. With all its excesses of zeal and inadequacies of vision, it is nonetheless an instrument of the President and submissive to his direction—when it gets direction. If the CIA sometimes becomes a thief of power, it is usually because others are unwilling to make decisions or lay down policy. It is not, after all, entirely the CIA's fault if ambassadors refuse to assert the authority they are given, or if a vacuum of policy results from the State Department's inability to evolve a coherent line of diplomacy. There are means at hand—if anybody wants to use them—for keeping tabs on the CIA and calling it to task. But so far the Congress—despite prodding by Senator Mansfield and Representative Lindsay, among others—has refused to set up a watchdog committee to oversee CIA expenditures, while the executive branch has been content to live with the situation as it is.

The problem, then, of reforming the CIA, while an important one, is not crucial; more basic is the use made of the CIA by the Presidency. Rather than a sinister, self-seeking monster, is not this "massive, hidden apparatus" more realistically a tool of the President by which he is able to do with his left hand that which the right hand would never dare try on its own? Is this not the real moral of the Bay of Pigs, planned, financed, and conducted by the CIA at the instigation of President Eisenhower and with the approval of President Kennedy? Is this not the meaning of our role in the current slaughter in the Congo where the United States, by means of the CIA, is reportedly not only supplying Tshombe with planes and bombs to fight the rebels, but is also paying Cuban exiles to do the bombing? The CIA in such cases becomes a pair of rubber gloves by which the President keeps his hands clean; Congress in turn disavows all knowledge of what it would rather not know; and the voters remain in ignorance of the activities conducted in their name and with their cash. This may be the price of endurance in the cold war, which has swept a good deal of conventional diplomacy off the board, but we should at least know that we are paying it.

WISE and Ross touch upon this basic question when they observe that the cold war has made our leaders feel that "certain decisions must be made by them alone without popular consent, and in secret, if the nation is to survive," but they neglect to spell out the consequences of such a radical modification of our traditional democratic system. If the critical decisions of government are to be abdicated to a small group of officials who are beyond legislative responsibility or electoral accountability, then the cold war has taken an even greater toll than we have realized. It is cold comfort to learn that "there are procedures which call for the approval of any major special operation at a high level in the executive branch of government"; cold comfort and not totally convincing, since a good deal of the book is devoted to showing how such procedures broke down in places like Laos, Vietnam, and Costa Rica, where the CIA appeared to be acting on its own. But even assuming that the procedures do work, or can be made to work, is this not to dodge the central issue—that a green light from the White House has not, at least until now, been considered sufficient justification in itself for military interventions which could involve the nation in a state of war? Something has been left out of the question, and that something is the approval of Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress and the knowledge of the electorate.

BUT THAT, we are told, is the price of involvement in a cold war we did not choose but cannot avoid. Perhaps it is, yet it is well to get priorities straight and to recognize that the real problem is not the existence of a CIA, but the increasing replacement of visible government by an invisible government which cannot be held responsible for its activities because they are conducted under a cloak of secrecy. The days when we could do without a CIA have unfortunately passed, but the way in which its secret operations can be made consistent with government based upon popular consent has yet to be resolved, or even honestly faced. Wise and Ross do not attempt to solve that problem, but in making us aware of our invisible government, they raise some disturbing questions.

A CONTRABAND LIFE

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES. By LORE SEGAL. *Harcourt, Brace & World. 312 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by CYNTHIA OZICK

IN 1938 a particularly noisy special train from Vienna—it carried the frenetic atmosphere of a school bus—was stopped in Germany to be checked for contraband. The passengers fell silent with fear, as if each one secretly suspected himself of being the smuggler. Then the signal was given to pass on, and all at once the cars began to vibrate with singing and cheers, just as though a school holiday had suddenly been declared. And, in a macabre way, so it had, since all the passengers were Jewish schoolchildren, and all of them had been expelled—from school, from home, from country. Their excursion was named the Children's Transport (the parents were to follow later), but it might more accurately have been called the Children's Pilgrimage. For some—those who debarked in Holland—it was a delayed pilgrimage to the death camps. For the rest—among them Lore Groszmann Segal, the author of these memoirs, then ten years old—it was a pilgrimage toward a joyless England and the disabilities of exile, and, more poignantly, toward a permanent sense of being human contraband.

The story starts out with comic contraband: a *Knackwurst* bought at the last minute in Vienna as a delicacy for the child's journey is bitten-into but left uneaten in her luggage. It begins to stink. The smell is a perceptible passenger on the train, crosses the Channel, and takes vivid and unmistakable refuge in England. The perpetrator of the stink—i.e., the child who has not eaten the sausage—is obsessed with the condition of being inextricably linked with rot and with the still more guilty condition of being a smuggler. She pretends innocence of the stink while the search for its source goes on all around her—ho-hum, obviously the thing belongs to someone else. She hides it. She tries to bury it and fails. It pervades and overwhelms. Finally it is discovered:

> . . . the brown paper bag had been taken out and torn open, and my guilty sausage lay exposed to the light. It was ugly and shrivelled, with one end nibbled off. The thing had lost the fierce and aggressive stench of active decay and had about it now the suffocating smell of mold; it thickened the air. . . . One of the English ladies was standing looking at it, her nose crinkled. The seven children were sitting looking at me, and I died there on the spot, drowned in shame. The waters closed over my head and through the thumping and roaring in my ears I heard one of the little girls say, "And it isn't even kosher." . . . I stood and roared with grief.

The anecdote is droll without being funny—a species of gallows-humor that establishes the remarkable tone of this narrative and also serves as a reverberating comment on the tale as a whole. For the anecdote is rich in biographical suggestiveness: a Viennese family capable of buying a *traif* sausage is, by that token alone, likely to be an "assimilated" family, and a family with these propensities is equally likely, in the Vienna of the 20's and 30's, to be middle-class and cultivated: so it is not at all surprising to learn that the father, a sober figure of

Is it possible that schizophrenia can expand the spectrum of human experience?

BEYOND ALL REASON

by MORAG COATE

In *Beyond All Reason,* Morag Coate tells what it has been like to move back and forth (five times in fourteen years) between the normal world and the world of schizophrenia, and what she has discovered in the second world that is missing from the first.

"I was deeply moved by Morag Coate's first-hand account of her madness and recovery from madness. Her book should be read by all those who want to know what goes on in the mind and heart of those who find it necessary to break with reality. It should go a long way toward dispelling the myth that mental illness is an incurable malady."—Milton Rokeach, author of *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti*

"Beyond All Reason . . . takes us to the very horizons of human existence."—From the Introduction by R. D. LAING

At all bookstores $4.95

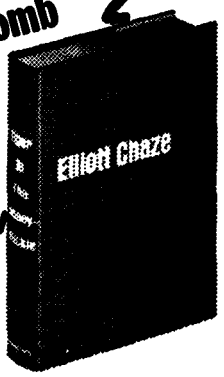
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Good Books Since 1792

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A time-bomb of a novel



Probing the very heart of our racial dilemma, Elliott Chaze fully transmits the charged atmosphere of a civil rights battle... as he tells the story of a Mississippi reporter who finds the split loyalties of his home town at war within himself.

Tiger In The Honeysuckle
by Elliott Chaze
$4.95
SCRIBNERS

THE SEVENTH SOLITUDE

Man's Isolation in Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Nietzsche

By Ralph Harper. Mr. Harper studies man's feeling of isolation from the world around him—"spiritual homelessness"—as expressed in the writings of Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Nietzsche. He explores each writer's preoccupation with man's freedom to choose either eternity or despair.

This examination of spiritual solitude in the nineteenth century provides a seasoned appreciation of contemporary religious and philosophical ideas that have their roots in the immediate past. *$4.50*

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

deep dignity, is chief accountant in an important bank, and that the mother has an elegant and sprightly command of a Blüthner piano. But in the exile of England the rot begins: the father decays into a bumbling and sickly gardener, of whom the child is ashamed; the mother becomes a house servant, but turns this bravery into obsequiousness and tries to persuade the child to pander to her rescuers. Nor is this the end of the parable; the anecdote also anticipates the quick adaptability and contemplative stubbornness of the child herself. Catapulted from *Knackwurst* to *kashruth*—her first English benefactors are the Levines, an Orthodox Liverpool family—she responds by punctiliously waiting out the very last second of the six hours that must precede milk after meat. But what the tale of the sausage most yields, through Mrs. Segal's controlled and expertly deadpan ironies, is, simply, guilt and grief. What it does not yield, curiously, is what it might most easily have succumbed to: vulgarity and sentimentality.

The subject-matter of these memoirs is rife with sentimental possibilities: the survival of a refugee child among various sets of strangers who house and feed her but continue to regard her as a smuggled, and therefore not quite legitimate, item. The shallow terrors of such a story do not partake of the Holocaust and its horrendous and growing bibliography; they are purely domestic, and if they derive from anything at all, it is from standard post-Dickensian bathos. There is nothing new in an introspective and very intelligent child being sent to live among unfeeling persons of inferior culture who nevertheless have an unanswerable worldly power over her. Only—and here is the conclusive difference—the adventures of Mrs. Segal's Orphan Annie are pervaded and overwhelmed by the Hitlerian stench. This is true, even though she falls among generally kindly people: after the Levines the Willoughbys, a family of small sensibility who employ her parents as a domestic "couple"; after the Willoughbys, the Hoopers and the Grimsleys, raucous working-class households; and finally Miss Douglas and Mrs. Dillon, who, with their great house and their tea-with-the-vicar and their quiet garden, emerge not-quite-intact, and rather savagely, out of all the genteel English novels of all our childhoods. But the Hitlerian stench is there, all the same; it swirls in the air, and comes to rest not on suffering, but on its bedfellow, sufferance. Over the child's survival and tenacity hangs a guilty awareness that her life, having been granted, must not be taken for granted.

It is undoubtedly this awareness which gives Mrs. Segal's book its extraordinary—one might say its peculiar—tone. It is dry, cold, literal, even numb. Its comedy is without sympathy or hope. Its sadnesses evoke not pity but writhing shame. To speak of this writer's "objectivity" is to describe only half her strange achievement. Most of all, and in underground and oblique fashion, she is saying something extremely complex and unresolved about the nature of guilt and the grief that follows the knowledge that it cannot ever be expiated. In Mrs. Segal's retrospective vision of guilt, the parents are forced by brute necessity to cast out the child; the child, unable to surmount the father's degradation and despair, cannot love him; he dies, and her grief is not for his death but for her own absent love. Nor can she love any person or place that is not illumined by a somehow specious literary (hence imaginary or ideal) coloring; of reality she expects nothing. She loves herself least. She has been made to understand that she must be grateful for merely being alive, and instead, perhaps out of self-preserving spite, she aspires to a life beyond guilt and so brilliant that it is attainable only in images and symbols. Oxford is one such symbol; her uncle Paul's idealized Viennese youth, full of poetry and student wanderlust, is another. But her own youth is spent in severe loneliness at the prosaic University of London, and afterward in tutoring and store-keeping with her grandparents on a sluggish island in the Caribbean, waiting for the American quota to come through. America, above all, falls short of this hopeless image of arcane but stupendous beauty—New York is only another dun island in a chain of asylums and exiles: "I, now that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE TODAY

an old idea...
a new major power...
a very uncommon market...

ONE EUROPE

The historical background of European unity.

by René Albrecht-Carrié. What major forces have kept Europe in splinters in the past – and why did the old idea of unity remain alive? Where do Great Britain and Soviet Russia fit into the intricate skein of stresses in today's Europe? Is the Common Market the seed from which a powerful United States of Europe may someday grow? Dr. Albrecht-Carrié presents a comprehensive survey of the "United Europe" idea which has waxed and waned for two thousand years of history – and explores the prospects and possibilities for European integration today. $5.95

DECLINE AND RISE OF EUROPE

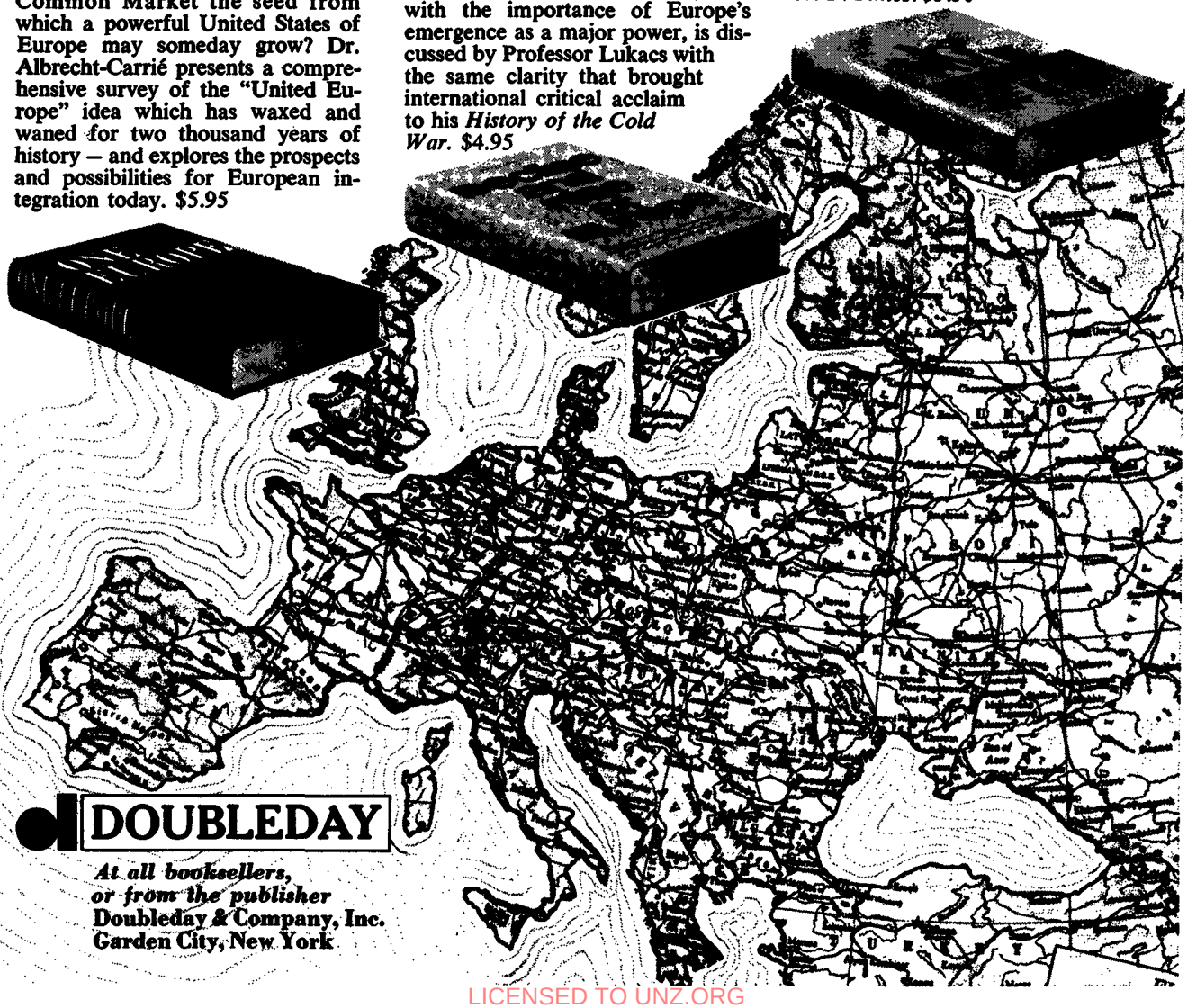
A study in recent history, with particular emphasis on the development of a European consciousness.

by John Lukacs. It is the thesis of John Lukacs that, for the first time in history, Europe's ethnic, political, national and state frontiers coincide – not only in the western but the eastern areas of that continent. The significance of this fact, together with the importance of Europe's emergence as a major power, is discussed by Professor Lukacs with the same clarity that brought international critical acclaim to his *History of the Cold War.* $4.95

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EUROPE

The impact of Americans and American business on the uncommon market.

by Edward A. McCreary. "Provides both instruction and entertainment: a clarifying view of the elements of change and progress in postwar Europe . . . a survey of what American business and techniques have already accomplished . . . and an outspoken warning of errors and misunderstandings to be avoided." —MAURICE DOLBIER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "What make Mr. McCreary's book stand out is the wonderfully informing precision of his questioning . . ."—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times.* $5.50



DOUBLEDAY

At all booksellers,
or from the publisher
Doubleday & Company, Inc.
Garden City, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Miracle of Israel"
BY
ROBERT GAMZEY
FROM THE CONTENTS:
The miraculous rise of Israel
The drama of the Ingathering of the Exiles
The absorption and integration of the immigrants
The paradox of labor shortage in Israel
Israel's industrial boom
Agricultural success story
Crisis in the Kibbutz
New challenges for pioneering youth
The army trains skilled workers
The industrialization of the Negev
The Dead Sea comes to life
Religious "Kulturkampf"?
The Oriental "gap"
Musical ambassadors . . . and many other insights into the miracle of Israel.
MIRACLE OF ISRAEL carries on the fascinating story Robert Gamzey began to tell in his previous book, Ingathering, which was acclaimed by critics and experts as one of the finest presentations of the problems and achievements of Israel.
Rabbi Ira Eisenstein, editor of "Reconstructionist", said of Mr. Gamzey's writings on Israel: "I have been very much intrigued by your reports from Israel. They should certainly make a fascinating book." $5.95
THE HERZL PRESS
515 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

COMMENTARY SUBSCRIBER SERVICE
Please include a Commentary address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.
Mail To: Commentary Subscriber Service 165 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
To Subscribe, mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.
Subscription Rates: ☐ 1 year $7 ☐ 3 years $17. Rates good in all 50 States and Canada.
☐ payment enclosed
☐ bill me later
Change of Address
If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.
attach label here
name (please print)
address
city state zip code

I have children and am about the same age my mother was when Hitler came, walk gingerly and in astonishment upon this island of my comforts, knowing that it is surrounded on all sides by calamity."

In the end, then, Mrs. Segal's reminiscences are not so much about her life as about her time—our time. Her voice is unbelievably cold, and her book is unbelievably moving, because she sees her own guilts clearly, however unwillingly. The English with whom she sojourned were right all along. Her life is owed (though not to them), and it is not to be taken for granted, just as our lives, by implication, are owed and not to be taken for granted. We owe ourselves to those who did not climb aboard the Children's Transport, who stayed behind and were surrogates for us. We owe ourselves but we cannot give ourselves: the guilt is inexpiable, and does not invite comment. This is what Mrs. Segal appears to be really saying underneath the plain surface of her narrative—that in our time, in the face of everything that happened to those Others, we must question the legitimacy of our very lives; and that we are, at bottom, through the simple fact of our survival, human contraband which history, for one reason or another, has allowed to get through. All of this is the essential statement of *Other People's Houses,* and it explains why, despite plainness, without comment or cry, Mrs. Segal agitates as fiercely as though she were dealing with unspeakables. It explains also why her book falls as far as possible from the maudlin, and why her voice is loveless but complete.

THE HOMELESS MASSES

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SHELTER IN AN URBANIZING WORLD. By CHARLES ABRAMS. *M.I.T. Press. 307 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by PETER MARRIS

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I was standing with Charles Abrams by a muddy field five miles outside Nairobi, inspecting a building site for squatters. The stench of a sewage plant reached us from across the building plots, ditched, pegged out, each with its privy, like a sentry box, standing guard over the promise of a bleakly legitimate home. Out of sight behind the barren hillside the African suburbs crowded in upon the city, where the squatters were now living, huddled together beside a market place, in temporary shelters made of sacking, tins, banana leaves, and scrap from builders' yards. As we scanned the site Mr. Abrams improvised plans to assist its development: loans for roofs; priority for professional carpenters, whose skills would set a standard; strict control of overbuilding. Yet even so minimal and austerely practical a scheme as this seemed to be beyond the means of those it was designed to help. Could they afford a quarter of their meager incomes—supposing they had jobs at all—for the monthly service charge on the site? Where were they to find the additional money for actual construction of the houses? How were they to travel to the nearest work? Any government housing ministry could hardly offer less, without compromising the sparest standards of dignity and health, yet the price still seemed too high.

This is the heart of the housing problem for most of the nations of the world. As growing populations and a taste of sophistication bring millions from the rural areas to the city every year, the struggle for shelter grows harsher. Wages are low, unemployment is high. As cities spread out, the price of land goes up and building costs, despite cheap labor, are inflated by inefficiency and the necessity for importing materials (so that it is no cheaper to build in poor countries than in wealthy ones). Nor does the government possess the resources to provide what the townsman cannot afford for himself, for it is lacking in capital, qualified personnel for planning, administration, and design, and in facilities for building research. Corruption and political intervention sometimes compound these obstacles. And on top of all this, international aid has virtually passed housing by as an unproductive investment, and one which no one quite knows how to handle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What next here?

No one can know with certainty. But by seeing the U.S.S.R. clearly as it is today—through the expert eyes of Allen Kassof, Thomas W. Wolfe, and Merle Fainsod—you will be able to make your own educated guesses about tomorrow.

THE SOVIET YOUTH PROGRAM

Regimentation and Rebellion

by Allen Kassof

Is there a serious gap between the ambitious aims of the state-controlled Soviet youth organizations and their accomplishments? The Young Communist League and the Pioneers were formed to strengthen the influence of the Communist Party, to foster attitudes favorable to economic and social modernization, to control the effects of disruptive social change, in short, to create "The New Soviet Man." This first study in depth reveals, however, a rising tide of cynicism and apathy among the groups' 53 million rank-and-file members. A Russian Research Center Study. $5.50

SOVIET STRATEGY AT THE CROSSROADS

by Thomas W. Wolfe

"Absorbing study of recent debates in public among those responsible for Soviet military strategy....There can be little doubt that the disputes considered here played a key role in Moscow's recent political explosion."

—HARRY SCHWARTZ
New York Times Book Review

A RAND Corporation Research Study. $5.95

HOW RUSSIA IS RULED

by Merle Fainsod

Revised Edition, Enlarged

"Without doubt, the most important single book ever to have been written on the government of the Soviet Union. ...It is to this book, rather than to prophecies, that one should turn in search of the answer to the question which fascinates us all—what is going to happen in the U.S.S.R.?"

—LEONARD SCHAPIRO
New York Review of Books

A Russian Research Center Study. $8.95

Ask your bookseller

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Abrams is uniquely qualified to write of all this, for his book distills ten years' experience as a United Nations housing consultant in India, Africa, Latin America, the Caribbean and the Far East. Its recommendations are essentially pragmatic:

> The need is not only for general theories but for practical proposals. The answers, moreover, suggest themselves only after one has visited the country and talked to the people as well as the officials and experts. . . . After studying and reporting on the housing problems of four continents, I have identified no panaceas for the housing problem in the developing countries.

Mr. Abrams's own practical proposals have been diverse, imaginative, and wide-ranging. In Ghana, seeing that the roof was the most expensive part of a house, he suggested a system of loans for roofs only—and also devised a "core" house to which extensions could later be added. In Venezuela, he persuaded a wealthy industrialist to initiate a savings and loan plan. (In this connection he also notes a successful "saving for housing" project set up in Israel—where the saver's priority for an apartment is decided by lottery.) In Turkey, his investigations had perhaps the most dramatic results: concluding that little could be achieved in that country until there were more architects, engineers, and social scientists, he recommended the establishment of a technical university. It has since come into being and is now training some two thousand students in those fields. Mr. Abrams's technique, in other words, is imaginative improvisation according to the demands of a given situation. Though it can claim neither universal applicability nor the achievement of fundamental cures, his book is nevertheless a uniquely valuable source of practicable suggestions which, taken together, suggest some general conclusions.

THE ECONOMICS of self-help, for instance, tend to be deceptive. On the face of it, nothing seems cheaper than to provide land, service it, and leave the future owners to build for themselves. But as often as not, such schemes prove in the end more expensive than professional building, for administration turns out to be costly and the actual building proceeds too slowly. The volunteers frequently find they lack the time for the work, and either end by employing professional craftsmen to do the job—in which case money has been wasted in organizing volunteers—or else they simply give up entirely. Yet, as Mr. Abrams's roof loan scheme suggests, self-help and paid craftsmanship can sometimes be successfully combined. The trick is to find out exactly how much the owner can achieve by himself more cheaply than by paying others to do it.

If self-help has its pitfalls, the success of government financing at the other extreme also stands or falls on the question of competence.

There is not, for instance, much future for a mortgage scheme, like the one set up in Barbados, which failed because the government neglected to press for repayment and 90 percent of the householders defaulted. But improvidence is not the only danger. Excessive financial caution of the kind shown by respectable institutions like the British Commonwealth Development Corporation can be no less inhibiting. By shying away from the trouble and risk of, for example, savings schemes, from which mortgages might in part be financed, these agencies miss the opportunity to recruit local capital and in a particularly fruitful area. The prospect of saving for a house probably has a particular appeal to most people, and loans for this purpose are more clearly loans, rather than outright gifts from some distant and unexacting government.

But above and beyond these specific cases, Mr. Abrams's underlying theme is the universal indifference to housing as a major international problem in its own right. "What should be one of the most vital sciences," he writes, "is as yet not even a minor discipline. In Africa, Asia, and Latin America, more than a billion people are forced to live under conditions unfit for a beast. Though more than 20 million homes are needed each year in those continents, there are no pros-

Conflict and Decision-Making in Soviet Russia

A Case Study of Agricultural Policy

By SIDNEY I. PLOSS. Agricultural policy, a constant preoccupation of Soviet leadership, impinges on the crucial questions of governing and allocating resources. By analyzing the great grain crisis, the nation's farm machinery, and the role of Neo-Stalinists in agricultural decisions, the author offers challenging new insights into Soviet political processes. 320 pp., $6.50

The Spanish Republic and the Civil War, 1931-1939

By GABRIEL JACKSON. The Spanish Civil War seen from within Spain, in interviews and contemporary accounts that show how the Spaniards felt about the church burnings, the battle of Madrid, the bombings of Guernica and other incidents. Viewing the war more as an outgrowth of domestic problems than as an international event, Professor Jackson has reassessed the accomplishments of the Second Republic and the causes of its failure. 565 pp., $12.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM PANTHEON

Here's the book by

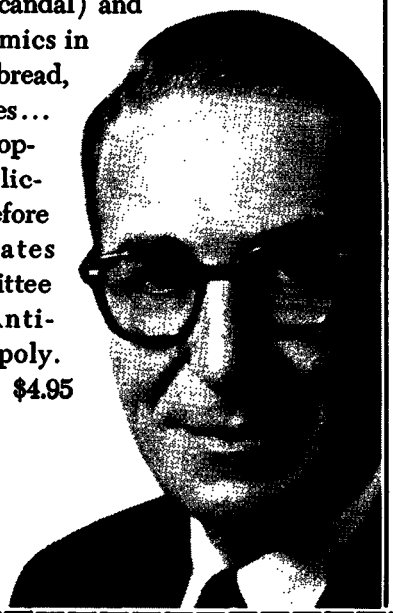
Estes Kefauver

that Big Business hoped would never be published

IN A FEW HANDS

Monopoly Power in America

A shocking, infuriating, meticulously documented expose of the state of business monopoly and immorality, how it threatens your freedom, your income – even your life. With special attention to the practices of the major drug companies (including the thalidomide scandal) and monopoly economics in the automotive, bread, and steel industries... as revealed in top-level and unpublicized testimony before the United States Senate Subcommittee hearings on Anti-trust and Monopoly. $4.95



How American Negroes felt and acted during the War for the Union

THE NEGRO'S CIVIL WAR

By James M. McPherson

"No other work marshals such massive and impressive evidence about the Negro in this crucial period of his history . . . It should be read by anyone interested in the Negro or the Civil War." – C. VANN WOODWARD. Illustrated. $6.95

Important Pantheon books published recently

CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

An autobiography by FRANK E. SMITH. Can a Southern politician refuse to capitulate to racism? Here is the story of one who tried. "The most instructive book available on Mississippi."– JAMES W. SILVER. $5.95

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE

By GUNNAR MYRDAL. A jolting, brilliant appraisal of the American economy – Myrdal's first book about the United States since his classic *An American Dilemma*. $3.95

THE RADICAL TRADITION

By R. H. TAWNEY. Edited by Rita Hinden. "Americans must read this volume if they want to savor the unique qualities of radical British democracy." – REINHOLD NIEBUHR. $4.95

THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH WORKING CLASS

By E. P. THOMPSON. "A landmark in historiography." – ASA BRIGGS, *Scientific American*. 836 pages. $15.00

Now at your bookstore ***PANTHEON***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pects, little knowledge, no real programs to meet even a tiny fraction of the need." And even if we did know better how to administer it, international aid to housing is at present negligible, and will remain so, until the need for shelter is recognized as a fundamental human right rather than a secondary aspect of economic growth.

For the first time in its history, the world is running out of space. As it becomes more and more precious, the ruthlessness of the market threatens more and more of the world's people with homelessness. Meanwhile, our attitude to housing is as callous as was the British government's view of the Irish potato famine: sentiment must not be allowed to obscure the harsh rationality of economic laws. Mr. Abrams's book reminds us that until the plight of the homeless is seen as a moral reproach no less compelling than the plight of the starving, we shall not begin to recruit the international resources that will develop techniques, policies, and funds to share the world's space fairly among rich and poor alike. As it is, we are likely to make the moon habitable before the *favellas* of Sao Paolo.

THE MANDARIN LEFT

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS, 1914-1960. By DAVID CAUTE. *Macmillan. 412 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by J. G. WEIGHTMAN

IT IS well known that the French are among the most intellectual nations of the world—perhaps, even, the most intellectual—and that France is the Western country where Communism has been strongest and most vocal during the last half-century. Even today, the most famous living French intellectual, Jean-Paul Sartre, is still struggling, after years of effort, to reach a *modus vivendi* both with Marxist theory on the abstract, philosophical level, and with the Communist party of France on the level of day-to-day politics. In this respect, he has no parallel in England or America, where the question: "Shall I be a Communist or not?" long ago ceased to be of paramount importance to intellectuals. The Communist ideal, or myth, or temptation has undoubtedly played an exceptional part in French intellectual life, and it was inevitable that sooner or later a full-scale attempt should be made to chart the phenomenon. It was not so obvious that the task would be undertaken by a post-graduate student well under the age of thirty and that he would make such a remarkably good job of it. David Caute has assimilated a vast amount of material and reduced it to an intelligible pattern. Henceforth, anyone wishing to check a point in the chronological sequence of the tempestuous, tragi-comic love-affair between French intellectuals and the Communist party will be able to refer with confidence to him.

The plan of his thesis is comparatively simple. In his initial section, "The Party and the Intellectuals," he traces the attitude of the French Communist hierarchy to intellectuals, a section of the community it has at times seemed particularly anxious to win over, in view of the prestige enjoyed by writers and artists in France. Mr. Caute distinguishes five "principles of utility" the party has spontaneously exploited in coaxing intellectuals to serve its ends: (1) pure prestige; (2) professional excellence, if possible within the framework of a Marxist-Communist philosophy; (3) political agitation for short-term objectives; (4) political journalism; (5) guiding and advancing, as creative Marxists, the political and cultural attitudes of the masses.

Next, in a section entitled "The Intellectuals and the Party" which occupies the bulk of the volume, he shows the ebb and flow of support for the party, according to general political events such as war or colonial crises, or as a result of specifically Communist happenings such as the consolidation of Stalinist orthodoxy or the process of de-Stalinization. Here, Mr. Caute distinguishes seven different phases between 1914 and 1960, and he gives special treatment to four themes that have been much de-

■ **Father Coughlin and the New Deal**
Charles J. Tull
"An excellent study of one mad aspect of our '30's—a demagogue who now rationalizes his defense of Nazi Germany on the grounds that he did it all because he hated Communists more." *Virginia Kirkus Services*
Men and Movements Series, 7 Illustrated *$6.50*

■ **Hostages of Fortune**
Child Labor Reform in New York State
Jeremy P. Felt
A graphic account of the long, bitter struggle for adequate child labor regulation in the state. The papers of the New York Child Labor Committee were made available for this penetrating, and illuminating, study.
Illustrated. *$6.95*

■ **Nathanael West: The Ironic Prophet**
Victor Comerchero
A fine study of West and the four novels in which he revealed his sense of the grostesque absurdity of modern man in a disintegrating society—novels read now as contemporary for their kinship with the theater of the absurd. *$5.95*

■ **William Faulkner: Art in Theological Tension**
John W. Hunt
A searching analysis of Faulkner's work to define and clarify the theological vision—of good and evil, of the nature of man, of the structures of meaning—implicit in Faulkner's fiction. A compelling and lucid book. *$5.00*

At your bookseller or
Syracuse University Press **Syracuse, New York 13210**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bated at one time or another: nationalism, anti-Semitism, colonialism, and the defense of French culture. It is not absolutely clear why, if he is going to pick out these four themes, he does not isolate some others, such as the argument about Soviet concentration camps, that he mentions frequently in the body of his text. But differences of opinion are no doubt possible about the relative importance of such issues.

Part Three, which is devoted to André Gide, André Malraux, and Jean-Paul Sartre, is meant to highlight the problem by more detailed treatment of three outstanding cases. It is good as far as it goes, but would have been more revealing if Mr. Caute had established these three figures as personalities, instead of restricting himself to a factual account of their relations with Communism. Their different temperaments embrace a great range of French characteristics and their emotions as representative intellectuals are just as important as their intellects. Part Four, "Intellectuals and the Intellect," again assembles data on various particular points: intellectuals and Marxist theory, Communist influence in education, etc.

WITH REGARD to questions of fact, there is only one point on which I would venture to disagree with Mr. Caute. In emphasizing the place of Communism in French intellectual life, he says that its prevalence cannot be explained, as in Communist states, by "majority conformism, physical fear, the desire for security or the prospect of immediate financial advancement." I was working in France in the postwar years when the party reached the peak of its strength, and it seemed to me that the first three factors were beginning to play a part. One could see even non-political intellectuals finding good reasons to be understanding toward Communism, because anything might happen and they had already had experience of living under coercion. This phase did not last long, but it was sufficiently marked to give one some idea of what the atmosphere might be like in a country changing to a one-party system. However, it remains true that, during most of the period, these considerations were non-existent and so the attraction of Communism for French intellectuals has to be explained in other ways.

It is in this respect that Mr. Caute's book leaves something to be desired. He says that his approach is "historical," not psychological, i.e. he is assembling verifiable data, and he does so very well. But he touches on the problem of psychological causes in his Introduction and again in his Conclusion, and he allows himself certain expressions of opinion in the body of his book. Sometimes he defends the Communists when one might expect him to be against them; at other times, he is as scathing about their behavior as a strong anti-Communist would be. His book might have been better, I think, if he had woven his own political philosophy coherently into the text. One guesses him to be a non-Communist socialist with a strong attraction to Communism. This may be why he hasn't assembled in any one section all the *anti*-Communist arguments put forward by French intellectuals. He refers to them incidentally, but in such a way that an intelligent anti-Communist like Raymond Aron hardly seems to get fair treatment.

As it stands, Mr. Caute's book is not likely to make the average English-speaking reader feel that the long association with the Communist party is a very creditable episode in French intellectual life. At times, indeed, it reads almost like a *sottisier*, a compilation of absurdities. Again and again, we see apparently gifted men leaning over backward to deny evidence that is staring them in the face. We even find Sartre writing *Les Mains Sales*, which can surely only be understood as a Social-Democratic, anti-Communist play, and then preventing its performance where he thinks it might harm the Communist cause. Mr. Caute implies (p. 14) that bewilderment about this sort of thing shows a naïve misunderstanding of the Continental climate and that, in France especially, the tradition of revolutionary violence, the rationalist outlook, the Marxist origins of French social-

It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

Berries, black and juicy, are not the only ingredient vital to a superb Blackberry Liqueur. Look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

Sole U.S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Blackberry Liqueur • 60 Proof

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism, the numerical strength and the intransigence of the French Communist party are sufficient to account for it. They are, no doubt, among the basic reasons, but they need to be amplified and given flesh and blood if the behavior of French intellectuals is to be made understandable.

My view is that a great many French intellectuals still have something of the 18th-century *philosophe* about them. They are critics of society and utopia-builders, but they think less in terms of "democratic" political action than in terms of influencing some source of power—the benevolent despot, the Communist party, the Soviet Union; in fact, the proletariat can become a convenient fiction representing the benevolent despot. Mr. Caute does not mention the authoritarian tradition as being almost as great a temptation as the revolutionary tradition, but it runs right through French life, both secular and religious, and provides the intellectual satisfaction of definiteness. Then they feel almost a proprietary interest in the Russian Revolution, as if it were an offshoot of their own; French left-wing patriotism is intellectually expansionist, so that it is easier for a Frenchman, than it is for an Englishman or an American, to think that he is remaining true to an essentially national tradition, even when accepting direction from Moscow. Also, most French intellectuals are middle-class, i.e. belong to the very numerous governing class of their country, and cannot feel that they are struggling against a fully objectified, internal oligarchy or plutocracy of birth or money; they are really struggling against themselves, and this helps to account for their widespread guilt-feeling, their Romantic sentimentality about the proletariat, and the self-confident ease with which they change their ground. Sartre, for instance, constantly varying his attitude to the Communist party, can almost have the illusion that he is arguing with himself, that is, with the representative part of himself in the actual world, as opposed to the self which is operating in the ever-fluctuating, intellectual clouds of the dialectic. Even the stomach-turning emotionalism of much French Communist writing can be explained, if not justified, by a long tradition; it has its roots in 18th-century *sensibilité*, which received a revolutionary coloring after 1789, continued in a certain type of left-wing writing throughout the 19th century, and has not unnaturally been given a new lease on life by men who often think themselves the heirs of Diderot and Rousseau. *Sensibilité* was a degenerate tendency even in the 18th century and it reaches an all-time low in the so-called "poetry" of Aragon and Eluard, from whom Mr. Caute quotes liberally and for whom he seems to retain a respect that I cannot share.

In giving these brief hints, I am merely trying to show that French intellectuals have certain reasons for not being hampered by what English-speaking people would tend to consider as obvious common sense, and these reasons can be seen as the source both of their strengths and their weaknesses. The prospective reader of Mr. Caute's book would be well advised to bear this in mind, since so well-documented a study might lead him too easily to a damning conclusion.

Book Reviewers in this Issue

Ronald Steel, *a young political journalist, is the author of* The End of Alliance *(Viking).*

Cynthia Ozick *reviewed* The Wapshot Scandal *in our July 1964 number.*

Peter Marris *is with the Institute of Community Studies in London.*

J. G. Weightman, *formerly co-editor of* Twentieth Century, *writes frequently on French literature and culture.*

a mark of respect

Riverside
MEMORIAL CHAPEL, INC.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Charles Rosenthal
Carl Grossberg
Edward Rosenthal
Leo J. Filer
Morton Rosenthal
Lawrence Grossberg

NEW YORK • BROOKLYN • BRONX • WESTCHESTER • LONG ISLAND • MIAMI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P&O-Orient's giant Orsova sails from San Francisco June 24 on a 50-day voyage to Hawaii, the Orient, India and Europe.

Run away to sea with P&O-Orient—on "the biggest bloomin' ships sailing the seven seas"

You are looking forward along the starboard side of P&O-Orient's 29,000-ton *Orsova*. She's two days out of Hawaii, bound for the Orient, the Mediterranean and Europe. Her speed: 22½ knots.

P&O-Orient's liners are the biggest and fastest sailing around the world. *Orsova's* open decks stretch the length of *two* football fields. She has two swimming pools, two outdoor cafés, six deck-tennis courts.

At night, this great liner glitters with activity. There are two ballrooms. Five lounges and four indoor pubs. You'll find fascinating shipmates in all of them.

Cost? A seven-week trip from the West Coast to Europe through the Orient starts at $1147 first class, $778 tourist class. A three-month voyage around the whole bloomin' world starts at $1678 first class, $1158 tourist class. A 45-day South Pacific cruise starts at just $948 first class.

Mail the coupon for details. Then see your travel agent. All fares in U.S. currency.

P&O-Orient Lines • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu • Vancouver • Elsewhere in U.S. and Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.

Plot your course to all six continents on P&O-Orient, world's largest passenger line.

P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. G-12
155 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108

Sirs: Please send me a complete set of your new Vacation Voyage brochures, illustrated in full color.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

My travel agent is _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED